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HERALD**

AND MOVIE

PICTORIAL

**FEBRUARY
1916**

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CENTS**



May Allison



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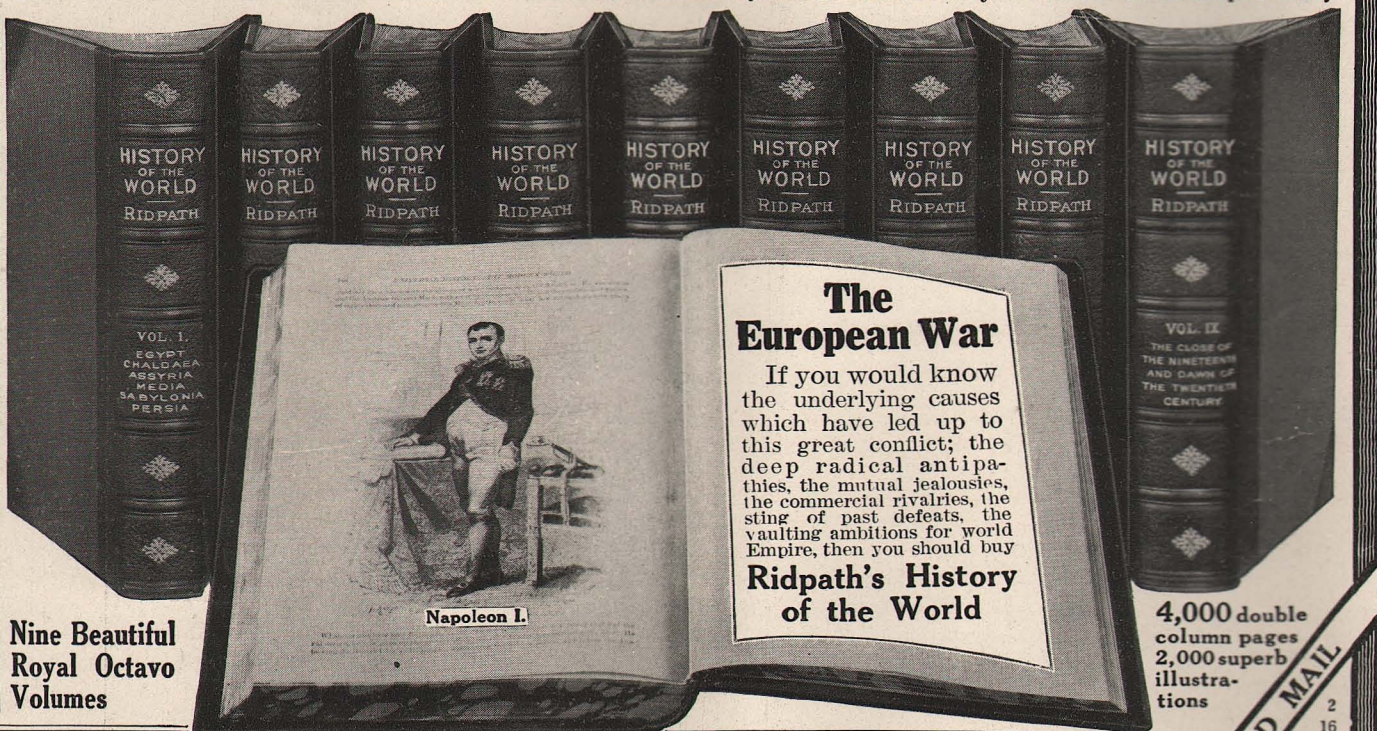
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FILM PLAYERS HERALD

AND MOVIE PICTORIAL

LLOYD KENYON JONES, Editor

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Volume II.

FEBRUARY, 1916

Number 6

THE CALL BOARD

TONIGHT, when you go to your favorite picture theatre, you are going to be one of not less than twenty-five million persons delighting in the same kind of enjoyment, in our own U. S. A.

And the artists of the screen who entertain you, are doing their best to entertain the remainder of this vast army of patrons.

Somewhere between three hundred and four hundred picture favorites are better known than our senators, members of congress and our lords of finance and commerce. Who is the representative from your district? Name a dozen senators. Name the members of the president's cabinet. Rather difficult? Very well, then name twenty film players whom you like to see. Perfectly easy?

That is the difference between work-a-day facts and the flickering romance of the screen.

You may have vague opinions as to national preparedness, and about the crops, and regarding various engineering projects contemplated or under way—but you do know so many things about the films, all the “patter” is at instant command.

These players and their work concern us. Here we have mutual interests. It is almost like meeting a friend who knows a friend, when we are far from home.

And having these mutual interests, we should be privileged to talk rather freely and frankly.

Just as the players wish to please you, so does the FILM PLAYERS HERALD wish to delight you—and make itself welcome on its monthly visits to you.

Until you have read this issue, you really can not say just how you like it—but before you have examined it many minutes, you are going to admit that it is different.

In the first place, we give you some high-class fiction—fiction mostly with a film angle; not stories written from scenarios, but original stories. You will be delighted with Mary Ridpath-Mann—daughter, by the way, of the great historian, Ridpath. Mrs. Mann is a most unusual woman. She was in Peking during the days of the Boxer rebellion. She has been connected with big literary affairs all her life, and her work shows it. There's an appeal in “The Governor's Wife,” but really, good as it is, we feel that it can not compare with the big serial by Mrs. Mann that will begin next month—“The Voice of the Forest.”

Then, there is the second installment of “The Scarlet Poppy,” by Eliot Holt—a virile story that gets in deep and grips one; a story that breathes the breath of the studio and the characters we know.

Daniel Darwood is a most likeable fellow. Miss Sherard will terminate his adventures next month—but we have other stories from her capable pen, and these will follow. Darwood is a most human fellow—and you will love him as truly as you ever loved an idol of the screen.

But our family of readers must not be confined to fiction lovers. Indeed, our subscription lists show some very great personages—some chief executives of great American cities, and big men in the pulpit, and factors on the bench. And to these especially we offer “War Films and Neutrality.” The balance need not read it.

But you will all delight in “The Billion Dollar Pastime.” It simply keeps millions and tens of millions floating before our vision until we wonder how Uncle Sam has found time to mint so much gold. It will teach you something of the dollar side of the pictures.

The Fifth Estate is also a little offering for thoughtful folk—and there are times when most of us can afford to be thoughtful.

But let us not overlook the departments. We learn to depend on departments; they are the persistent common interest that we can never grow weary reading.

The Film Play Guild has a chummy spirit about it, and the “belongers” are not all boys and girls—goodness, no. They are grown-ups, who like these little stray rays of sunshine to chase away shadows.

Then, there is the “Film Players' Art.” This is looking right through the screen to the magic life of the studios—the how and why

of things. You will find many of your “Oh, how is it done?” questions answered in this department—and by recognized experts.

There are the departments devoted to “Realism,” “The Release I Like Best,” “I Love a Lassie” and “I Love a Laddie” (silly, a trifle, but splendid gloom-chasers!), “Tradelasts,” and “Nuggets from the Gold Coast”—and “Photoplay Writing”—and—but let us not become breathless. There's time to tell everything.

Just read Miss Barriscale's superb talk on “Use Your Mind.” She will make you heartily ashamed for ever feeling blue. And the ladies will revel in Miss Little's Beauty talks; they are so different, even if our artist did draw a mirror and a powder-puff in the design for the head. He shouldn't at all—because this is not at all like powder-puffs and vanity-boxes.

“The Split Reel” is something to cogitate, too. It consists of little sketches of—but read it yourself, and see how you like it.

And beyond all these—up to “The Last Show”—with its cap and bells—are many other things that will help make your “at home” evenings more enjoyable.

But next month! Ah, we can hardly wait!

You recall, likely, some months since, that the Universal Film Company promoted a contest, selecting the most beautiful young lady in each state, to accompany a chaperone out to the Coast and get themselves “took” in company with Jack Kerrigan. Well, that was one part of it, but imagine a trainload of impressionable girls—many of whom had never been from home before—turned loose on a jaunt like this! And then imagine one poor man doing the chaperoning! Perish the anguish. That poor fellow had his troubles.

The man was that versatile writer, H. H. Van Loan, and he begins, next month, his serial, “Handlin' the Beauts.” The series will be specially illustrated by Dennis of the Boston Traveler. Mr. Van Loan starts right out with a laugh, and the best that laugh does through each installment is to taper to an occasional giggle, while one catches one's breath. Scarcely had the train emerged from the tube in Harlem than the young ladies began their mad escapades. One, who had never been in a Pullman before in all her life, had the porter make the berth up—just to see how it looked—before noon. And then, to practise, she went to bed several times before evening. But that was gentle in comparison with all the fearful things along the way. And Mr. Van Loan is going to make you put hoops on your ribs, as sure as you're alive. You'll need 'em to keep from injuring your sides laughing.

“While I Think of It—” is another starter, too. It will begin next month, and it is the first of the personal reminiscences of Richard Willis, who has known the film players ever since the first play. It is tremendously interesting—and Dick is a writer who knows how to hold one. We knew Dick years and years ago—away back in the West—and we know that he is a lovable fellow, and it is not difficult to understand how he secured so much rich material in this most human of all human-interest series.

Many other equally big things are coming. And we have plenty of space for it all—and we shall add more space as time passes.

And now, between us, personally and confidentially, you can help a great deal in two ways—and please do it. First, tell a friend to subscribe. That is doing just a little, but that little helps. Next, write and give us your suggestions. Tell us what you like—and what you don't like. You are part of the family, and there should be friendly frankness in a family, really.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Editor.



The Happy Masquerader

Sweeping the social scale, this swiftly-moving, keenly-incisive picture-drama portrays Life's Lesson of Happiness in bold, clear strokes of character-painting. The gold-greed of the surly chauffeur raised to the millionaire clubman's station for sixty days, stands out in *vivid contrast* to the clubman's adventures when transplanted to the chauffeur's job and squalid home.

The fascinating, powerful style of play that stamps an *indelible impression* on the mind. Six feet of wholehearted manhood in Edward Coxen and the womanly beauty and dramatic fervor of Winifred Greenwood are the acting-types loved by red-blooded folk. They carry realism to its greatest heights—with the potent spell of simplicity swaying human emotions from tears to pure delight.

The Sensational Club Wager—the Stock-Gambling Guardian—the Sudden Wedding—the Heiress' Battle to Save Her Fortune—are *thrilling climaxes!* Three reels of surprises and suspense—directed by Thomas Ricketts. Released February 29th on the \$8,000,000 Mutual Program.

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FILM PLAYERS HERALD

AND MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE AMERICAN HOME FILM MONTHLY



WAR FILMS AND NEUTRALITY

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

Decoration by GEORGE RICH

“THE WAR FILMS continue as favorites”—assert the writers of the photoplay columns of the daily press in Chicago. Other photoplay department writers on papers in other cities say substantially the same thing. Some of them remark sagely that the war pictures are having as great demand as the comics or the Pickford films, or the other big features.

It should interest you, Mr. and Mrs. American, to know what these war films mean. It should concern you to analyze them and look at them squarely, so that you should be able to come to a clear conclusion as to their advisability. To brand them as evil or to endorse them as good, will not be sufficient. Back of them, and underlying them, may be certain principles. Those principles may be likened to static energy. Force, at rest, is still force. When the right conditions arise, that power will become kinetic—and if it proves to be an evil power, then its destructive possibilities can not be stopped.

For the purpose of helping you arrive at your own decision, numerous facts will be placed in your possession through the medium of this article. Perhaps you have not been thinking particularly about these truths. You *should* think about them because they concern you.

First of all, what is neutrality? Is it a state of mind—or a condition of repression? None of us is neutral simply through refusing to interest ourselves in what does not concern us. We can not be neutral about a condition we do not understand. We can not be neutral in a quarrel that has not attracted our attention. We can not be neutral in our thoughts because, if we are not inspired to express preference in a contest or an argument, that is because we have no concern with the outcome. It is because we know none of the principals. It is because there is no reason for us to become agitated. Only when we are brought into contact with an argument or a contest, do we choose sides.

We may stifle the expression of our opinion. We may be sufficiently strong-willed to refuse to discuss the merits of either side in a controversy. That is neutrality. Neutrality, therefore, pertains to action—and not to thought. The moment we are concerned with the outcome of a contest or an argument, that moment we become prejudiced in favor of one side and

against the other. Cool judgment restrains us from the expression of our opinions, and that cool judgment is our means of maintaining neutrality. Let us see a street altercation or hear an argument or attend a field meet, and very soon we are picking a favorite. If this is true in matters of minor importance, then what must be the answer when we are bound by blood ties and by traditions to one of the contestants?

America is Europe made over. It is transplanted Europe. Therefore, the United States is a nicely balanced scale: On the one side is our own national enthusiasm, our own patriotism, our own belief in the United States of America; and at the opposite end of the beam there is the old loyalty to the fatherland.

In the workshops, stores, offices, and other industrial arenas of the United States, Germans and British, French and Austrians, Italians and Galicians, work side by side. Under ordinary conditions, it is to their advantage and liking to be friendly. Their own progress demands this condition of harmony. But, in Europe—somewhere along the firing line or in the trenches—there are relatives and there are friends. Therefore, there are reasons for prejudice—even though that prejudice remain unexpressed.

The United States is simply a later edition of Europe. The blood ties are strong and numerous. The old loyalty slumbers, and the old love of the mother countries persists in asserting itself.

When the great European conflict has terminated, the United States will face new problems. It must meet new demands, and these will be demands on the purse and demands on the heart. Gradually, the tide of immigration will swell. Once more our gains will be a million or more yearly. But these millions—when they start to come—will be largely the flotsam and jetsam that exist in the wake of war. They will come with their hurts and their hatred, and we must absorb them, just as we have absorbed and amalgamated their kinsfolk who have come in the past. But even before that new tide of immigration gets under way, the war's termination will lift the ban of censorship. Before we can hear these stories of suffering and hatred from the lips of these immigrants, we shall learn it through correspondence and through the press.

The seeds of prejudice have been sown. Even in

our own country, we know there exists a certain degree of sectional prejudice that dates back over a period of fifty years—to the close of our Civil conflict. But the Civil War in the United States was scarcely a skirmish compared with the titanic battles across the Atlantic. We need no proof to understand that the wounds of saber, shrapnel and hand grenade will be open wounds more than a generation hence, and will be felt by the generation as yet unborn.

II

IF WE HAD no other facts except these upon which to base our judgment, then that judgment would necessarily be averse to the exhibition of the war films. If our story ended here and now, and we looked upon nothing beyond the prejudice and the hatred we must endure for ages after the war, we would have ample cause to regard the war pictures as entirely too dangerous to sanction. But the facts pile up into mountains of argument, and when you have considered all of them, the war pictures exhibited at your photoplay house will cease to be innocent mediums of entertainment.

Let us scrutinize the pictures themselves. Do they possess historical value—or are they simply fragments which, through their incompleteness, must fail to inform us of conditions as they are? In places, their authenticity may be doubted. This does not apply to all of the war pictures, but it applies unquestionably to some of them.

One of the correspondents of a Chicago daily newspaper procured something like four miles of films at the East Front with the Germans. After many delays, he secured permission from the General Staff in Berlin to accompany the army of Von Hindenburg in its march upon Warsaw and the fortifications adjacent to the Polish capital. He secured, perhaps, three miles of these films at this particular part of the East Front. When he had completed his work, the undeveloped negatives were turned over to the official censors, and under their directions the films were developed and prints were made, and such portions were stricken out as the censors decided to delete.

This correspondent did not know how much of his labor had been lost or how much had been retained

until he was in Holland. He then found that, out of 22,000 feet, he still retained 16,000 feet. Some of the pictures that he had taken were views of the trenches, and wire entanglements in front of them, showing thousands of dead and mutilated. Many heads were hanging by the hair from the barbed-wire. Dismembered portions of thousands of bodies littered the blood-stained ground. Some of these dead were Germans and some were Russians. Scenes that he viewed and would not film because of their horrors, might have told the real story of the war. Naturally, he filmed some views that possessed sufficient strategic importance to warrant their deletion by the German censors. Other portions of his films were left out according to his own discretion.

This correspondent stated that, in the city of Berlin, one might purchase miles upon miles of films that had been taken during the period of preparation, and that probably have been exhibited as views of actual fighting on the front. There is a question as to the reliability of all of the various war films that have been exhibited. We may waive our questions in this connection, because they are not entirely necessary in an analysis of these films, and their effect upon the American public and upon Europe, after the war. Historically, these films have but minor value. To military experts, they may present studies in efficiency that would prove extremely interesting.

About a year ago, one of the large film manufacturing companies received from cinematograph operators, who were officers in the various armies in Europe, about nine miles of authentic war films, of which possibly seven miles were views of the dead. These films were not purchased for purposes of public exhibition. Manifestly they would not have been permitted. And yet they were authentic, and they proved the horrors of war far beyond anything that public or official sentiment would permit on the screen. The historically accurate film could not possibly meet the needs of exhibition purposes.

The fragmentary films quite clearly do not present the historical facts. The value of truth is to have all the truth. If part of the facts are hidden, then the value of the facts that are not hidden must shrink proportionately. No defense can be built up around these films based on their historical value. They are but animated passages taken here and there from the unfinished volume of destruction. This being the case, we must then regard them as a means of entertainment—as a medium of instruction—as a lesson in preparedness—or as arguments in favor of peace. We can not accept them in any one of these phases without counting the relationship they bear to underlying conditions. Their story, being a tale of prejudice, blood-lust and hatred, is presented to the children of Europe who reside in the United States.

One very noticeable thing about all these films has been their careless use of titles and subtitles. The German films have been titled with a view to exciting sympathy in favor of the Central powers. The films picturing the Allies have been titled with a view to arousing sympathy on the part of the Allies. Many of these titles emphasize this prejudice. They were undoubtedly thought out and worded with this end in view. In consequence, they have stimulated the enthusiasm of those to whom they appeal directly, and equally they have aroused the animus of those whose sympathies have been with the opposing side.

The war films have not come in neutral dress. In the first place, they have been unlike the photographic reproductions in newspapers and magazines, because they have been pictures in motion. To show the suffering of an army is argument enough to arouse sympathy in favor of that army on the part of those whose blood relations make them natural sympathizers. Their pictures of victories have been strong enough pleas to arouse these same prejudices. It was not necessary to rely upon the power of words to increase these factional feelings; and yet this has been done.

III

STRANGELY enough, these pictures have not presented to our view the actual proof of the toll of war. They have not shown us the millions of widows and the millions of orphans that are results of this conflict. They have not proved to us the hopelessness, the despair, the hunger and the suffering that have been inevitable consequences of the war. And—having failed to present these consequences to our view—these pictures have not been logical arguments in favor of peace. They have been military—they have been martial in the extreme. They have lacked the human note that is so essential in any acceptable argument for peace. Nor have they preached preparedness, because they have failed to show the war's consequences, and without our ability to look forward to the results of war, we are unable to regard preparedness against war as a necessary, advisable step.

This article is not an argument for, or against, preparedness. It is not inspired by the Navy League, or any other similar organization. On the other hand, it is not presented in the hope of discouraging the idea of preparedness on the part of the United States. As Americans, we should be inspired by a certain amount of confidence in our chief executive and in our Congress. We note that, at this time, the Congress of the United States—upon the recommendation of President Wilson—is considering the question of Army and Navy appropriations for the expansion of our defensive forces. Unquestionably, the tremendous devastation that has been wrought in Europe by armed conflict, has inspired our own consideration of national defense.

Whatever may be done in recruiting for the Army and Navy, must be done on the fundamental principles of American patriotism. The young men who enlist in the Navy, in the regular Army, or in the reserves, should not be prompted by any individual desire of an armed contest with any particular country. Our Army can not be built safely on prejudice. It can not be organized for the avowed purpose of wreaking vengeance on any country in the world. If any young man is inspired to enlist by the lessons he has gathered through viewing these war films, then it is because he hates Germany or France or Russia or England or Italy or Austria, because his mind is moved by prejudices aroused within him.

The object of preparedness is not to make war on any country—but to keep other countries from making war on us.

Many a young man has voted the Republican ticket, or the Democratic ticket, all his life for no other reason than that his father was a Republican or a Democrat. It has never occurred to him that his father may have been wrong. If a young man of this temperament enlisted in the Army because his father was a German, or an Englishman, or a Russian, or a Frenchman, he would secretly be hoping for the time when he could do battle against his father's enemies.

And, in the face of these truths, we find the war films are breathing the breath of European hatred. They may be arguments for our alliance with various powers in Europe, but they are certainly not arguments for our defense against any possible foe.

There is in existence, in Washington, under the patronage of Congress, a National Chamber of Commerce. The purpose of this body is to stimulate our export trade. Circulars are mailed to manufacturers, wholesalers, and to others who might in any possible way be interested in the subject—soliciting their opinions and offering suggestions to them. In one of the recent circulars of this national commerce body, was contained certain information that has proved of more than passing interest to industrial America. This information stated that the dye and chemical plants of Germany have been operating full time during the entire war period and have been piling up enormous reserve stocks of their various classes of merchandise. When the war has terminated, these goods will be dumped into all the foreign markets for the purpose of regaining the trade that has been lost since the summer of 1914. Both the United States and Japan have been courting these markets that had been supplied formerly by industrial Europe.

There will be considerable commercial jealousy when hostilities have ceased, and the United States will find itself in the paradoxical situation of being a helper and a competitor of Europe. Against the day of European demands for capital, the banks of the United States have been piling up enormous reserves. In a condition of unquestioned prosperity, American business finds itself restricted so far as optimistic bank support is concerned. The bankers realize that the demands after the war will be far greater than those that the war itself has occasioned.

Europe must rehabilitate itself. When San Francisco was partially destroyed, we had an excellent example of the monetary demands occasioned by destruction. The loss of lives and property in San Francisco can not be compared in any manner with the property and life loss in Europe.

Eighteen months ago, the combined national debts of the countries of Europe aggregated twenty-five billion dollars. The indebtedness at this time is probably one hundred billion dollars. And the yearly interest on these combined debts would total some five billion dollars, or about five times the annual expense of the government of the United States. This is a debt that can never be paid. Its interest, alone, is excessively burdensome.

The hope of Europe must lie in the re-establishment of its industrial life. Hundreds of thousands of skilled artisans have been killed. Millions of workers from different fields of endeavor have paid the penalty of their lives. Factories, cities, shops, have been obliterated. Thousands of corporations and partnerships have ceased to exist. Unless the United

States comes to the financial rescue of Europe, what will the answer be?

We must help every one of the warring countries. We must not refuse on the grounds of prejudice, because the United States is the offspring of them all. It should attempt to heal the wounds of each and every one. It must offer new homes and new peace to millions of the survivors. It must be the Good Samaritan—because there is no other country in the world that is equipped to act in that humane capacity.

Are the war films helping us, as citizens of the United States, to extend our compassion and assistance to these nations of Europe? Are these films aiding in the upbuilding of a single sentiment that will be of value to Europe or America when the war has terminated?

IV

THE NUMBER of persons viewing these European war pictures is considerable. In the city of Chicago, alone, three down-town theatres were exhibiting these films for weeks. Twice each afternoon and twice each evening, these theatres were crowded. Approximately twelve thousand admissions daily, represent this patronage. This is at the rate of three hundred and sixty thousand a month. Several million persons in the United States will see these films. Several million persons, therefore, will be less capable of the exercise of natural expressions and actions than they were before. And among those several millions, there may be hundreds of thousands who are temperamentally, and perhaps mentally, unstable. This truth brings us to our next consideration in the analysis of the war pictures.

The chief objection that has been offered by the various censor boards throughout the United States to certain classes of picture plays, has been that they showed the commission of crime. Alienists concede that the degenerate and the defective generally glory in the commission of crime; whereas, the strong-minded view the consequences and see the futility of felony. What can be done with a 42-centimeter in a big way, may be done in a small way with a cheap revolver. Defectives, who view pictures of destruction sanctioned by nations that are themselves makers of laws, will regard crime of any kind as excusable. If we were to set aside all consideration of our relationships to Europe, and of the duties that will devolve upon us when the war is ended—and consider only the unwholesome effect of these pictures on defectives—would we not still be justified in regarding these war films as questionable?

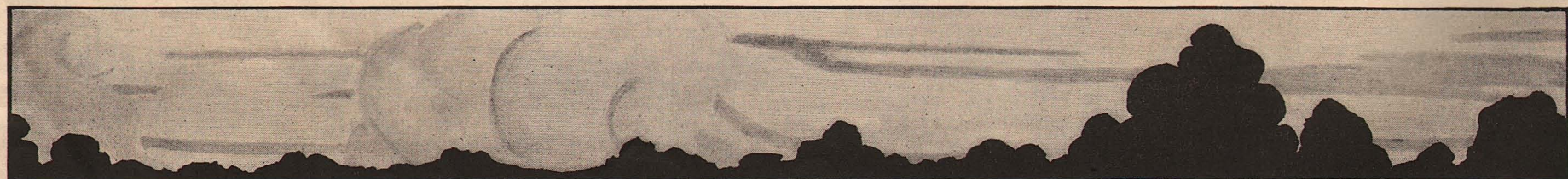
The defective is moved by emotions. Emotion takes the place of reason in his mind. He responds quickly to agitation. He reacts to any influence that is destructive. He embraces crime as a pleasing adventure, and he sees in the war pictures, not the contest of nations, but the destruction of man by man. He individualizes this destructive power. He sees that certain ends can be gained by force. Being naturally cowardly and fearful of his own safety, he accepts force as the most reasonable of all arguments.

Whenever any lesson is to be taught to a large number of persons, the good should be considered only as it relates to the possible evil. To attempt to teach the horrors of war to millions of persons, would very likely be safe practice if no other lesson chanced to be taught at the same time. When the means of disseminating knowledge of the horrors of war must embrace with it certain dangers of exciting degenerate natures, then the good is far outweighed by the evil, because those of sound mind would persist in sound views without the help of the films.

If these evil aspects actually exist, how is it possible that these European war films secure official sanction in the United States?

Without exception, these films have been exhibited under the patronage of the daily press. They are the promotions of daily newspapers. It is doubtful that they would have secured their privileges in any other manner. Prompted by their customary spirit of enterprise, these newspapers have been lavish in advertising the war pictures. Their advertisements have been lurid. The martial spirit has predominated in the posters and advertisements. The lure has been of destruction—and not of construction. Reading notices have assisted the selling power of these advertisements. These notices have been essentially partisan. Whenever any German, French, British, or other organization attended the theatres in a body to view these films, these facts have been dilated upon by the promoting newspapers.

The advertising value, from a circulation viewpoint, has been tremendous. But the papers have had an excuse—and that excuse has been the Red Cross Society. Various parts of the proceeds have gone to the Red Cross organization. Perhaps other films—not breathing the breath of war—would have secured equal



amounts of money for the Red Cross, had the newspapers gone back of such movements as powerfully as they have promoted the war pictures. The Red Cross point of view has been the only actual argument that could be set forth in behalf of these exhibitions. If the Red Cross could have been aided in no other way, then such argument would have been sound.

Mr. and Mrs. American, take this presentation of facts and think it over. It has been placed before you in an absolutely neutral manner. It has been inspired

by no partisanship toward any of the nations of Europe. It has been inspired by a feeling of loyalty toward the United States.

What are your views?

Suppose you analyze it, and write a letter to the Editor of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD. In a few words, tell if you are for, or against, the war films. Let us have your opinion. If you have seen any of the war pictures, so much the better. If you have not, you must draw your own conclusions, remembering that these pictures show armies in the state of prep-

aration and armies in actual operation, that they show prisoners of war, and that they are built entirely around the war situation in Europe. They are fragmentary—but still they are military.

Your opinion, and our own, can not influence the daily press exhibiting these films. But—your opinion, and ours, may influence a great many persons who view these films and who might forget the real definition of neutrality, and just what neutrality actually means to the United States of America, and all of its citizens.

WATER NYMPHS AND UNDINE

HAD YOU BEEN cruising with the Ancient Mariner, and had Neptune suddenly appeared before you, and invited you to a desert isle where the water maidens play, you could not have been more delightfully surprised than you would have been had you chanced on the Santa Cruz islands, off Santa Barbara, while Henry Otto was producing "Undine."

"Undine" demanded beauties—nymphs—mermaids of modern type. And along the sea-shore resorts of South California, Mr. Otto recruited his merry little company—a feast for weary eyes, and new interest for jaded brains.

There were blonde beauties, and brunette beauties, and little beauties, and lithe beauties—enough and sufficient to make the most adamant sultan sit up and enjoy life.

But "Undine" could tolerate none of the shores where thousands wander. It needs must find solitude—where beauty could revel undisturbed.

The Santa Cruz Islands presented all the ideal conditions, but no boats ran thither, and the channel was rough, and the landings sparse and treacherous, and no skipper would listen to bribes of pieces of eight or other emoluments. But Mr. Otto had set his heart on Santa Cruz, and Santa Cruz it must be. He turned skipper on his own account, although the sailing was rough and the steam launch was tossed about unmercifully. Many of the company felt weak and looked wan, and had uncertain stomachs when the journey was ended—but what are trifles like these when there is a rollicking stay of two weeks to enjoy?

Were the nymphs ill? Does a butterfly become dizzy from flitting among the flowers? The water lilies thrived—only the hot-house land plants drooped.

There were twin islands—bits of mountainous landscape in the beautiful blue setting of the Pacific. There were beetling crags and unblazed trails—and each morning opened with new wonders, and a better acquaintance with nature.

And when night-time came on, the nymphs and the players gathered around their camp-fires, and told won-



Blonde beauties, and brunette beauties, and little beauties, and lithe beauties

drous tales of other lands—and marveled at the silence of their retreat. But the cooling breezes fanned slumbers into weary minds, and brought new power to tired bodies. And the days sped by only too quickly.

They were children of nature. Their primal instincts arose and asserted themselves, and they delighted in their labors. Out on locations, away from the mess-tent, they oftentimes forfeited their meals—and on numerous occasions they worked far into the night that some special, weird effect might be secured. And even Mr. Otto, confronted by the seriousness of production, found himself entering into the fun, heart and spirit.

Led by Miss Ida Schnall, principal nymph and diver, the twenty-five beauties made a picture, in their seaweed draped tights, that no artist—no mere mortal man—could look upon without admiration—and what the others say, the millions who view "Undine" upon the screen will see—a festival of beauty with the open ocean, and the castellated crags of desert islands, as rare settings.

Not to be outdone by one another, each became a censor for the rest. Should one sport in too much seaweed, she was haled before a court of inquiry and accused of forcing the styles.

During the merry vacation, two learned men invaded the island fastness, to search for prehistoric records. With long spades and profound patience, they dug in the sands, and succeeded in unearthing a human skull and the accompaniment of bones. And Henry Otto recalled the solemn lines from Hamlet, and was dubbed "Exhausted ruler of the society of Bueno Bonetas (good bones)."

When the long shadows of evening had blended with the darkness and the wood-fire's glow sent phantom forms scurrying into the stygian depths, Douglas Gerard, who played lead opposite Edna Maison, would spin tales of the navy and foreign lands. And Fred Granville, the cameraman, would tell stories of the frozen trails of Alaska, in the days of the big gold rush to Klondike.

But the islands upon which "Undine" was given its being for Universal patrons, were not without life. Granville succeeded in trapping a red fox, but the "varmint" was not given to affection and bit the hand that fed it, knowing enough about catching wild birds to shift for himself. Four other foxes fell victims of the mighty trappers, and the five were added to the Universal zoo.

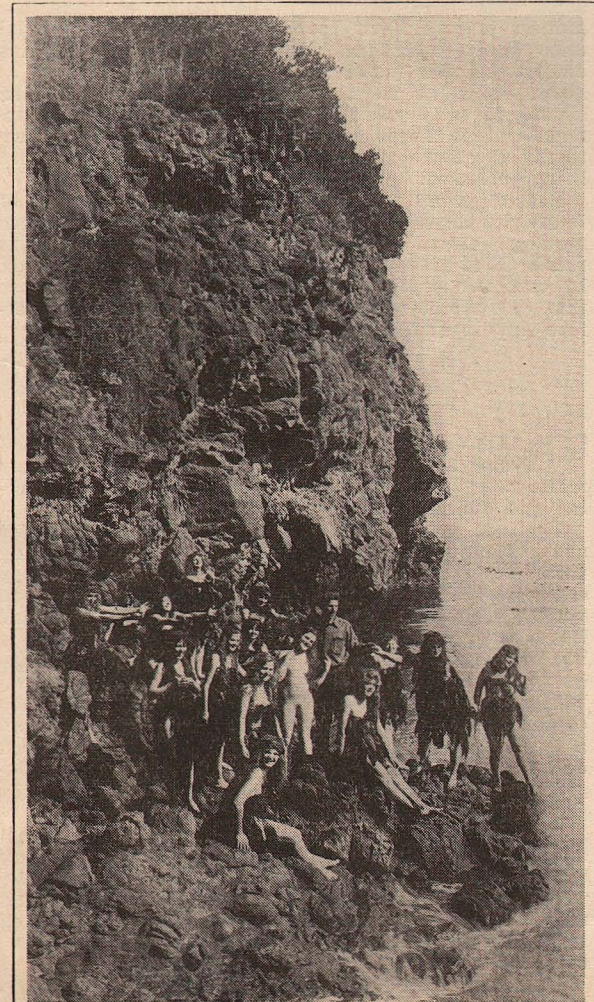
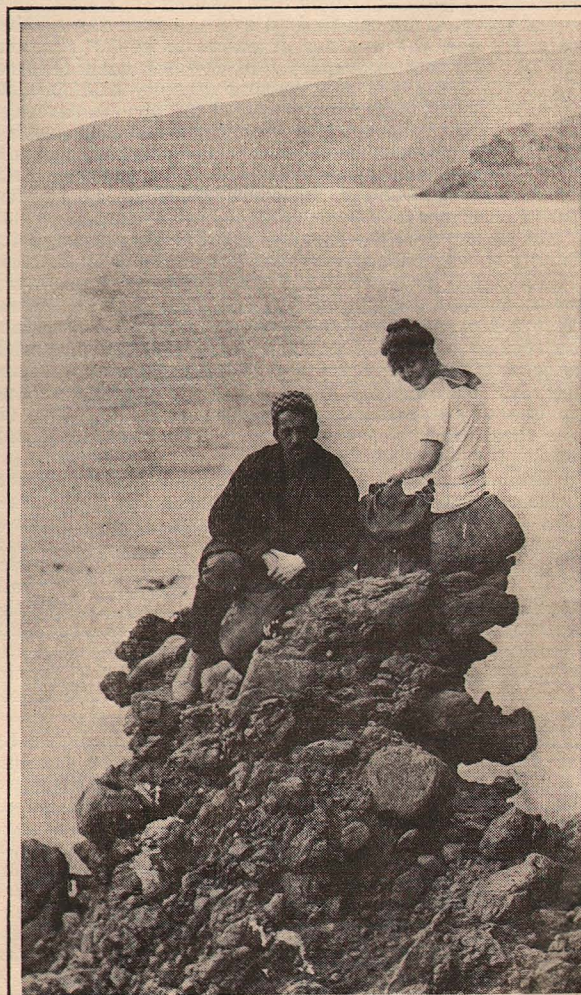
In one of the scenes, a dolphin is required, and a make-believe one was constructed, and on its back a daring sprite rode far out to sea. But the little miss who performed the feat declares she saw many of the genuine variety, all of which has been classified as nature-faking by the wiser Universalites at home.

When the fortnight had passed, the company returned to the mainland, and was met by the American

players at Santa Barbara. Here the various actors and actresses pretended to make a picture play, but when the frolic had ended, they repaired to the festive board and banqueted.

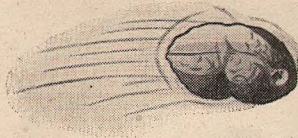
"Undine" was completed. The happy days and startling nights at Santa Cruz were over—and the water nymphs once more scattered to their respective beaches, to dream of the days gone by.

There were twin islands—mountainous land



THE BILLION DOLLAR PASTIME

The Riches of Midas and Croesus Mere Pin-Money Compared with
the World's Most Lavish Amusement
and Most Astounding
Industry!



of the house was sold at 75c and 50c and 25c, or at an average of 50c; making another \$273,750, or a total of \$821,250. These figures we have not secured from the exhibitors, but they are based on facts that even the most casual observation would have learned.

At the same time, this same play was running to capacity in New York, Boston, and other large cities, and at this time is being exhibited in smaller cities. "The Birth of a Nation" will undoubtedly have gathered in \$6,000,000 or more, at the time it has run the gamut of its popularity.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" was exhibited in 2,500 picture theatres at one time; or, in other words, during the days of the early releases. There were 23 weekly episodes, and we understand that the price charged was about \$25 an episode, or about \$575 for the series. At this rate, the 2,500 theatres alone, would have paid a rental fee for the films of \$1,437,500. Hundreds of other theatres ran these pictures long after the first release dates, and then the series went to England and had as heavy a run there. The figures presented have nothing to do with what the public paid at the box offices at these hundreds of theatres. But there is one fact that will convey a very clear idea of what this one serial did financially. The Syndicate Film Corporation, that distributed "The Million Dollar Mystery"—a \$100,000 corporation—paid in excess of 700% to its stockholders on the basis of par.

This was merely one of a great many serial productions. Within a space of two years there were the big serials that started with "Kathlyn," and that included "Lucille Love," "The Perils of Pauline," "The Master Key," "The Broken Coin," "The Black Box," "The Diamond from the Sky," "The Adventures of Elaine," and a great many others of that type.

The World's Most Remarkable Business

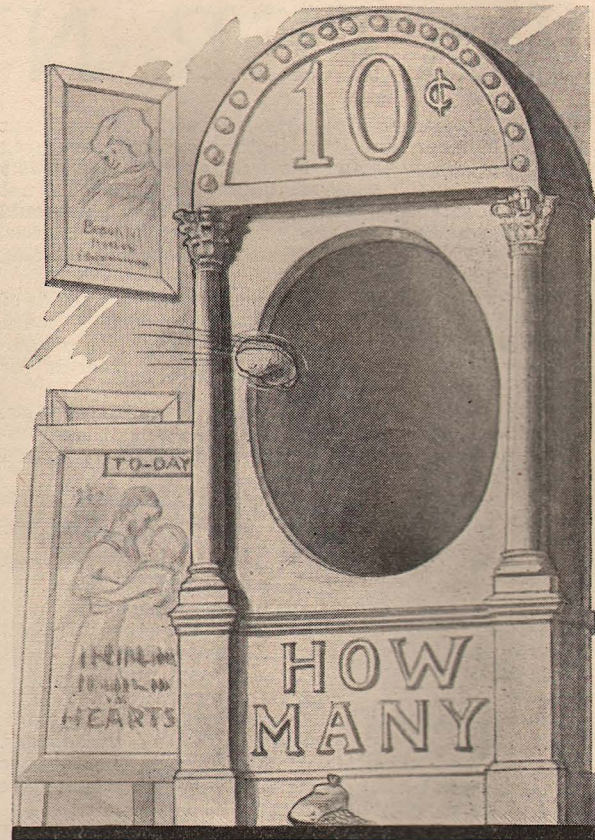
THE MOVING picture business is unquestionably the world's most remarkable and fastest growing branch of commercial endeavor. It has grown so rapidly that there are not even any dependable statistics; because, at the time they are compiled, greater growth has occurred. The great film organizations that are so familiar to us today, date back but a few years. Few of them existed before 1900.

Although the cinematograph was invented in the 'nineties, the moving picture business is a twentieth century institution. It has been estimated variously as the fifth, and fourth, and even the third industry in importance in the United States. A better idea of how it ranks may be gained by reference to statistical facts.

All classes of manufacturing in the United States produce about \$21,000,000,000 yearly. The agricultural production of the United States is about \$6,000,000,000 yearly, exclusive of livestock. The operating revenue of the railways of the United States is about \$3,000,000,000 annually. There are, in the United States, over 25,000 banks—but the banking business should not necessarily be taken as a separate industry, but rather as an adjunct to all other industries. This, then, would place the motion picture business fourth in line; or, counting banks as a separate industry, fifth in order.

The motion picture business today amounts to more than the automobile industry. It is about ten times as important as ship-building. It is worth anywhere from five to eight times as much as all of the agricultural implements manufactured. It is about equal with the products of flour and grist mills. It is about four times as important as the carriage and wagon industry. It is practically equal to the entire production of steel works and rolling mills. These comparisons may convey a working idea of the importance of moving pictures.

At the same time, let us remember that the animated photographs, as a systematized branch of industry, date back but about eight years. In fact, it is doubtful if eight years ago there was such a thing as a



photoplay scenario. Up to six years ago, the only picture theatres were remodeled stores. Today, there are hundreds of theatres far more costly than any that were devoted to the speaking drama.

It is believed that the picture industry employs at least 300,000 persons in its various branches, and that about 35,000 of these persons are actors and actresses, ranging from the leading parts down to the extras. All of the other industries, (with the single exception of automobiles), with which we have made comparisons, date back decades. The motor car and the motion picture have been the two great industrial marvels of recent times. But the picture business has outstripped the motor car industry, that started at about the same time. Whenever you see a modern limousine or touring car or roadster or truck, remember that it was conceived and worked out at practically the same time that the motion pictures were being perfected.

Bear in mind that if we are to take that class of industries dependent on manufacturing, we can place moving pictures as at least fourth, and very likely as third. It is exceeded; if, indeed, it is exceeded at all, by one, two or three industrial branches, and those that outstrip it were in existence for generations before the cinematograph became a reality.

Ideas of Profit

TO CONVEY a fair working idea of the amount of money invested and the profits realized, we may make reference to a few of the large film manufacturing and distributing organizations.

The net profits of the leading picture companies are estimated at \$50,000,000 yearly, not including theatres. Many of the organizations that are today capitalized according to industrial custom, started on veritable shoestrings. Other companies, dating back but a few years, were organized and capitalized in a big way and they paid the customary rate of earnings on the stock. It is stated that both the Kalem and Vitagraph companies started originally with \$10,000 capital. When Carl Laemmle came to Chicago from a small Wisconsin town, he invested a few hundred dollars in a picture theatre. Out of that modest beginning he expanded his business until it became the great Universal Film Company of today.

We think it is conservative to estimate that at least a quarter of a billion dollars is invested in picture theatres alone in the United States, and that the investments in studios and exchanges will easily equal that sum. The amount of capital actually invested in the moving picture business is not far from \$500,000,000.

While every producing company, and every exchange, and every picture theatre has not necessarily suc-

LET US SEE how big the movie story is, set to figures—thousands, millions, tens of millions.

There are, in the United States, about 21,000 photoplay theatres. Some of these have 300 seats, some 600, some 800, some 1,000, and others in excess of 1,000. Most of them exhibit three or four times nightly, and seven days a week. A few years ago, the picture theatres were closed during the summer. Now, nearly all of them operate every day of the year. Some of them, especially in large cities, are in operation afternoon and evening.

Let us see if we can find an average as to the seating capacity and the number of shows a week. Suppose we put the seating capacity at 500 for each theatre. That would mean a total seating capacity of 10,500,000 for the 21,000 theatres. Suppose we put the average number of afternoon performances at three, making twenty-one a week. Suppose we take only two matinee days, with three extra performances each day, or six additional exhibitions, which would give us twenty-seven each week.

Let us say that the theatres are not filled to capacity twenty-seven times weekly, but fifteen times each week. That would give us 157,500,000 paid admissions every week in the picture theatres of the United States. This means that the lowest estimate that we can place on regular patronage would be 25,000,000 persons, with another 25,000,000 as incidental patrons, going perhaps once or twice a week. Millions of enthusiasts will go to two or three different theatres in an evening, (if the theatres are convenient and there are that many in the town or neighborhood).

The smallest price charged is 5c. In the large cities, most of the better class of playhouses charge 15c and 25c, but the great majority charge a dime. Suppose we were to place the average at 8c. That would mean \$12,600,000 paid every week, and for fifty-two weeks the total would be \$655,200,000. This is a modest estimate. Indeed, it is a very low estimate, because the seating capacity will undoubtedly be far greater than we have indicated. Therefore, we may take as the absolute minimum, the sum of \$655,200,000 as the amount of money paid by the American public to see the pictures.

Now—just to prove how modest this estimate really is—let us take "The Birth of a Nation" as an example of what a big feature can do financially. This play, on January 5, 1916, completed a solid run of one year in the city of Chicago alone. For 365 days it gave two shows a day. That meant 730 shows in one year. First, it was at the Illinois Theatre, and later it was at the Colonial Theatre—the seating capacity of each being over 1500. Certainly 1500 persons on the average viewed "The Birth of a Nation" during each of these 730 performances. That meant 1,095,000 paid admissions. Half of this seating capacity was sold at \$1.00 a seat. This would amount to \$547,500. The balance

ceeded—a great many of them have won in a tremendous way. We know exhibitors who have realized 100% and better on their investment ever since they started, which was some years ago. There is one picture playhouse on State Street, Chicago, that is said to be clearing over \$100,000 annually.

Like any other business, the moving picture industry has been obliged to go through its experiences and correct its errors. The majority of persons starting picture theatres were without experience in theatrical management. Apart from general fundamental business experience, none of those entering the picture industry had the advantage of any precedent to guide them. And yet they have literally wallowed in millions and billions. The amount of money that has been paid in the United States alone for the purpose of being entertained by the silent drama, has probably been well in excess of \$3,000,000,000 within the past six or seven years.

The World's Most Lavish Business

NOT ONLY is the motion picture industry the most remarkable and the fastest growing of all industries, but it is the most lavish of them all.

The Census Bureau stated that in the year 1914, the amount of film produced in this country, including the original negatives and positives, or prints, amounted to 385,000,000 feet, or 77,000 miles. This would be a stretch of film sufficient to extend around the earth at the equator, three and one-twelfth times.

During the early days of picture manufacturing, there was a great deal of substitution and trickery—but this was supplanted rapidly by realism of the most costly and thrilling nature.

To convey a fair idea of what is really spent to entertain the public, let us refer to a coming David Wark Griffith production that will likely be released in the autumn of 1916. This is being produced at the Fine Arts studios near Los Angeles, California. This play, which is to be known as "The Woman and the Law," will have in it a fade-in and fade-out view of the Gates of Jerusalem. In order to make this vision realistic, Mr. Griffith has had constructed, walls about 90 feet high and monster gates. The cost is placed at \$75,000. This scene will occupy 20 feet of film, meaning that it will be shown for 20 seconds on the screen; or, at a cost of almost \$4,000 a second, meaning \$4,000 a foot. This would be like building a railway at a cost of \$20,000,000 a mile.

In producing his "The Birth of a Nation," Mr. Griffith really constructed three towns, one of which he destroyed completely to give those realistic scenes of the destruction of Atlanta by fire. Very often railway trestles have been built especially for sensational crises in films, and although many thousands of dollars went into their building, they have been destroyed as though they were the least expensive properties.

It would perhaps be impossible to count the number of automobiles, motorboats, wagons, buggies, and ships that have been destroyed utterly for the sake of realistic scenes.

Most of the studios set aside so many thousands of dollars a week for thrillers. On several occasions, entire trains have been wrecked merely to give the proper impression on the screen. Money has not counted at all if effects could be secured. Ofttimes, thousands of dollars have been paid for the rental of beautiful paintings, or necklaces, or costly bric-a-brac, to convey just the right impression on the screen. The camera's relentless eye, assisted by the magnifying power of the projecting machine, shows the texture of every fabric and the poorness and richness of every material.

Everywhere we look we see thousands, and tens of thousands, and millions of dollars heaped unstintingly into the hopper of the mill of entertainment. Compared with the picture industry, all other forms of entertainment dwindle as insignificant. The circuses, carnivals, baseball, football, and all other sports are simply the jitney pastimes in comparison with this monster that entertains and thrills the pleasure-seeking world.

The twenty-five million regular picture patrons of the United States, and the twenty-five million incidental patrons—meaning one-half of our total population—must have something new and something better, regardless of cost. The theatres that ventured into the 10-cent class four years ago, found that their patronage increased instead of diminishing. The new theatres, that charge 15c and 25c, have the same long lines reaching through their foyers out upon the sidewalks that were to be noted in the days of the nickel admission.

Six years back, the motion picture theatre was such a crude institution, it appealed chiefly to loungers and children. In the larger cities, the school teachers and ministers of the gospel started a movement to suppress what they termed "the evil of the movies." But while the agitation was still in process of formation, the movies outgrew this movement morally—and today we find thousands of automobiles parked adjacent to the picture-play theatres of our great cities. The farmer who has become the owner of a motor car, takes his family to town on evenings, and he understands the pictures just as well as the denizen of the "Great White Way." Within the recent past, the Methodist Episcopal Church not only sanctioned pictures as a form of honest entertainment, but adopted the use of pictures in church entertain-

ments. The *Christian Science Monitor*, that is slow to recognize anything that is untried, has been devoting space to the pictures.

All classes of all beliefs are picture-mad, because the movies have found the new interpretation that pleases our eyes and pleases our minds. We live the pictures and we supply the words that the silent screen merely suggests. In the passing of an hour we may see three or four dramas, each with a dozen times the number of scenes that the speaking stage would employ in an entire evening. We have seen our old dramatic masterpieces, and the novels we have loved to read, done over in the new dress of the movies. Every time we have read a story, we have pictured its scenes in our minds. But the films relieve us of this duty—they do the picturing for us. And because this is the royal entertainment of the multitude of all classes, of the masses and the elect, we are glad to pay our nickels, our dimes, our quarters, and even our dollars—and we are pleased to know that we have builded a new industrial giant.

A newspaper published in Utica, N. Y., recently estimated that Utica's population attends the movies three times weekly. Utica is a city of about 80,000. This estimate means that the admissions to picture theatres each week in that city amount to about a quarter-of-a-million.

Chicago has about seven hundred picture-play houses. Their seating capacity ranges from 300 to 2,000; the average is likely 700. That means a total seating capacity of approximately 500,000. Most of them charge 10c or 15c—some more. An average of 8c is fair. These theatres are filled about twice nightly—about twice three matinee days of the week, or a total of twenty times. Each time they are filled, they bring in something like \$40,000; and for twenty times, \$800,000—that much weekly—or \$41,600,000 yearly. This is what one city does in the picture business. Consider the estimates for the entire country. What else has ever even remotely compared with the movies?

The American Picture-Play the Standard

ALL OVER the world, the American picture-play is the standard. In the beginning we were running neck-and-neck with France and Italy. But the mighty war came on and converted the European studios into Red Cross hospitals and sent the actors and actresses and camera operators to the front as warriors or nurses. And, in the meantime, the picture industry in the U. S. A. has gone forward beyond the measure of all prophecies. It is entertaining the world. It speaks the language of action, which is the fundamental language of all mankind.

The actors and actresses we have learned to love on the screen are loved as dearly and sincerely in every portion of the world. Thus, our own millions and billions are supplemented by other millions and billions—and the world is crying for more and more, and for better and better.

The refinement of this new art has been so remarkably rapid, even our most ardent critics have been silenced. The slushy melodrama has gradually receded before the forward march of the finished dramatic screen plays. The art of photoplay construction has been developed to the point of genius, until every crisis, every period of relief of suspense, every climax, every dramatic element has been carefully measured both in the conception and the working out of these silent plays.

New industries have sprung up on every hand to furnish the supplementary needs of the moving pictures. Architects have found a new demand for their talents in designing studios and theatres. Manufacturers of seats have been working to capacity. Several firms are making screens, that have taken the place of the old plain white drop-curtain. Electrical concerns have made exit lights. Ventilator manufacturers have solved the problem of supplying ample fresh, pure air. Ticket printers have turned out the pasteboard coupons by the billion. Lithographers have been rushed with the new demand for gaudy posters and the big bill-board stands. Newspapers have opened new departments and have found new sources of advertising. Costumers, modistes and milliners have not only found a new source of profit, but a widespread means of exploiting their art. And beyond this are the many other industries that have turned part, or all, of their attention to the demands of the world of the films.

A new crop of photographers has sprung into existence, and electricians, carpenters, scenic artists, and other craftsmen have discovered new angles to their trades. House furnishing companies have supplied trainloads of props for the studios. Trappers and trainers of wild animals have been furnishing the tremendous zoos that have become part of the production of the silent drama. The city of Los Angeles has increased in population and wealth, just as Detroit prospered through its motor industry. It is stated that already a million dollars a month is being spent by the picture people in Los Angeles alone. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, there are approximately one hundred studios, many of which employ from two to twenty companies.

And the millions and the billions are still poured into the hopper of the mill of amusement, until one becomes dizzy in the mere act of attempting to estimate and compute. Today, the inquisitive individual

who was wont to ask if the pictures would endure, has become conspicuously absent. But all agree that the movies are still in the infant class—that no matter what they have done, they have scarcely found themselves. Publishers, who were delighted in past years with their "six best sellers," never published any book that in any measure brought in the number of dollars that a single movie feature will produce.

The Highest Paid Profession

THE NEW BRANCH of art brought into being by the pictures has been productive of the highest salaries paid to any artists, considering the period of employment and the matter of necessary personal expense.

A syndicate of newspapers, running articles under the name of Mary Pickford, carried full-page advertisements stating that Miss Pickford is the highest paid artist in the world, not even excepting Caruso.

The salaries are lavish and the expenses are small. Many of the well known actors and actresses of the speaking stage have gone in "to do a picture" and have received from \$15,000 to \$30,000 in compensation. The number of actors and actresses receiving hundreds of dollars weekly in the picture studios is increasing. Even the modest extra receives \$5.00 a day, and the person who plays "bits" usually receives twice that amount. The salaries ranging from \$150 to \$300 a week are almost too numerous to count.

Unlike the old troupers, who were ever on the go—the movie folk have built beautiful homes, and many of them own expensive estates comparable with the baronial and ducal estates of the old world. They have purchased the highest priced motor cars, and many possess beautiful yachts. They have plunged and dived in thousands and millions. Their measure of fame has been greater than was ever possible when they were obliged to appear personally on the "boards." How many persons throughout the world know Miss Pickford, or Charley Chaplin, or the others in the top places? Each one of these artists is known personally through the intimacy of the screen to tens of millions of individuals. In the passing of one year they appear before more individuals than Joseph Jefferson greeted in his long career of a lifetime.

And yet these artists have been but part of this tremendous organization. They have supplied their share. But more than a quarter-of-a-million persons, regularly employed, have been obliged to take care of the various angles demanded by business practice. And yet, even the children of the present day look back to the beginning of the picture-play as a dramatic entity. All likes have been met—all temperaments have been appealed to. Everybody loves the movies. And when everybody is in love with any industry, what must be the answer financially?

Not the Classes—the Masses

NOTHING else on earth has ever appealed to such a vast variety of persons as the films. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief—and the balance of the human family—are "fans." They pay their nickels, dimes and quarters willingly—anxiously.

Down in De Lesseps Park, Panama, some enterprising advertising men erected an out-door screen. It would be viewed from either side, even if the wording of the titles on one side was backwards! Thousands of Panamanians—and scores of visitors—would stand for hours watching the films al fresco.

At the same time, the city of Panama had about four picture theatres, seating about four to six hundred each, filled to overflowing afternoon and evening. They charged 50c silver—or 25c American money.

Go into the country, along Broadway, in the South—out in the mining camps of the West—in the north woods—in the East; go anywhere—and there you will find the multitude enjoying the films. Try the movies on any nationality, and there also is the same popularity. On no basis, have mortals ever come together so much and so persistently as they have patronizing the films.

And this means money—mountains of money—money almost beyond counting—cash-in-advance, money paid at the moment. It means profit—such profit as infant industries never dreamed of making. And this is but the beginning.

Do not ask if the films will endure. They will last for always. They will be improved, changed, added to in various ways, but they have found the universal language—the form of expression that everybody understands; they have reached nearer to the heart than all the printed words or paintings the world has ever known.

The films have worked wonders, but greater wonders lie beyond them—for the next generation—and the next—and the next—ad infinitum.

The world's most popular amusement presents a future that fairly staggers us with the countless billions it will involve. It will soon pass the billion-a-year mark, and the time will come when even the billion will fade in insignificance.

The real giant of the financial and the industrial world has sprung up in our midst, as though invisible seeds of enjoyment and endorsement had been sown all over the world. Compared with the magic tales of old, the movies have surpassed all romance and have ridden beyond all imagination.

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

By MARY RIDPATH-MANN

Illustrated by J. T. NOLF

"THAT WILL be all for to-day, Hardy."

The secretary who had just deposited a package of typewritten manuscript on the Governor's desk quietly left the room. As soon as he was gone the latter rose, walked to the window and looked down into the street.

It was a cold, wet November day. Summer had lingered long and had taken its departure suddenly. In one day the trees had been swept bare and the wind in fitful gusts was blowing the rain along the streets. The heart of the man who looked from the window of his office in the capitol building was heavy. He was being put to a cruel test.

He turned back to the desk and for a moment idly fingered the manuscript. "THE PEOPLE vs. LEONARD HOLLISTER" he read. He turned the first few pages slowly, then suddenly pushed it aside.

"I can't do it to-night," he said to himself. "I'm too tired, too troubled. I'll go home to—Ruth."

He closed his desk, got his hat and coat and went out. A moment later he walked quickly down the steps to where his car was waiting. The man sprang from his seat and held open the door.

"A bad night, sir," he said.

"So it is," the Governor replied. "And—Duffy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Drive carefully. The streets are slippery and I'm always fearful of hurting someone on a night like this."

A few moments later the car drew up in front of his own door. When he entered, a slender figure in a soft blue gown had just reached the foot of the stairs. She looked up and smiled bravely—such a sad little smile. He took her in his arms and pressed his face against her own.

"Ruth, dear!" was all he could say.

In reading a story one often finds it pleasant (and not impossible) to skip the preliminary explanations. But in writing one no such thing is possible. The events which led up to this experience in the Governor's life must be recorded somewhat in detail. Paul Sterling was a man of thirty-five—not handsome, but with a countenance on which was writ rugged strength of character and the plainness of which was redeemed by a pair of fine dark eyes and a mouth of sardonic tenderness. Life had not been kind to him in his childhood. He had fought his way to manhood as best he could, worked his way through college and later through the Law School. The result was inevitable. He was that type of man who, no matter where he is placed, unconsciously creates confidence in himself. Men soon came to regard him as *dependable*, to entrust him with legal affairs the outcome of which would make or break them. And there was not to be found among these men a single one who could be moved to admit that Sterling had ever betrayed his confidence or been false to his trust.

But Sterling himself could not remember a time when a life of public service had not appealed to him. To be a law-maker, a member of the legislature, of the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States! To be Governor of the State of which he was a citizen, or to represent his government at some foreign court—these were things well worth while. From his own experience he had learned much, and when he finished the Law School and was looking about for a desirable place in which to begin his life work he put in a whole summer investigating the various towns and cities of his State. Not only that, he got in touch with the rural population which lay behind those cities and towns, and to the end of his life he looked back upon this experience as the most profitable investment he had ever made. Finally he chose his location, settled down into it and for the next five years practiced his profession assiduously. At the end of that time, when he was just a little past thirty, one of his dreams came true. His district sent him to the legislature.

When he looked back on it afterward Sterling came to the conclusion that he had never really *lived* until then. His experience there was exactly the same as that of others who had gone before him. But the shock it gave had had a different effect upon him. Instead of lying back and admitting lugubriously that "it can't be helped—it's always been that way and it always will be," it had stung him to action. During his first year he had been willing to listen, content to learn, and the knowledge thus acquired was appalling. The rottenness of political methods, the shameful squandering of the State's resources, worse than all else, the undoubted fact that one single corporation *owned* the State, that if any measure, however unimportant, was to be passed it could not be done without the consent of this corporation the interests of which, like the tentacles of a huge octopus, reached out and gathered in everything that they touched—it was this knowledge which gave him his first opportunity. One day he rose quietly and was fortunate enough to be recognized by the Speaker who, as it proved afterward, would have been more wary had he known what was coming. As much to his own as to any one else's surprise Sterling found himself fiercely and passionately denouncing the



As he did so he looked at her curiously. She seemed changed somehow since last night

condition of affairs then existing and calling upon those present, as loyal citizens of a State they all loved, to put a stop to it once and forever!

The effect of that speech was galvanic. Those who had the corporation's interests in their hands promptly scented trouble. Those who really wanted cleaner politics, and yet had not had the courage to fight for the same, began to sit up and take notice! Sterling suddenly found himself a man of affairs—pulled at from both sides. But at the end of his second term, three years later, the corporation had to admit that it had made no headway with him.

It was near the end of his term in the legislature that he had met Ruth Hollister. It was at a reception given by the woman who was acknowledged to be at the head of things social at the capital city. Like many others of her sex she had begun to think things out for herself. She read Sterling's speech, sought him out and made his acquaintance. She liked him, and admired his ability and courage. So, with his invitation to the reception had gone a little personal note to the effect that his failure to appear would be a disappointment. Sterling did not go in very deeply for social affairs, but he felt that he could not disregard her invitation. So he went.

During the evening as he stood with one of his colleagues he was suddenly conscious of the nearness of a girl. He had been talking with animation about a case which just at that moment was attracting the attention of the whole State. In the midst of a few somewhat

caustic remarks he looked up to see the eyes of the girl regarding him gravely. The man with whom he talked followed his glance. Then he put out a hand familiarly and drew the girl toward them.

"Come here, Ruth," he said. "I want you to know Paul Sterling. You've heard of him, of course. Miss Hollister—Mr. Sterling."

She put out a cool, slender hand and laughed a little. "I tried not to listen," she said, "but I couldn't help hearing. Tell me," she asked, "what will they do with him—a man who deliberately robs the people as he has done?"

"Well," Sterling laughed, "if it were any one other than this particular man he'd get ten years. But—I don't imagine he will go to prison."

"But—" she queried gravely, "if he's guilty—"

Again Sterling laughed.

"Unfortunately, Miss Hollister, the Law has many loop-holes. Primarily it is supposed to be for the protection of the innocent. But often it is just the reverse."

"But—how can it be—the Law? What are they—the loop-holes?"

"Oh, there may be some technical flaw, or—the Prosecuting Attorney may be—ah—amenable to persuasion! If these fail, there is always the Governor, who can pardon."

She looked at him out of soft grey eyes as clear as spring water. Sterling suddenly felt "queer." He had never paid much attention to women, and he had frequently observed that whatever a man had to offer a woman, if it came from *within himself*, seemed not to be a valuable asset in her eyes. But this girl was different. She looked young, but when she talked there was a sweet seriousness in her manner which he had found sadly lacking in the other young women with whom he had come in contact. She carried her dance program in her hand. Sterling suddenly changed the subject.

"You're dancing?" he asked.

"For a little while only," she replied. "Tom has to take a midnight train. So I have promised only a few."

"Tom?" he smiled inquiringly.

"My cousin who brought me to-night."

He was silent for a moment. Then—

"I haven't danced for a long time, Miss Hollister," he said, "but I think I'd like to—with you. May I?"

"Well," as she looked about the room, "this is supposed to be Tom's dance, but he seems not to be in evidence."

She slipped into his arm. Her little feet seemed scarcely to touch the polished floor as they moved among the throng of dancers. Her hand rested on his sleeve as lightly as a feather, and when once she lifted her eyes and made some inconsequential remark, it proved his final undoing. When the dance was finished they ran into a much perturbed young man.

"Do forgive me, Ruth," he began. "I got to talking with—why, hello, Sterling!" he broke off. Then he looked at Ruth again. "I'll not waste any more time apologizing," he laughed. "If you've been with Sterling you haven't missed me. It's fine to see you again, Paul. It's been a long time—"

"So it has. I'm afraid we're getting old."

"Well," Tom remarked blithely, "everybody gets old—except Ruth!"

"You mustn't mind him, Mr. Sterling," she said. "I'm two and twenty and as steady as a family horse. But father and Tom won't let me grow up."

He looked at her and smiled.

"Wise men!" he said.

"Mercy!" she mocked. "Thou, also, Brutus?"

Tom looked at his watch. "I'm sorry, Ruth, but if I make my train I'll have to go. See you again, Paul!"

"Wait," said Sterling as they started to move away. "It did not occur to me that you were the Tom to whom Miss Hollister referred. Won't you trust me to bring her home? Won't you stay a little longer?" turning to Ruth.

Tom had a lordly fashion of arranging things with as little trouble as possible. So he replied:

"Why, of course. That'll be all right. I'll send the car back from the train for you."

Ruth had not spoken. Sterling turned to her.

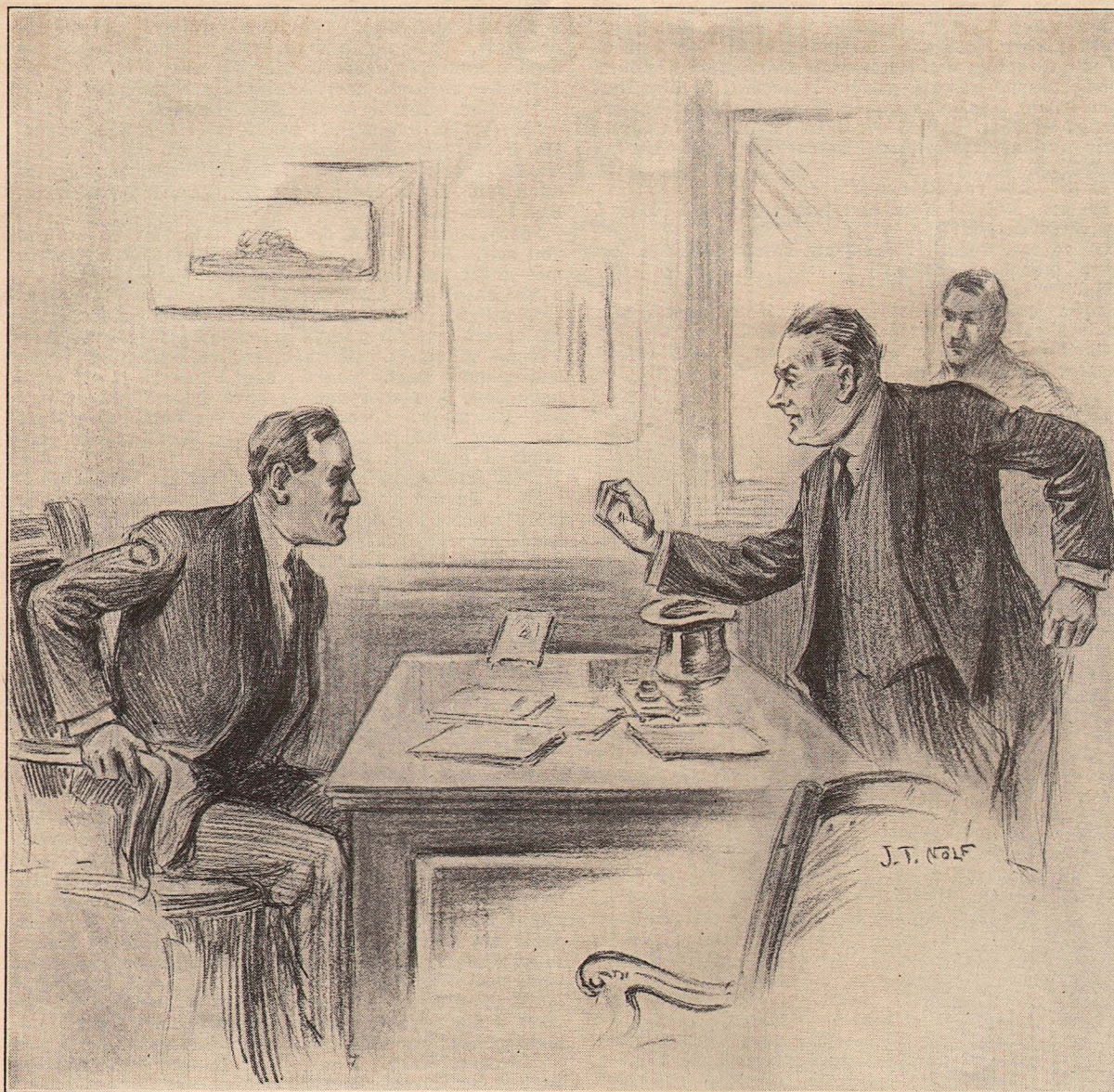
"And you?" he asked.

He saw the color come into her face and the eyes that a moment before had looked so squarely at him, fell.

"I'll stay," she said. "I—I'd like to."

II

NEITHER of them could have described the feeling which at that moment came and took possession of them. They danced again, once or twice, then sat under the palms and talked. Suddenly each was aware that natural conversation had become difficult. Silences fell between them, silences which neither found it possible to break, and when, an hour later, Sterling stood



"Who made you Governor of this State?" he thundered. "Why, I did."

for a moment inside the hall of the Hollister home he suddenly found himself crushing the little hand she had offered him in both his own and talking rapidly, brokenly.

"I don't know what it is that you have done to me, you dear little girl! Nor do I know what you will think. But—I love you. I do. I know it just as well now as I would know it a thousand years from now. If a man doesn't love a woman the first time he sees her he doesn't love her at all. I sometimes think that marriage is often just—a matter of propinquity. But—love isn't. I know I'm bewildering you. But I mean it. I'm sincere. I never felt like this in my life before—never saw a girl that I—wanted. I don't know what you will think of a man who talks like this to a girl he has known only a few hours, but—I love you! You won't be angry, little girl—will you?"

"How could I? It—I think it's a compliment when a man just can't help telling you he loves you. But—"

"I won't ask anything of you just now, Miss Hollister—only that you try to believe in me. Won't you—keep me in your thoughts?"

"Yes."

He lifted the little hands to his lips and softly kissed first one and then the other.

"Good-night," he said.

Outside the car was waiting to take him back to his hotel. But he told the man he would not use it. He wanted to walk, to be alone with his thoughts. He looked up at the stars and drew a long, deep breath. This was a night long to be remembered!

When he was gone Ruth went slowly up stairs. She felt as though an avalanche had descended upon her. Men had loved her before, had told her so, but—not like this! She could not analyze her thoughts, but the very next morning she sat down at her desk and wrote Billy Marvin that she could never, never marry him and please not to speak of it again. Later in the week she wrote the same thing to Teddy Field and to Ralph Dunbar, and when, about ten days later a smiling maid brought in Sterling's card she ran down stairs as fast as her feet would carry her and flew straight into his arms without either verbal invitation or visible hesitation.

All this had happened more than a year ago and during that time many things had happened. In the first place, Sterling had been nominated for Governor and because the lovers of fair play, justice and clean politics were at swords' points with the seemingly invincible corporation the fight promised to be a bitter one. The power behind the throne in the case of the corporation was Leonard Hollister, Ruth's father. But this was a fact of which both Ruth and Sterling were

ignorant. Like most men of his type, ruthless, domineering, unscrupulous, stopping at nothing which would accomplish his purpose, Leonard Hollister had one touch that was human. He loved his daughter. He denied her nothing. It pleased him to gratify her every wish. Yet none of these things had spoiled her in the least. She had kept herself sweet and wholesome. Often her father felt that she did not care much for some of the things he bestowed upon her, but because it gave him pleasure she received them graciously and lovingly.

Hollister had laid plans to make the fight of his life to prevent Sterling's election, but when Ruth told him of her love for him he changed his mind. Crafty schemer that he was, it occurred to him that as *Ruth's* husband the Governor of the State was not so very formidable after all. In fact, when Ruth had left the room he leaned back in his chair and laughed. Then he picked up the telephone and called up Robert Gorman, his counsel.

Could Sterling but have heard the interview which took place that evening between these two men! Hollister announced to Gorman his change of plan and added that he meant to see Sterling elected if it took a million dollars.

"Don't be a fool, Hollister," Gorman had advised. "Just keep still. That's all you have to do. It won't take a million dollars to elect Sterling—not even a million cents. In fact, you couldn't defeat him with a million dollars. It can't be done. Why—," with a grim laugh, "he knows every blamed farmer in the State—calls them by their first names. You can't keep Sterling from being elected. I've told you that from the start. But—what's the cause of all this?"

"He's going to marry Ruth."

"Oh—I see. Well, I've warned you a good many times, Hollister. Take care that you stay within the law. You're going to find yourself up against it if you don't."

"Nonsense. I've always found that a few dollars judiciously expended could disarrange any law that was made. If I let Sterling marry my daughter—"

"You don't know Sterling."

"Shucks!"

"Well," said Gorman as he rose to go, "you're just like all the rest. You pay extravagantly for legal counsel and then never take his advice. One of these days you'll send for me in haste to keep you out of Sing Sing, and—I won't be able to do it."

Hollister laughed and lit a cigar.

Ruth had insisted that the wedding should not take place till after the election. If Paul had any suspicions of his own in regard to Hollister he kept them to him-

self. There was to him something sinister in his evident desire to see him win. He knew very well that all Hollister's interests were in direct opposition to the things for which he himself stood. But he tried to be charitable. He knew his fondness for Ruth, his undoubted wish to see her happy. He wanted to be just to him, but Hollister's activity in his behalf troubled him. He could not help feeling that there was something back of it all.

"Why should we wait until after the election, dear?" he begged of Ruth. "I want you now."

"Do be sensible, Paul," she said. "Why—you haven't time to be bothered with *me* while you're campaigning. Get yourself elected. That's the first thing. Afterward—we'll have all the time there is, and—"

She got no further just then because—something happened. But later she said teasingly,

"Besides, I might have an awful disappointment coming. Instead of being the Governor's lady perhaps I'll be just the wife of a prosy old lawyer."

He laughed, but a moment afterward said,

"Would it make any difference, Ruth?"

"Silly! I'm marrying neither a public office nor a profession. Just a man—you, Paul!" which speech was not without its effect.

Gorman's prophecy was fulfilled. When the returns were in it was found that Sterling's majority was overwhelming. When the news became known there were those throughout the State who felt cold shivers creep up their spines. But Ruth was radiant, and two weeks later they were married. That had been six months ago—and they had been six delightfully happy months. But now—

Sterling was no sooner inaugurated than Hollister had seemed to just let himself loose, as it were, to see how far he could go. Disquieting rumors in regard to his doings reached Sterling occasionally, but he said nothing to Ruth. At last, however, just as Gorman had predicted, Hollister went a step too far. So many of his schemes were linked together that disaster in one meant the wreck of another and finally the crash came. When the investigation was complete it was the same old story. Hollister had enriched himself at the expense of his depositors, his stock-holders and customers. Something started a run on the bank of which he was at the head. It had to close the doors. The stock-holders found their certificates not worth the paper they were written on. Hollister was arrested, tried, convicted and was awaiting sentence.

III

IT WAS AT this point that Sterling's troubles began. One morning Ruth had gone down ahead of him, and as he emerged from the bath room, glowing and clean shaven, a few moments later he was startled almost out of his senses to see her come tearing up the stairs with the morning paper in her hands. Her eyes were almost wild and her face as white as chalk. He sprang to her.

"Ruth! Why—what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Paul! Is it—it *can't* be true?" she asked piteously.

A glance at the headlines told him the story.

"There, dear! Don't be frightened. You know what the newspapers are—how they exaggerate things. It may not be as bad as it seems—"

"But—there is *something*," she said with a shiver.

"Oh, Paul—you *knew*!"

"No. I didn't know, dear. I knew only that the bank with which your father was connected failed yesterday. I know no more what lay behind that failure than you do. Be patient, little girl, and don't worry till you know the truth. Come in here with me while I get dressed. Then we'll have some breakfast."

She knew he was talking only to quiet her, but she went with him. He picked her up as though she had been a baby, kissed her softly and set her up in the window seat. Suddenly she flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Paul," she said, "will you find out and then tell me—the truth? I can trust you—and no one else. Will you, Paul?"

"You're making it hard, Ruth. Suppose it hurts?"

"Even then I'd rather hear it from you. I'd know that the hurt was not intentional. Will you, Paul?"

"Yes, I will."

"The whole truth, Paul. All of it. I want—I *must* know."

"Yes, dear."

That night when he came home she had met him at the door with questioning eyes. And she had listened in silence to the ugly story. When it was finished she sighed heavily, kissed him and went slowly upstairs. Sterling looked after her wistfully but realized her wish to be alone and respected it. A little later she came down again, and when she spoke it was to talk of other things. And so the days went by until it was time for Hollister to receive his sentence, and so heavy was the weight of public opinion that there was no likelihood that the sentence would be a light one. Nor was it. Fourteen years!

There was no limit to the pressure which was brought to bear upon Sterling to pardon him. After the manner of his kind Hollister himself gave vent to his feelings in words characteristic of him.

"Who made you Governor of this State?" he thundered. "Why, I did. Do you think for a minute that you could have been elected if I hadn't said the word?"

"Wait, Hollister! What you said and did had nothing to do with my election. The people elected me."

"At so much per vote!" he sneered. "And what about Ruth? Do you think she would have married you if she had known that you'd send me to Sing Sing? You know she wouldn't!"

"Stop! Leave Ruth out of the question. You know what I am, Hollister—what I stand for, have always stood for. It has come now to a question of your ruin or mine. If I were to pardon you, I should be the most thoroughly despised man in the State and I would deserve it. I haven't committed a crime. You have. You have no right to ask me to ruin myself to save you!"

The next day Tom had come. His had been a different method, and it was much harder to resist.

"I don't want to ask you to go against your own convictions, Sterling. You know how much I think of you, and I admire your courage more than I can say."

"I'll sleep in my own room to-night, Ruth. It will be late when I get through. I will not disturb you."

It was after midnight when he finished. He went to bed and although weary almost to exhaustion he found himself unable to go to sleep. It seemed to him that he had lain there for hours when suddenly he was startled by hearing the door open softly and by seeing dimly a slender, white-clad figure enter. He sat up quickly.

"Ruth! Are you ill, dear?"

"N—no. But so tired and unhappy, Paul. May I come in with you?"

"Of course, dear. Why—your hands are like ice. Haven't you been asleep?"

"No."

She lay quietly for a while, then with a quick breath and in a voice that wrenched his heart,

"Oh, Paul! Forgive me! I've tried so hard not to ask you, but—can't you?"



He sat as one stunned, hopeless. The whole earth seemed to have crumpled beneath his feet

"But for God's sake, Sterling, isn't there some way out of it? Some honorable way that you can save him—save us all from this terrible thing? I can't stand it, Paul, when I think of—Ruth!"

"Don't, Tom!"

Tom had wrung his hand and gone—hopelessly. Sterling could not tell him that since that night when he had kept his promise and told her the whole truth, while he had been beset almost beyond endurance by such pleas as his, plucky little Ruth had not said a word! But she had crept so closely into his heart that thought of her was torture. Her pathetic little smile was like turning a knife in a wound. But day after day their own intimate life had gone on, apparently undisturbed by anything that was passing outside their home.

How good the inside of the house looked to Sterling on this wet November night! And how fair and sweet was Ruth standing at the foot of the stairs! He was filled with heart-sickness when he thought of what Hollister had said. *Would she have married him if she could have foreseen all this?* No wonder he could do no more than just speak her name! But, no—He could not believe it. Ruth loved him. He would not doubt it.

That night—well, it was one of the nights that try men's souls. He had brought home some papers which he had not had time to look over during the day. Ruth sat opposite him, trying to read. Presently she rose and laid down her book.

"I think I'll go upstairs, Paul. I'm tired," she said. "And you're busy—"

He was on his feet instantly.

"I'm unsociable to-night," he said. "But I'd like to get this off of my mind."

"Of course, Paul. I only meant that you had something to occupy you and wouldn't be lonesome."

He walked with her to the foot of the stairs and kissed her.

"Ruth!" he protested. "You must absolve me, dear. I did not send him. The jury convicted him *on the evidence*. It is not a man, or a group of men, who send a man to prison, Ruth. It's the facts."

"But—you could keep him from going, Paul."

"Do you want me to do that?" he asked sternly.

"N—no," she faltered, "not if you think it is wrong. Oh, Paul!" she said brokenly, "I don't know what I want. I only know that I must not bring disgrace upon you. I can't help being his daughter, you know. But I can help—"

"Stop, Ruth! What do I care what you are or who you are? Do you think this catastrophe can change me—affect my love for you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Paul. I don't think that. Neither can it change me or my love for you. For myself I wouldn't mind. I could endure it. But not for you, dear. I'm going back—home, Paul. That's where I belong. I ought to have done it sooner and to have spared you what I did—last night. I would always be a handicap, a drag upon you with this terrible thing hanging over my head. I must go, Paul."

"Will leaving me make you any less my wife, Ruth?"

"No. In a way it will not. But people will have more respect for us both. They will realize that I could not have acted otherwise and that you could not. They will understand that I can not help being my father's daughter. But they will also realize that you could not be false to your convictions, Paul, and—that's—why—I'm—going."

She slipped the little circle of gold from her finger and laid it on the desk. He sat as one stunned, hopeless. The whole earth seemed to have crumpled beneath his feet.

"Good-by, Paul," she said softly. Then she went quickly out.

IV

THE ENTRANCE of his secretary roused him. He picked up the ring quickly, put it in a small drawer, locked it and turned back to the matter before him. Feverishly he sought amid the mass of evidence before him for some loop-hole by means of which he might escape from this dreadful nightmare. But he could not find it. When it was time to go he had a sudden idea. He took a sheet of paper and wrote a letter.

Ruth dearest—

I am sending you the evidence in the case against your father. You are a sensible little woman, Ruth. Please read it, and you will see why I can not pardon him—even to make you happy. I can not persuade myself that you will let my duty to my oath of office stand between us and our happiness.

Think it over, little wife, and then tell me I may come for you. I love you—always.

PAUL.

He rolled up the manuscript and called his secretary.

"Hardy, will you do something for me?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I want you to take this package and a letter to Mrs. Sterling. You'll find her at her father's—Leonard Hollister's house, you know. Give them to her yourself, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

When he was gone Sterling opened the drawer and took out the ring he had placed in it. It suddenly felt warm, almost human, to his touch. He laid it back, locked the drawer again, and rising paced restlessly up and down the room. It was time to go home. Home! Nothing on earth could have induced him to go into that house which hitherto had been a haven but which would be a hell—without Ruth. He went to the telephone, however, and told the servants that both he and Mrs. Sterling would be away for the night. Then he went to the hotel.

How he got through the next day he never knew. It was Thursday. To-morrow Hollister was to be taken to Sing Sing to begin serving his sentence. Fourteen years! Sterling looked at the pardon which lay on his desk. All he would have to do would be to write his name and he could have Ruth again! Before evening that little room became a Gethsemane. He kept looking at the pardon and was tempted almost beyond endurance. Then he would shake his head and continue his restless pace. *He could not do it!*

It began to get dark. Everybody had gone except himself. He heard the door open and from the hall outside the light fell upon—Ruth. He sprang toward her.

"Oh, Ruth! Have you come back to me, dear? Tell me that you have!"

"Wait, Paul," she said. "I came to ask you something. May I?"

"Of course, dear. You aren't afraid of me, are you? Why—you can ask me anything, Ruth. You know that."

"I read it, Paul—the evidence. And I know you couldn't do it. But I can't think straight about it, dear. I can no longer reason out the right and the wrong of it. He's my father, you know, and I love him. No matter what he has done to others, he has always been good to me. Always. I haven't forgotten when I was a tiny mite of a girl and hadn't any mother, Paul. He was all I had. And you're my husband—and I love you, too—more now than ever. So I

(Continued on page 31)



Dorothy Gish

DOROTHY AND MAE TELL SECRETS

By WIL REX



Mae Marsh

IN MY SHORT, but varied career, I have spent many a pleasant day, but never one like the time I called on the two Triangle favorites, Dorothy Gish and Mae Marsh. Without a doubt they are two of the sweetest, most unsophisticated girls it has ever been my good fortune to meet. They just bubble over with girlishness. And jealousy? The farthest thing from their minds: Mae insists that Dorothy is the greatest little actress on the screen, and "Dot" vice versa. And that is something new in the film world—I know, I've been acting and producing for a good many years.

Hearing that these two charming children—for that's what they are—were in New York, and remembering how they used to be the life of the Biograph Company in the good, old days—I phoned, making an appointment with them.

Unfortunately Miss Marsh was sick in bed—only a cold, fortunately, but Dorothy, who was acting as her nurse, promised to overlook a point, and arranged that I should see her. What other actress would do a thing like that? Nine out of ten—yes, ninety-nine out of a hundred would tearfully tell a sad tale of Miss Marsh's illness, and then corner me and tell me the wonderful story of their own lives. Not so, Miss Gish. She tucked in sick little Mae nice and "comfy" and then led me into her room. Of all the pretty pictures I have ever seen that was the prettiest, just her cute little head peeking from under the covers.

After the usual greetings—remember I hadn't seen either of these girls for over a year—I started my cross-examination.

Miss Marsh was the first one questioned; yes, it was the details of the "where-and-when" of her arrival on this wicked old world of ours.

"I was born in Madrid—"

I looked at her in surprise, "Why, I thought you were one of the original 'Maids of America!'"

She smiled, "Oh, I mean Madrid, New Mexico. And that was nineteen years ago. Yes, that is my right age. Reading through the photoplay magazines I find that I am anything from thirteen to thirty, but nineteen is my right age—really."

"Really," echoed Miss Gish from the other side of the room.

"Now, Dorothy," continued Mae, "tell the kind man where and when this same wonderful event happened in the Gish family."

The girl demurred, "Oh, you won't believe me when I tell you!"

I crossed my heart and promised that I would.

"It was in 1898, March 11th to be exact, that the stork passed over the Gish home and dropped me in. That was—"

I interrupted her, "I always thought that the Spanish-American War wasn't the only important happening of '98; now I know it."

She smiled, and continued, "That was in Dayton, Ohio, and—"

Another chance for an honest compliment came to me, and I made the most of it, making some gallant remark about the great people from Dayton, such as the Wright brothers and the Gish sisters. Dorothy blushed, and made me stop.

I asked her when she first realized that she was beautiful and would make a success as an actress. Of course she denied her good looks—what famous beauty doesn't? But Mae promptly came to her rescue and let me know just how beautiful Dorothy is. She didn't have to tell me—I have eyes. For that matter, little Miss Marsh isn't in the background. When the question of the beauty of the members of the "flicker-world" comes in discussion you'll always hear Mae's name mentioned, and 'way up near the top, too.

"Well, if you must know," blushed Dorothy, and when she blushes she's adorable, "I'll tell you, I was four years old at the time." She laughed in triumph. "I certainly didn't know then whether I was a scarecrow or an object of admiration. At that time I played 'Little Willie' in 'East Lynne.' Oh yes, I was in that awful melodrama, but my next play was even worse. Sister Lillian and I both were in that horrid show, 'Her First False Step!'"

"Br-r-r," I shivered, "Give me the papers or the che-i-ld!"

"Now, you stop or I'll get real mad," she pouted.

I was properly reprimanded and promised to be good.

"Oh, Mr. Rex," Mae eagerly broke in, "I was having a terribly exciting time then. Tell him about it, Dorothy."

"Why, you know it better than I do," complained little Miss Gish.

"But you must remember I am a sick girl," begged Mae. "Be good and tell him."

Dorothy promised to be good and tell me. "You see, it was like this: Mae and all the rest of the little Marshes, including Mamma Marsh, were living in San Francisco when they had the awful earthquake"—she shuddered—"and before you could count ten the whole family was homeless. Wasn't that awful?" I nodded agreement. "But brave Mrs. Marsh didn't even get frightened. She gathered up every one of her half-a-dozen children, and got them to a place of safety. Just think, they lived in a tent for over a month! Wasn't that awfully exciting?" Again I nodded. "Oh, and it was so hard for poor Mrs. Marsh to find food to fill all the hungry little mouths. One day she went to the supply tent, and told one of the soldiers what she wanted. He wouldn't believe that she was the mother of so many children, and didn't want to give her the food. But she persuaded him that she was telling the truth, and the sentry was kind enough to turn his back so that she could get what she wanted. Wasn't he kind, and oh, wasn't Mrs. Marsh plucky?" Still a third time I nodded. "And all the time poor Mae was having this bad luck I was playing in those horrid melodramas. Why couldn't I have been out on the Coast helping her?"

"Why?" I agreed, never asking how she, who was only a baby, could have helped.

"How long did you play in 'those horrid melodramas?'" I asked.

"Oh, not for long. You know Lillian and I soon left the stage and went to boarding school in Wheeling, West Virginia—the Allegheny Collegiate Institute. None of the girls there knew I was an actress—not even my room-mate! Wasn't that funny?"

"Of course, you were a good girl in school?"

She looked at me in pained surprise. "Of course! Only, once I had to stay in after classes, and when I thought I had been there long enough, I started kicking away at the door, and the nasty old teacher just doubled my time. Now, wasn't that mean?"

"Mean is no name for it," I agreed.

She smiled approval of my remark, and then Miss Marsh spoke up. "When I was in school—the Convent of the Sacred Heart in California—I was always getting into trouble like that. Really, I was always innocent." And she rolled her childish eyes.

"Be frank," I insisted.

"Well, really I never did anything. Of course I was leader of the 'gang,' and put chewing gum in the teacher's books, and threw black-board erasers at her, and forgot to study, and—oh, a lot of other things I've forgotten, but really I never did anything I shouldn't!"

Miss Gish and I looked at each other and smiled.

"Oh, but that isn't about moving pictures," complained Dorothy, "tell him what you are doing now."

"That doesn't interest Mr. Rex," was the reply, "does it?"

I said it did.

"Well, I've just finished playing in 'The Mother and the Law' under the direction of Mr. Griffith, and I'm taking a little vacation now. Just as soon as I go back to the Triangle Coast Studios, I will start rehearsals in a picture under Mr. Ingraham's direction. I understand, though, that the actual production of the picture will be staged in New York. Now, Dorothy, you tell what you are doing now."

Thus ordered, the pretty little actress could do naught but reply. "At present I am playing opposite Owen Moore in 'Betsy, the Joyous.' That's the working title of the film, but I don't know what the real name will be. Mr. Dwan is producing the picture, which is for the Triangle programme, as is 'Jordan Is a Hard Road,' which I just finished on the Coast."

"Now for ancient history," I laughed. "What was your first picture, and how did you get in it?"

"Oh, do you want that old story!"—and she sighed.

"Three and a half years ago I went to visit Mary Pickford at the Biograph Studio. You know Mrs. Pickford, and Mary and Lottie and Jack, Mother and Lillian and I lived together for a short time when we were very small children. I had heard of Mary's great

screen success and called to see a picture in the making. Lillian was with me. Mary introduced us to Mr. Griffith, and soon after he signed us up. We've both been with him ever since. The first picture I remember playing in for him was 'An Unseen Enemy' with Lillian. Bobby Harron had the male lead. Mae's first big success was 'The Sands o' Dee,' and Bobby played lead in that, too."

"Quite a boy, Bobby," I remarked.

Instantly they both agreed. Lucky fellow, he, to have two such lovely girls to sing his praises. Why can't we all be born so fortunate?

Both insist that Harron is one of our greatest actors, and I agree with them. In fact, all three of us have nearly the same opinion of the screen stars of today. Of course, modesty forbids my saying which actor they think is the greatest (?). Both girls are very fond of the work of Walthall and William S. Hart, while Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Lillian Gish, the Talmadge girls, Bessie Barriscale and Anita Stewart head the list of the actresses. Of the stage stars, both are of the opinion that no one can surpass Forbes-Robertson, and Jane Cowl and Mrs. Fiske came in for a lot of praise.

Going back to the Studio question, I asked Miss Marsh how she entered the film world.

"About four years ago my sister Lovey was playing for Mr. Griffith and after persuading Lovey for a long time she took me to the Studio one day. I was awfully lonesome and sat 'way in the corner. Mr. Griffith must have wanted a woe-begone creature in one of his pictures for he soon gave me a job as extra, and then put me in stock. When he left Biograph to go with Majestic, I went with him. I played in hundreds of pictures, and love the work—especially my part in 'The Birth of a Nation'."

The conversation turned, and I asked the girls what their favorite hobbies were. Mae loves to sew, and read, and go driving in her big Chandler Six with Sister Lovey as chauffeur. Miss Gish told me that this car of Mae's was a trick one. One day, she informed me, they were both coming from Mae's house, when lo and behold! the car started down the street, gracefully turned a corner, and then turned turtle in a vacant lot. Sounded to me almost like a Ford joke.

Dorothy spends most her spare time in the photoplay theatres, although she gambles a great deal—playing solitaire against herself. She, too, will soon be spinning around the roads in her machine, as she is about ready to buy a roadster. (Note to automobile salesmen: Miss Gish will let you know when she wants a car. You can't persuade her to buy one till then!) It's a wonder the girl isn't afraid of the "gasoline buggies." One of them injured her severely last Thanksgiving, and because of the accident one of her cute little toes has gone to the happy hunting grounds.

Changing the subject, we spoke of pets. "Mae has the cutest cat," said Miss Dorothy, "and she has honored me by naming it after me. Oh, before I forget it—she has a little pond in her back yard with gold fish swimming around. One day I saw Bobby Harron fishing in it, and—"

"Oh, Dorothy," objected Miss Marsh, "you did not. Don't you believe her." But Dorothy insisted, and as I cannot doubt the word of either girl I will leave it to you readers. A prize of a ticket to any movie show in town to the first person who will prove that Mr. Harron did or did not go goldfishing in Mae Marsh's back yard, and why. Address this office and put sufficient postage on your letters.

Miss Gish's pets are a cat, "Tippy," and a canary, "Tippy, Jr." Although the names are so similar, there is no family connection, although the cat would have it that way if possible. From accounts I hear of them, they are the real rulers of the pretty Gish home in Los Angeles, which place, incidentally, was formerly the residence of Ruth St. Denis, the dancer. Oh, yes, and I mustn't forget that both these charming girls have bull-dogs of the same breed and the same name. I hate to tell you the name, it's so much like mine!

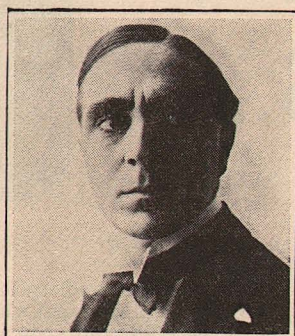
Just before I was leaving, Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Gish came in. If I hadn't met Mrs. Gish before I certainly would have taken her for a sister of Dorothy's and Lillian's, and Mrs. Marsh I did mistake for Mae's older sister until I was introduced. Truly these are wonderful families, both the house of Marsh and of Gish.

SANTA BARBARA'S STORYLAND

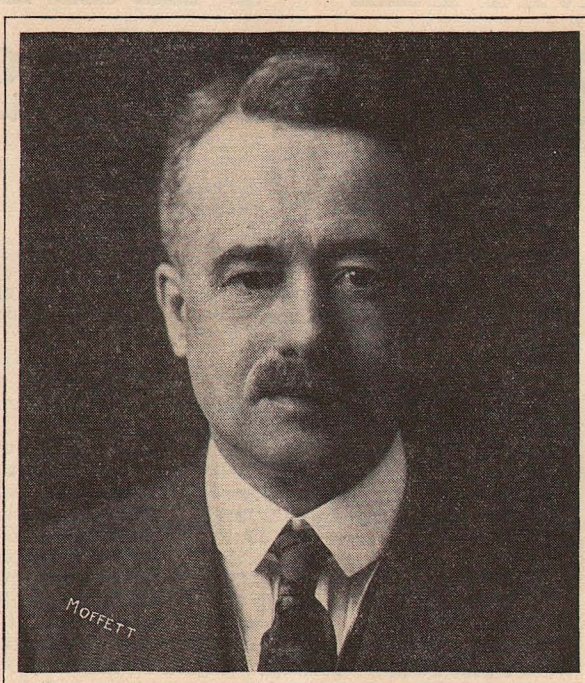
By DICK MELBOURNE



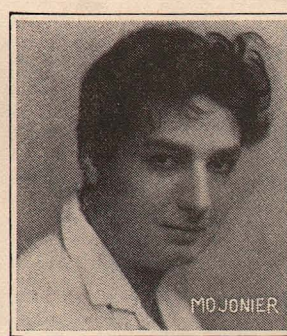
MAY ALLISON



ARTHUR MAUDE



S. S. HUTCHINSON



ALFRED VOSBURGH



NEVA GERBER

YOU HAVE been in Santa Barbara—the city that is built in the nestling shadow of the hills, with their great forests and their choruses of flowers? Have you been there since the American came to town, and made the picturesque little city the real story-book of the continent? No? Then you have missed a page from Arabian Nights—a chapter from Greek Mythology. For it is in Santa Barbara that the American has its being, and it is in the American you would find so many stars of the screen you love. When the chill winds of Winter blow, you still go to your favorite theatre if these stars are billed. And when you go home again, all the hurts of the day are healed. You have lived with them, as they can make you live, and you have sniffed the bracing salt air with them, and you have wandered among the roses and geraniums with them, and you have sat beneath the umbrella and pepper trees with them, or wandered down to the golden sands of the beautiful beach.

And yet, it is not climate wholly that makes a studio—nor is it architecture—nor the sea or sky or the profusion of flowers; although all these adjuncts help. It is the spirit—the art—the human element that you adore, and the American has these in equal profusion with the flowers and the sunshine.

Let us pretend that you are in the American studio now—the wonderful play factory that is pictured here for you—with the billowing Pacific on the one hand, and the mighty hills on the other. You are inhaling the wondrous perfume of Southern California—"Our Italy." You are in tune with all mankind—in harmony with the universe—at peace and ready for the introductions, with your heart playing a merry tattoo against your ribs, by way of anticipation.

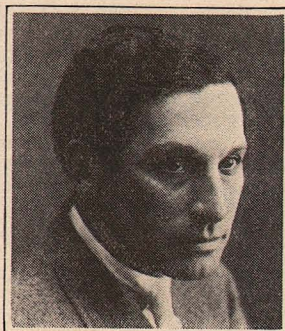
SHALL WE start at the front office first? Very well. Then here is Mr. S. S. Hutchinson—the genial, big-hearted Mr. Hutchinson, who betimes is obliged to desert the sunshine of his storyland for the more sordid commercial, smoke-laden atmosphere of a mid-western town called Chicago, where the American had its birth back in the days when Warren Kerrigan was with them. Even now, Mr. Hutchinson is asked what became of Warren. "His brother, Jack," they say, "is with the other company. But Warren?"

Here is one boss, this man Hutchinson, who never strikes terror to the hearts of his employees. They are for him, and it is a dreary day he departs eastward, and a happy day when he returns. But let us complete our introduction: Mr. Hutchinson, this is the great American public, touring a while, and wishing to thank you for your beautiful Beauty Brand pictures. Now, we feel more at home!

Mr. Hutchinson is the deliberative head. He is the man who weighs things, and sees through the concrete walls of abstract problems—a sort of human X-Ray. And what he sees, he sees correctly. He is the big man of the studio—a big man among the big men of the world of the films.

But his wonderfully good nature will not sanction anything unfair. Try to ride him, and you will think that all the bronchos and mustangs of the west were turned loose in uniform riot—if riot is ever uniform, except in its persistent lack of uniformity. This does not mean that Mr. Hutchinson is an "eat-'em-alive" person, because he isn't at all—no, really. He is as gentle as a forgiving heart, but he is a manager.

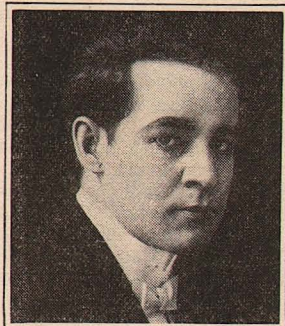
ON THE right hand of every throne, there is a chancellor. And the chancellor of the American kingdom is P. G. Lynch, studio manager during his regular occupation, and big boss when the big, big boss is away. There is a real classical cast of features here, and there is a thatch of gray hair—but the grayness is external only, for Mr. Lynch has high voltage, and persistent energy. Mr. Lynch has never been known to lose his temper—nor has he ever been known to ease up on himself, and rest. He is all over the studio all at once—and the most approachable man on earth.



GEORGE FIELD



LOUISE LESTER



WILLIAM RUSSELL



CHARLOTTE BURTON



JOHNNY SHEEHAN



WINIFRED GREENWOOD



HAROLD LOCKWOOD



HELENE ROSSON

American Public, you will like Mr. Lynch immensely. Mr. Lynch, we know you have always liked the American public, or you could have never accomplished so much.

But let me tell you something about the American success. It is a knack they have—a real form of useful judgment. They study the capabilities of their actors and actresses, and pair them off to the greatest advantage. Who could imagine a better team than Anna Little and Tom Chatterton? Then call in Jack Richardson, and you have a combination that is like a time-lock: Hard to beat. These are the talented folk who have told the real stories of western drama. It isn't all gun-play, or hanging, or rough stuff. It is western life filled with western purpose—snap, vim, action, and character portrayal that defies comparison.

Come over and meet Miss Anna Little! Now, really, do you wonder why you have loved her so much in the pictures? She is sort of boyish, and mighty pally. All those pictures in her dressing-room are of her pals. She talks to them, I believe. She is a very sweet girl, even if I say so right before her. And you should see her on a horse. She rides like the proverbial wind, and she is so kind and gentle with her mounts, they love her. No whips or spurs or scoldings from her—not at all. She must have learned their language. They respond to her every wish, and they are proud of the opportunity. But with all her love for horses, Miss Little also loves her motorcar, and spins along the beautiful country roads, where more flowers greet her, and more wonderful California air thrills her. And she loves the ocean—with its inviting swells. She is expert at swimming. But most of all, she loves her mother, with whom she lives. They are the best pals, ever—and they entertain a great deal, and they know just how to entertain.

BUT LET me call Tom Chatterton over here. He is mighty busy, playing his own leads and directing. He looks so boyish for these great tasks. Tom, this is the American film public. A. F. P., this is Tom Chatterton. Tom was with the New York Motion Picture people a long while before he came to Santa Barbara. And, what do you suppose he did when he made the change? Why, he brought his prize poultry along with him. You wouldn't think Tom had time to raise poultry, but he has—and they are some feathered beauties, too. Some time, he will have a great farm—a farm with all kinds of blooded stock, and blooded grain, and all that rube stuff. He says so—and he means it. What funny dreams these picture people have—famous as Solomon, but craving the quiet life. And many a boy on the farm would give both legs, an eye and two ears just to get where Tom is today. What a perverse world this is!

But now, I am going to introduce you to the "oldest inhabitants." Jack Richardson and Miss Louise Lester, hither a moment and meet the American film public in person. I knew you would. What an innocent looking chap for a villain! Bless us, if he had done all the things we have seen him do in the pictures, and got what was coming, he would have to do life terms until there wasn't any world left to build jails in. You recall Louise Lester in "Calamity Ann"? Well, you know how she can adapt herself to many roles.

Ah, May Allison and Harold Lockwood! What a handsome—aye, a beautiful—pair! Meet them, and know them better, American public. They are your honest-truly friends, and they are proud of it. It does not seem so long ago that Harold was with Famous Players, acting opposite Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and other well-known artists. But where, in all his experience, has he ever had a player whose talents suited his, as much as Miss Allison's art responds? Nowhere—never! Harold loves adventure. He never yet permitted anybody to "double" for him to escape danger. You could tell that by looking closely at him. And you could tell it further if you saw him in his high-power car. He is a motorist, and he isn't afraid of speed.

And Miss Allison! But Miss Allison says she has a little story all her own this time—and the cover! She is going to invite you over to her own little inglenook in this issue. She is very independent today! But all the same, aren't you glad I kept her here long enough to say, "Hello!"?

WHY, there are Vivian Rich and Harold Vosburg. Oh, surely you must meet them. Miss Rich and Mr. Vosburg, here a moment, and grip the eager hand of the American public. Nice for real friends to greet one another so intimately—what? Those dark eyes, and those raven tresses! Truly, there is no one else in the films at all like Miss Rich. And the actors who have played opposite her always declare that she takes her parts so easily, it is a privilege and a pleasure to work with her. And Harold Vosburg; you remember him well when he was with Vitagraph. He is tall, and dark, and handsome. He is an ideal stage lover. The girls and women are all for him. It is a pleasure, really, to meet him here right at work. You could tell at a glance how he loves his labors.

Having met so many of the famous, it would seem almost a sufficient treat for one day. But, American public, here are Miss Winnifred Greenwood, Ed. Coxen and George Field—and where could you find a more interesting trio? Miss Greenwood is every whit as successful and popular on the screen as she was on the speaking stage, and you know what a name she made for herself there. These players have been working together so long and so successfully, it really seems as though we had known them always as the great American trio. George Field has several distinctions, and not the least of them is being husband of Winnifred Greenwood. If you had the time, you would enjoy a quiet little visit with them in their dainty bungalow. When he is not doing character and heavy work, at which he is as well known as some men are at being president, George does gardening, and he has mastered all the tricks. On the stage, George did almost everything—acting, acrobatics, the legitimate, burlesque shows—everything that acting demands.

Ed. Coxen is a dramatic actor of mettle and worth, and he nearly develops writers' cramp signing pictures. Tall, gentlemanly, determined, he goes into his work to win—and he wins.

AND NOW, meet, please, this dainty little lady who is coming up stronger and brighter all the while in your favor: Dainty little Miss Helene Rosson. Only seventeen, she is already widely known. She is splendid at emotional work and in light comedy parts. Fair, slender, petite—and dressed in a style all her own, she is winsome and lovable. Helene is under the direction of Frank Borzage, who also plays leads in his pictures. They are magnets on the screen, these two. Many letters come pouring in upon Helene, and being a very earnest girl, she realizes that it is a privilege to have a place in the hearts of Americans.

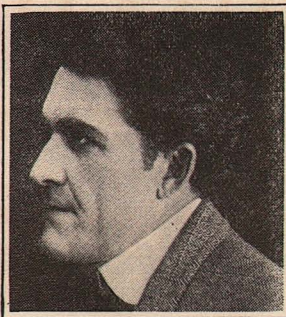
But Helene is not the only Rosson at the studio. There are, besides, Queen and Dick, and Queen is the sweetest little bundle of femininity ever. Look at her—now, honestly, is that not true? Dick adores his sisters and loves his work, and he is getting along famously in juvenile roles. Dick is not so young as he looks. His head is filled with good, serviceable gray matter, and he plays the violin with a touch of genius.

And now, permit me to introduce you to those famous English artists, Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, who head one of the feature companies of the American. Mr. Maude directs and acts, and these artists have made wonderful names for themselves through their capable work. Maude is robust, hearty, aggressive, and Miss Crawley is gentle, very expressive, and gifted in her remarkable dramatic action.

And yet it is not Climate Wholly that Makes a Studio—nor is it Architecture—nor the Sea or Sky or the Profusion of Flowers. It is the Spirit—the Art—the Human Element and the American has These in Equal Profusion with the Flowers and the Sunshine



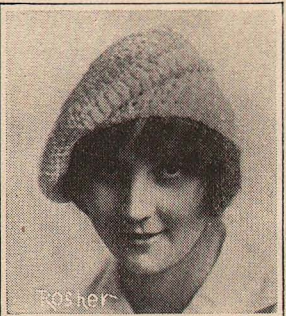
VIVIAN RICH



HARRY VON METER



ED. COXEN



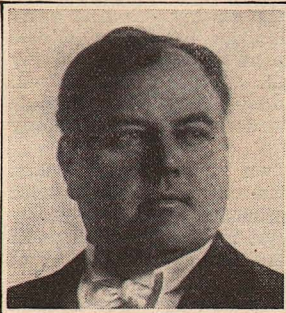
ANNA LITTLE



EUGENIE FORD



TOM CHATTERTON



JOHN STEPPING



CAROL HALLOWAY



LUCILLE WARD



JACK RICHARDSON

As a pet, she has a monkey, that is always with her, and is a great favorite around the studio.

And now you must meet William Russell and Charlotte Burton, who are playing chiefly in modern dramas—and excellently. Both you will connect with "The Diamond from the Sky." While Miss Burton has taken heavy parts for a long time, she is an accomplished leading woman and is now appearing in that capacity—and if you knew "Big Bill" Russell in private life, you would admit he is a splendid fellow—a fine friend.

BUT WHAT would a studio be without comedians? American public, this way, please, while I introduce John Stepping and Johnny Sheehan—the stout and the slender of the mirth-provokers at the American. In company with Carol Halloway, they are responsible for an abundance of wholesome humor.

And now meet Eugenie Ford and Mrs. Chance Ward, prominent members of this great organization—with long speaking stage and picture experience, who would not be removed from Santa Barbara with anything gentler than dynamite.

And here is Harry Von Meter, who acted with me at one time in the old Nestor studio. Everything he does, is notable. He is a fine chap, Harry. Watch him—and ask for him.

And here is William Stowell. You'll admit his good looks and his efficient all-round acting. He was once with the Selig forces, but you see him frequently with Harold Lockwood and May Allison.

And Neva Gerber? I am sorry—very sorry—but Neva is not here any more. Again, some time? Maybe. Let us hope.

And if here isn't E. Forrest Taylor of the "Flying A" forces. He has had a wealth of speaking stage experience, and the big men in the game have complimented him much on the success he has scored on the screen.

And you must also know the producers, because you depend on them about as much as upon the actor-folk. Here is Tom Ricketts who was formerly with the Essanay, Nestor and Universal. He produced "Damaged Goods," and he has produced many other noteworthy masterpieces.

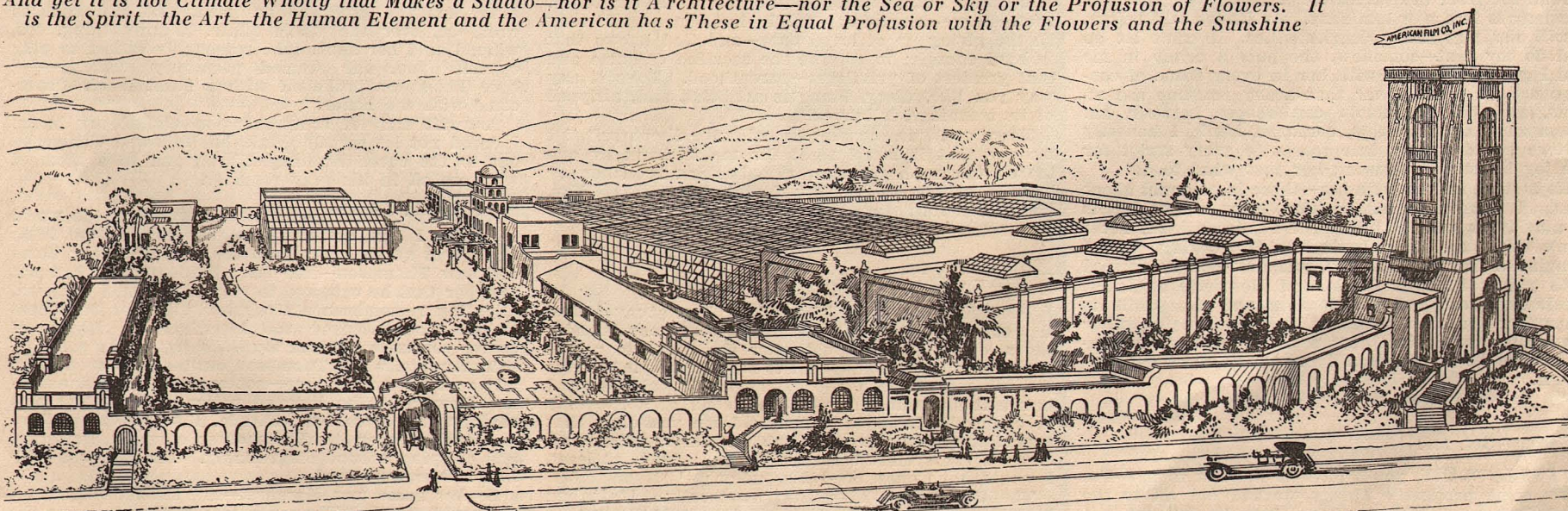
And let me make you acquainted, also, with Charles Bartlett and William Bertram, two more of the essential American producers, busy always on the directing end.

You have often seen Bud and Chick Morrison, the high-salaried cowboys. They are fine chaps, surely—the leaders of the American cowboy bunch, and not one would leave the American for all the ranches around the Sierras.

YOU never thought there were so many? Well, well. A pleasant afternoon we've had? Don't forget the countless pleasant evenings these artists of the American have in store for you!

To build up this organization has called for no end of hard work. The American forces have been selected with great care. Truly, this is a famous aggregation of gifted stars. And, again, think of the various companies. Each one is a separate entity—just as distinct as though it were a separate corporation; each unit its own directing and producing forces; each requiring its own special kind of plays and demanding its own elaborate preparation, props and facilities.

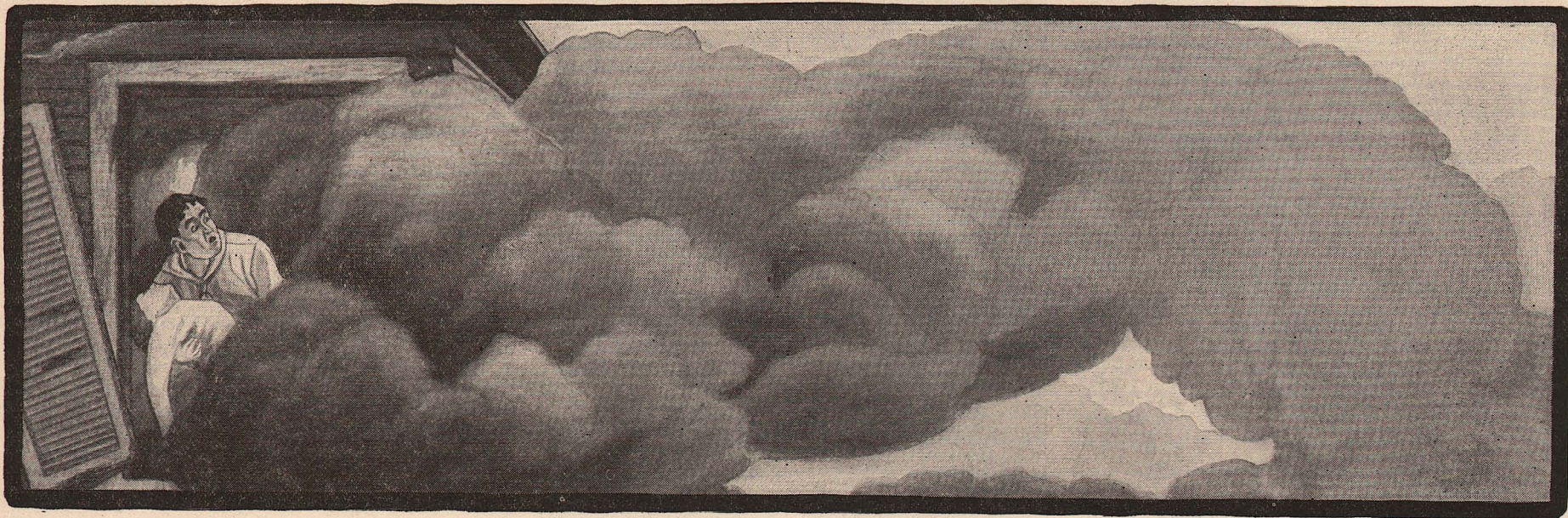
But great and diversified though we must admit the American to be, it is operated smoothly, free from friction. That is one of the reasons why the American produces such splendid plays that have gained in popularity at a rate that brings forth no end of commendation from the great film public in this country and abroad. Indeed, the American Company is the entertainer of the world—the "American-born, world-endorsed" organization.



DIARY OF DANIEL DARWOOD

A Chronicle of a Movie Idol's Hopes
and Aspirations—Part 3

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD



August, the twenty-eighth:

I HAD a splendid offer from the Star company to-day—five year contract with a princely salary as bait. I suppose I ought to be delighted, but I'm lots more interested in my flowers outside. Diary, you should see my garden! Already, it is a spot to rival the scenery in a fairy tale—a tangible result of the power of money. There are nooks to dream in—places where one can lose sight of the world with its sordidness and live close to the great throbbing heart of Nature. It is walled—not, I hope, through selfishness but to make it a haven in time of despair. (I had to smile over that last line, diary! From the way I talk of "despair," depression, "blue imps," etc., one would judge I'm subject to periodic fits of the slumps. Not so. I love jollity, and am still a mischievous sort of a cuss, and, furthermore, I don't treat the whole globe to "close-ups" of my brain-glooms as I do you. Get me?)

Any way, my garden is a wilderness of bloom, with cool, shaded paths and a glinting little pond of gold-fish and lilies nodding on the edge. There are big, sprawling chairs, weather-proofed, where a man and a book finish an A-1 trinity of contentment. There are places, flower-twined and fragrant, where only a group of white-clad women with their sewing is needed to make a symphony of peace. And there is one place—just big enough for two . . . when the moon dreams down . . . on gold hair and blue eyes . . . the air is suffocating with a heaviness of perfume . . . Heavens on earth, Diary, where am I? I am spilling juicy saccharine English all over this page, with the nonchalance of a long-haired poet or an American schoolgirl on her first night in Venice!

About that contract. Myers of the Invincible is in town. I guess that he has heard rumors of the Star's efforts to get me. My contract here expires on Oct. first, and, if I don't get a few things I've been hinting around for from the Invincible . . . well, the Star company is in a new luminary. As I have said before, I will not play with Henriette Lee. I can't let go and do my best—somehow, she puts a crimp in me and I get boiling mad with her in every scene of consequence. I cannot bear that heavy perfume she affects, and the Invincible can choose between us. Thompson knows all this, confound him! I honestly believe he adds more love scenes to every script for the joy he gets in showing her just what to do!

He is dead in love with her—there is no doubt about that. I appreciate his position, poor chap. He is afraid Myers will let her go, if I raise a kick, but I don't think so. The Invincible is growing, and I imagine a fourth California company will be formed with young Richard Steele and Henriette as leads. Steele is clever and good-looking and the public is clamoring for the Invincible to cast him for other than villainous roles; just so somebody takes Henriette Lee off my hands, I'll not worry about her successor.

* * * * *

Evening—Oct. 1st:

WELL, DIARY, you'll have to hand it to me—I'm some prophet! Things worked out all to the good to-day. I suppose I can say to you what I wouldn't say in public—the Invincible is strong for

Darwood. Myers, in a little speech, flung out a few bouquets in regard to my work, the fame and prestige I have brought to my brand, and mumbled something about the financial gains during the two years I have starred for him. To make a long story short, he coolly offered me a hundred thousand per and a five-year contract! This was ten thousand better than the Star's offer so, with the camera for the weekly grinding away before me, I signed up. Also, as I thought, Steele and Henriette are to form a new company—and my co-laborer is yet to be found. Alice Marchant will play with me until Myers and Thompson can decide what particular ray of stardom will illumine my future pathway.

We had a little surprise down at the studio to-day. Greeley, Thompson's right-hand camera man, married one of the extras—a little girl, who can do really clever work. This thing has set me thinking. I don't want my wife to be an actress—or any other sort of a professional woman. I suppose I'm old-fashioned—a prig, anything you choose to call me—but I don't want her face flashed all over this globe in all its changing sweetness for the delectation of a fickle public. Imagine marrying one's leading woman for instance! Where would be the happiness springing from a first exultant kiss, if that kiss had been done to order at any author's whim, in a busy studio, a thousand times before?

Then the work is hard. I feel sorry for lots of the little eager-eyed extras applying for work and a free ticket to Fame, at the studio every day. It looks easy—from a seat in the theatre! Some of them have the grit and perseverance to win at all hazards but most of them are little moths, bruising their bloom against the white light of Allurement. The public wants entertainment—thrills and the kind of fascination that dares the censors—and, if a little girl loses all that's best in life in the providing of it, what does the world care? I have great respect for the real artists in the film game but Success has its price. Never forget that, diary—something vital is its demand. It may be the giving up of loved ones—and God knows that is hard enough; it may be the sacrifice of home and that greatest of privileges—parenthood. Take it any way you like, diary, Fame is artificial, and, stripped of its trappings, is barren.

Therefore, "in conclusion of my discourse," let me say that it is all right for me to hang by one toe off telegraph poles, or ride bucking bronchos, or breathe gallons of sulphur fumes, but . . . Mrs. Daniel Darwood stays at home and gives pink teas!

* * * * *

October—Sunday, the 5th:

I NEVER believed until I sat down here at my desk—staring wide-eyed and miserable at your friendly pages, diary, that I could grow the nerve to record the thing that happened to me yesterday. Strange the sun may rise on a day, apparently colorless and before it sinks in the west the trend of a life may be changed. If anybody had told me yesterday that a perfect stranger would daub streaks of misery all through my system before night . . . well, at least, I would have questioned his judgment!

The thing came about very naturally. If it had happened in a scenario, I should have said the author had a clear idea of sequence, plot, technique—and

punch! Because it happened in broad daylight, in a fashionable Los Angeles residence, and to me, hasn't yet eliminated the "punch," ginger, or anything else forceful from the situation, I can assure you.

Thompson 'phoned to the golf links for me yesterday, about three, asking me to come down to the S— at once, as he wanted to see me on important business. As it happened, Karsi was still in front of the club-house with my car, so I left at once, wondering what on earth had happened, and grumbling over having to give up my Saturday afternoon game. Thompson was pacing the lobby when I arrived, chewing his usual black cigar, and as excited as could be.

"Well," I began, rather curtly.

"Darwood, I have made a find in a lead for you! A girl who is a queen, with—"

"See here, Thompson, do you mean to say that you called me down here to say that you have raked up a woman to play for the Invincible?"

"Just hear me out, patiently," he insisted, and pushed me down upon a seat near by.

"I saw her on the street this morning, and if there is a face in filmdom that equals hers, I'll resign tomorrow. Darwood, I tell you there is a fortune in her. She is tiny, the dainty fascinating type the public adores. A perfect blonde, with eyes that thrilled me even as she passed me. She is the girl of a lifetime, all temperament to her finger-tips—"

"How in the name of common sense can you tell 'temperament' when you pass it on the street?" I was growing a bit sarcastic.

"And the ability to back it," he continued serenely. "I had no idea of losing her. She got into an electric right here in front of the S— and I hailed a taxi and followed her. When she reached her home, I followed her in and sent up my business card. That brought the girl and her mother down right away—I've an idea they sensed my mission. The mother was all in for it, seems to be one of this ambitious kind, but the girl was as indifferent and cool as could be, over the whole affair. Funny thing, too, when I told her she might reasonably expect to play opposite you, she seemed peculiarly agitated—"

here Thompson broke off with a blunt laugh—"overcome with the honor!"

A swift stab of comprehension stalled my brain. I dared not let myself think, but followed Thompson out to the curb, dismissed Karsi, and in a moment we were off in his gray roadster.

No matter what follows in this world or the world to come, I can never forget the look in the little girl's eyes as she came into the library of her home and saw Thompson—and me. Evidently, he had not told her that he expected to return with me, for keen, blighting remembrance struggled with her politeness as she acknowledged the introduction. Diary, of course you know—it was my little girl of the park!

I sat mute, while Thompson outlined his case. The girl sent for her mother—not once did she glance in my direction. She listened patiently to Thompson's ravings and, from her attitude, I sensed his failure and exulted over it. The mother came in, fluttering and chirping around disgustingly. Yes, she was willing, if Margaret was!

So her name was Margaret—my mother's name.

I could see that Thompson was itching to draw the mother into a consultation and leave me to work on

the girl. But I knew that I couldn't prove my loyalty to the Invincible that way. I was suddenly as anxious as he. I determined to tell her how bitterly I regretted the episode of the park and clear my way to dissuade her from entering the studio. I moved up to her and Thompson diplomatically steered the mother to a window to point out the direction of the studios.

I never will know what I said. I tried to blurt out an apology, but her clear eyes were discouragingly cool and never left my face as I talked. Honestly, I have never been so embarrassed since that childhood day in school, when my teacher made me kiss a little girl for pulling her hair. I said something about desiring her friendship—and still she sat calmly studying me, with barely a word in reply. I told her plainly that the work was hard and that it meant a sacrifice along some line that few care to make—hoping that she would give Thompson an adverse answer. Imagine, then, my surprise when she looked at me, withering scorn in her eyes, and said: "Mr. Thompson, I have decided to accept your offer."

I knew then that she hated me and felt that I was trying to withhold an opportunity for fame from her. I even imagined she thought me jealous of the glorious picture Thompson was painting for her future—the silly child! Thompson was delighted—and in an unbelievably short time Margaret Grayson of Los Angeles stepped from the role of debutante into that of co-star for the first California company of the Invincible!

Thompson was so exhilarated over his victory that he failed to notice anything wrong between us. We got out of there somehow, and I had to listen to his delirious prattle all the way back to Broadway. The visionist in him was running on full steam—he was showing some of the far-sightedness and enthusiasm that make some other film companies copy his effects and wonder if they could stand for his salary. All at once he stopped in the middle of a sentence and turned to me:

"Well, what's the trouble, Darwood? Don't you like the kid?"

"Yes—of course—I like her—but I hate to think of her—in it all," I answered quietly.

"In it all? What do you mean, Darwood? You talk as if I were trying to make a prize fighter out of her instead of handing out a national reputation to her on a silver platter!" My words seemed to have slowly filtered through his brain, gathering color along the way, for he turned to me, a glint of mischief in his fine eyes.

"See here, old man—is it *that* bad? Love at first sight?"

Love at first sight! The words stung through me like the thrust of a rapier! I tried to laugh it off—and felt that I was dismally unsuccessful.

Thompson relieved the situation by plunging into the details of a three-reeler boiling up like a geyser in his fertile brain. "It will have plenty of old-time, sure-fire thrills, along with the sob stuff. Miss Grayson will play Molly, the tenement waif, and you shall be Carson, the reporter, slumming for sensational features. This is Saturday—instead of 'Albah' opening up Monday, I'll have this story in shape. Won't Marchant be disappointed to find that she won't have her chance after all!"

On and on he rattled, his eyes shining with excitement, and I knew that he would neither eat nor sleep until the story surging through his mind was a black and white reality. I knew, too, that it would be a great release—and that on Monday, he would put in his appearance at the studio, strung up to the highest pitch, never letting up until his power and enthusiasm had leavened the whole force from the doorkeeper up. He is just that way.

There was a tang in the air when I left him at the S—that made the coat Karsi had provided feel good. I wondered if I wanted to go home—certainly, Diary, there was no other place in all Los Angeles that I wished to be. And here I am—in the most desolate old rock pile this side of the ruins of Rome. Wonder how I ever could have thought this God-forsaken spot—*Home!* I can hear the church bells chiming over the city and the birds twittering in my garden below. Inside, save for Karsi's occasional cat-like steps and a deadened thud every now and then from the directions of the kitchens, this might as well be a morgue or an Alpine monastery.

I see that I have strung this entry out to a Laura-Jean-Libbyish climax of woe. Guess I'll read a bit, have early lunch and drive to Santa Monica this afternoon to see the Star's new studio—maybe the outing will take this slush out of my system!

* * * * *

Saturday Night—October 11th.

DIARY, I don't know where to begin. I suppose the beginning will do as well as any place. I have so much to say that the words fairly tumble off my pen. And yet—

This has been the busiest week in my career as "hero"—sorry mess, by the way, I've made of the job. Just as I prophesied, Thompson was at the studio Monday morning charged to his fullest capacity with vim and determination to make his new picture a current sensation. Obstacles were miraculously swept from his path, men scurried to do his bidding, and

things were on the hum generally when I arrived. He handed me a synopsis of the plot and, trying to avert my reasonable anger, he began a characteristic spiel.

"Darwood, I know it is unreasonable to expect you to take up this picture on the gallop, but I am not going to need you until after twelve. I've arranged that, so you can look over the script. At four o'clock, I'll finish those gang scenes and then I am going to do the fire scene, where you rescue "Molly" from the tenement. I'll use the shacks we had in the Morton picture and it will be the real thing. One of the extras can double for Miss Grayson. By the way, that girl is a wonder! She has acted a test scene—a hard one at that—with more ease and grace than I ever dreamed possible. Talk about technique! The child doesn't need the word in her vocabulary. I wouldn't be afraid to advertise her as star in a million-dollar serial tomorrow! She would make good, too."

"Eighth wonder of the world!" I just couldn't keep it back.

But my sarcasm was lost on Thompson. After a few hurried directions he strode away, and I went to my dressing-room to look over the story. It was good, and I found myself warming up—a sort of after-glow, from Thompson's burning zeal. I spent the morning looking after my scenes and choosing my clothes. At twelve, I did an interior and was free until the fire stuff at four.

Down on the studio property, we had a row of two-story shacks, which made an ideal setting for the yarn. Thompson had his hucksters swarming realistically over the improvised street, a horde of dirty children playing at the front and frowsy matrons calling from door to door, when I went down at three-thirty. His rehearsals were going big, and the place teemed with action. He was drilling Miss Grayson for the downstairs scene. Her hair was streaming down, her dress ragged and dirty, and Heaven alone knows where she found the shoes she was wearing. But the coarse, filthy garb could not conceal the whiteness of her skin, nor the daintiness of her fingers and hair. The opening at her throat revealed the nervous heave of her breast, the make-up gave her a fantastic, almost unearthly beauty. God! . . . Thompson was right! The pinnacle of popularity would be hers from the first.

The scene over, Thompson tried to explain to her that he would not expect her to act in the fire stuff.

"But, why?" I heard her asking, "isn't it my role?"

"Well, of course," he replied, "but it is unnecessary for you to take the risk. You cannot be recognized and you are not accustomed to the discomfort of the smoke."

"But, I want to do it, Mr. Thompson. There is no more danger in it for me than for anyone else, is there? Anyway, the quicker I get all kinds of experience, the better actress you will have. Please say I may."

I could not keep out of it any longer. A real fire scene is no joke, and there is about one actress in a hundred who can risk life and limb and escape without a severe nervous shock. I insisted that she listen to Thompson.

"It is disagreeable, to say the least, Miss Grayson," I began, with a heart like lead, "I beg of you, do not undertake it—wait until you have had more experience. The building is—"

"Mr. Thompson, I insist on my role throughout the picture. When will you be ready for me?" Apparently, there was nothing for me to do but to undertake a difficult scene with a girl, who, in all probability would grow panicky with the first stifling wave of smoke and spoil an expensive run of film. I was disgusted with Thompson for the whole business.



There was no need of cramming a week's work into one day. The events of the past three days were happening like a story-book yarn, or press notices of studio "happenings" instead of the smooth, forceful routine of the Invincible at full sail!

The mob was screeching and yelling its excitement under rehearsal and Greeley was perched with his camera in a window across the way, focusing for the scene. I sat in my automobile, just out of range, awaiting my call, the wind rippling through the white silk sport shirt I was wearing to please Thompson's idea of picturesqueness (!) As if any decent, self-respecting reporter would be slumming in such a garb! When the rehearsals were over, I heard Thompson's characteristic call to action:

"R-e-a-d-y, e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y! C-a-m-e-r-a!"

The shack was fired and, with the first blinding sheet of flame, I saw Greeley begin his work. Pandemonium—to order—broke loose. The mother rushed out of the building on schedule time, imploring the crowd to save "Molly" imprisoned on the second floor. Karsi nosed the roadster up casually and I jumped out to see what it was all about. Above the shrieks of the mob, I could hear Thompson megaphoning me to move swiftly. I stopped to send a frightened "huckster" to give in the alarm and plunged up the blazing steps.

Inside, I remember stumbling up the flimsy stairs, the smoke biting my lungs like acid. Miss Grayson was at the front window, waving her arms and registering fright and panic as realistically as any director could wish. I rushed to her side, leaned out and looked into the street below, so the camera could get me full face—then turned to take her in my arms for the risky business of getting down those steps in safety. I knew the flames were not inside as yet, but the smoke was so dense, I had to feel for a footing all along. It was no child's play; but then, I have never stopped for simple danger. I figure that the Invincible pays me a salary to act and not to sit around and pose in a drawing-room set!

The girl was nervous. I felt her little form tremble as I picked her up, and her breath was quick and short against my neck. "Don't be afraid, it's mostly smoke," I whispered, "cover up your face!"

I felt a sudden strange intoxication—that died as suddenly as it was born.

"Why—don't—you hurry? It seems to me that you are walking too slowly." Her voice was strained and cold. "I—am—so uncomfortable!"

I made no reply. I could not. As I started hesitatingly down, I heard an ominous creak. Peering through the smoke, I felt the sickening heat of the flames and realized that something had gone wrong—the stairs were on fire! What could I do? I knew that no one on the outside knew it, for I could hear the unruffled voice of Thompson, shouting his orders above the din. Five minutes would see the finish I knew. I tried to get back to the front window, but it was wreathed in smoke and flames. I had to tell Miss Grayson the situation, and, believe me, Diary, the child is sheer pluck all through! She shivered a little and clung to me a little closer—and that was all. I remembered a little gallery on the back, nailed up there in twenty minutes for a former scene, but there was no way to get out to it. Suddenly, I remembered the camera man on the side! If I could see him out of the little opening, masquerading as a window, I could tell him to call to someone to climb up on the gallery with an axe! I called—and, Heaven be thanked, he answered! In mighty few words, I explained the situation to him. I heard him gasp "My God!" and the thud of his camera as he sent it to earth in his haste.

I felt nauseated and faint—the cold perspiration stood in beads on my forehead—I realized that I was on the verge of suffocation, and that it was up to me to get as near that gallery as possible where, if a kind Providence sent help in time, the boards could be knocked in and the girl rescued. I remember kneeling down and dragging Miss Grayson along the hot floor. She was limp and unconscious—I ran my hand over her face—there was no breath against my fingers—wild fear tormented me—I seemed to hear a million voices shrieking—the whole world was red

The next thing I saw was Thompson's worried face bending over me. He was ordering the company to stand back in a voice sharp with anxiety. The wind felt cold—I shivered, and realized that some one was mopping my face with a clammy, cold rag. I tried to protest—and couldn't. Thompson saw the move and his words rang with relief, as he dried my face with his handkerchief and asked me how I felt.

I didn't know. I thought of the girl. Was she safe? Suppose I had not reached the back of that room—in time? Thompson soon set my fears at rest on that score.

"Brace up, old man! Miss Grayson is safe and sound—nobody hurt! And, what is next best, I have four hundred feet of film that will part the public from their dimes in a hurry. Greeley had presence of mind enough to hustle around to the rear and get the whole business—and so I have a better picture than ever!"

Sickened, I turned my head and closed my eyes. Feebly, I wondered if Thompson and Greeley won't form a moving picture combination in hell some day!

Karsi, white to the lips, was there when I sat up. It touches me—that Jap's adoration. His left hand

was tied up and I learned that he was the man who got there first, bursting out the boards and dragging us out on the gallery, where stronger hands helped us to safety—just thirty seconds before the collapse came!

"Well, Thompson, can I provide you with any more excitement for your 'fillum' today, or may I be excused long enough to take a bath?" I could not resist this bit of sarcasm, but I tempered it with a tender smile, the chap was really shaken up, despite his forced cheeriness.

"Darwood, I honestly do not know how the thing happened. The fire was kindled at the side and I could swear the whole thing was over in less than six minutes! I never knew a fire to sweep everything—if anything—had happened to you, I—I could—"

"Oh, don't worry, old man! I am all right. Who took Miss Grayson home?"

"She hasn't gone home; she is down at the studio. I wanted to send her home but she wouldn't consent—said she was afraid her mother would be frightened, so she hurried to change her clothes."

Diary, right there with a mob of chattering extras still thronging the smoking ruins and eyeing me curiously, *the truth stabbed home!* I was miserable—wretched—all because a girl, with whom I had gone

down to Death's borderland, hadn't enough interest in me to stay to see whether I lived or died. Usually, when I have defied the fates for a sensational film, I have a curious feeling of exultation afterwards—something akin to the gambler's love of chance, I suppose. I knew it could mean but one thing—this wretchedness. *I am in love with—the girl!* There, I have written it! And I don't suppose any chump ever owned up to the truth with more despair of ultimate happiness in his heart.

I wanted to go home, where I could be alone—and yet, I went to the studio. I looked at myself in my dressing-room mirrors. Heavens, what a sight I was! My shirt was in ribbons, the collar matted and wet from the drippings from that rag, with which they wiped my face. My white flannel trousers were black, smoke and cinder-stained. The palms of my hands were smarting. I must have burned them creeping along that hot floor. I took a plunge in the pool, and in exactly twelve minutes I was standing at Miss Grayson's door, trying to muster up the nerve to ask her to let me take her home.

She greeted me with a smile, into which she had forced just enough friendliness to make it polite. The atmosphere was tense and strained between us; words that I never before realized were reposing in my vocabulary, sprang to my lips, and were promptly

swallowed in gulps. I wanted to take her in my arms more than I ever wanted anything before in all my life—and yet I stood there like a big, overgrown boob, staring down into her cool, wonderful eyes. Finally, I managed to blurt out that my closed car (for which I had secretly dispatched Karsi) was out in front and that "Mr. Thompson" desired me to take her home! Now, Diary, what do you think of that for a chaste, respectable white lie?

The car felt luxuriously warm and was a relief from the brisk October wind. The door closed us in—and, for me, the outside world ceased to exist. For the first time in my life, I felt the sweet intoxication of a woman's presence. It dawned on me that I had loved her since that first day in the park, when she had swallowed her mortification so bravely—and *thanked* me for humiliating her! I knew now, why I had stumbled out of the Superba on the night of the first run of "The Huntsman," restless and miserable, and why I have filled your pages with vague allusions to my unhappiness. I was in love all along and didn't have sense enough to know it! In love with a girl who hated me and had every reason to believe me an insufferable cad!

(To be Continued.)

THE PRETENSES OF PAULINE

The Story of the Dirty Little Boy

By PAULINE BUSH

MR. PUG-DOG (Christopher Columbus) and myself often talked about the little boy and the pony. He was not a very clean little boy and his clothes were ragged and patched, but Christopher Columbus liked him the first day we met him and so did I.

We were taking a ride through the woods. I was on my favorite pony "Shep"; I called him that because

to him and I wouldn't know what to do if I left him. I wish I had a nice pony to ride like you, though; it must be awfully nice to be rich like you."

I rode out to meet him twice after that and took him all sorts of cookies and things and one day I took him a piece of soap and I told him how nice it was to be clean and to try and be real good. I liked him ever so much and the last day he told me that the man was getting restless and would not talk and he knew that he was going to send him to sleep early and then go away when he thought he was asleep and that they might go away any time. He cried a little but was quite rough when I tried to be nice to him. He kissed the pony's nose though and patted Columbus and as I started to go he suddenly threw a wild flower into my lap. I came back the next day but he was not there.

Columbus and I used to pretend just what we wanted to become of the boy and I told Christopher that he got rich and had nice clothes and a big horse.

Then one day I heard Mother telling my aunt about a man who had been arrested in a nearby town for stealing and that he had a boy with him. They locked the man up but the boy slipped away and they had not been able to find him. I wondered and wondered if he was my dirty, nice little boy.

Here is the funny part of the story. One day at

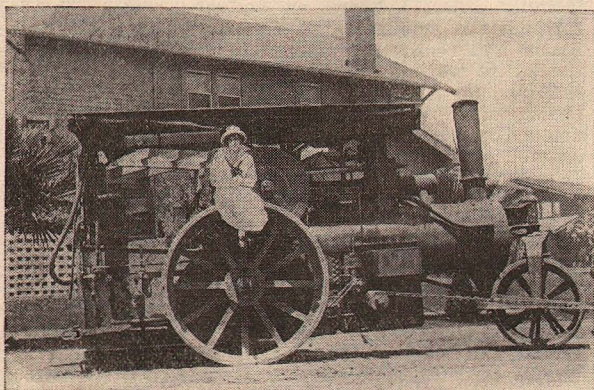
the Universal studios there was a big boy among the extras who kept looking at me. He was a clean, good looking fellow and he soon made me quite uncomfortable, so I frowned. He looked away and got red and after the day's work he came up with his hat in his hand and asked if he could speak to me. He told me that he had made inquiries and found out that I was the same Pauline Bush who used to live near Lincoln and bit by bit he told me also how he recognized me, I did not look so very different, and that he was the dirty little boy I had given a piece of soap to!

I had him up to supper with one or two friends and he told me that the man was a thief and that he had got away when the authorities had caught his protector and had worked his way to Chicago and that when he had a steady job he let the man know where he was and had looked after him and met him when he came out, years afterwards.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"I have two rooms here in Los Angeles and I have him with me. He looked after me when I was little and loved me in his own peculiar way and I am not going to go back on him now he is broken and down."

That boy is now on the salary list with the Universal. I helped him get the job. He is doing well. Do you know who he is?



Pauline Bush on a "Roadster"

he came from the Shetland Islands. He was a shaggy rascal and full of mischief and would play with Columbus and myself as long as we would let him.

I had slowed up because Christopher's signal of distress was out, his tongue hung almost to the ground and he was so full of pants he could almost have stocked a tailor shop. I leaned down to talk to him when Shep gave a snort and looking up I saw the little boy standing looking at us. Childlike we stared at each other for quite a while and then he said suddenly, "Aint you a lucky girl to have a pony like that and dresses like that, too." I had to laugh because I had on an old frock and the little boy came up and made love to Shep who was a very particular pony. Christopher sniffed the boy's legs and then jumped up to be patted; he always *was* jealous of Shep and the little pink pig. Then I knew that the little boy was nice even if his clothes were not very good, so I got off and we sat down and I opened up the lunch I had in a parcel and we sat and ate for a time and I asked him who he was. All I could get from him for a long time was, "I dunno," but he warmed up later and with Christopher Columbus snoozing in his lap he told me something about himself and I tell it to you just as he related it and it is all true, too.

"The man I am with is jist around the end of the wood—there. I dunno jist who he is but a long time ago when my Mother was dying she told the man to take care of me and I have gone round with him ever since. We never stay long in a place; he makes me go to bed and he goes out and we sometimes get up and go quite suddenly. Sometimes we get lots to eat and sometimes we don't; sometimes we lives in a room and sometimes we camps out like now. He never hardly says anything to me and when I ask him what he is doing he says, 'None of your Biznis' and I shut up. He don't beat me and he don't spoil me—jist takes me along. I sort of like him and I'm used

Pauline Bush in the Photoplay "All for Peggy." It was while she was acting in this play that the "Dirty Little Boy" recognized her



THE SCARLET POPPY

By ELIOT HOLT

Illustrated by MILDRED LYON

COULD JOHN HILDRETH but have guessed the reason of his daughter's radiance that afternoon his forebodings would have been even deeper. During dinner she laughed and chattered and sparkled and under the influence of her youthful enthusiasm the load on his own heart lightened. True, it occurred to him once or twice that her spirits were a bit too high to be altogether natural. But he dismissed the thought almost as soon as it came.

In his habits of life John Hildreth was most methodical. Roxana laughingly declared that she had no need of a time piece. She knew that after dinner he would settle himself before the fire in the library for his customary evening reading hour and that during that hour he would be utterly oblivious to either her absence or her presence. She was biding her time. During dinner she had talked of everything under the light of the sun except the thing which was uppermost in her own thoughts.

As soon as her father was buried in his book, however, she slipped up to her room. From beneath her dress she took a letter which the little village post-mistress had handed her that afternoon and the contents of which she already knew by heart. But she opened and read it again:

The gods are kind, oh Best Beloved! Shall be in the mountains again on Thursday. Come to me, dear—eight o'clock—the old place. I love you!

She put the letter back in its hiding place and looked at the little clock on her dressing table. Seven-fifteen! Three-quarters of an hour to wait! But—Barry was coming, and she wanted—she *needed* him so! When she had seen him last he had told her he could not come again until after their legal fight was disposed of. But—he was here! And she would see him in three-quarters of an hour!

Roxana wished ardently that she could keep her own thoughts under control—that she could just wrap them up in a package, so to speak, and put them out of sight for a little while. But she could not. So as she sat alone waiting for the little clock to tick the moments away until she should see him again, she went back over the events of the past year.

It was the very day after her conversation with her father during which she had so emphatically expressed her views upon the subject of marriage that she had met Barry Channing. He was recovering from a long illness, spending a few weeks at the little mountain hotel whither he had been ordered by the doctor. One day as she roamed the woods she had come upon him suddenly as he lay stretched out on the ground, his hat pulled down until it shaded his eyes so completely that she could not tell whether they were open or closed. But she saw the pallor in his face, and the mothering instinct which was so large a part of her make-up rose immediately to the surface. She wondered if she could do anything for him. She stood for a moment, hesitatingly, then sat down quietly on a log to wait and see if he would waken.

But Barry was not asleep. In fact he was very much awake. He had seen her first! And he had carefully assumed the pose in which she found him as the one best calculated to suit his desire to study her a bit. From beneath the tilted hat he saw a face which he was to carry with him to the end of his days. Barry's feminine acquaintance had been somewhat extensive. He had issued forth unscathed from so many "affairs" that he had come to regard himself as immune. But he saw something in this girl's face that he had never seen in one before. In it he read unerringly the qualities which still lay dormant, undeveloped—qualities which could not fail to bloom into a glorious womanhood. First of all, he saw that she was just plain girl, wholly natural, wholly normal, a girl whose emotional instincts had never been restrained. The varying expressions that passed over her countenance as she sat watching him were a revelation to him. They made him feel *queer*. Finally she rose, crept over to where he was lying, sank on her knees and softly removed his hat. Realizing her intention he had closed his eyes, but when she lifted the hat he opened them lazily and smiled at her.

"Good morning!" he said pleasantly.

She dropped the hat instantly and rose in confusion. Barry sat up slowly.

"I—thought perhaps you were ill. You lay so quietly. Pardon me!" she said as she hurried away.

Barry saw his chance.

"I have been ill—horribly ill. I'm just trying to get over it. I picked up some typhoid somewhere and it didn't do a thing to me! But—"

He got the surprise of his life. Her face lighted up as though someone had placed a lamp behind it.

"Oh—did you?" she asked. Then with eager interest, "I saw them—the typhoid germs, I mean—not long ago. The doctor showed them to me—millions of them floating in a liquid, and then just one, magnified

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

A touring car spins down a country road one late October afternoon, bearing Giant Hastings, a rugged, broad-shouldered, genial man; Dick Gordon, dark, wiry, high-strung; the third is a man with long, brown hair, brooding appearance; the fourth is Barry Channing, twenty-seven, full of life, bubbling over with spirits. They are bound for a tavern in the hills. Having begun to succeed in their business venture, they are beset by the trust. They round a bend in the road; exclaim with delight at the scene. "Fade in. Register. Fade out!" Barry cries, repeating terms so closely linked with their business. To the left is a small estate—about two acres parked. A great, rectangular brick house stands in the centre. This is the home of John Hildreth, a man of many sorrows. Each afternoon he walks around the veranda, and on each round has a glimpse of the sea—that once had gathered to its cold bosom his only son. In the rose garden, keeping vigil, is an old sun-dial, on which is inscribed, "All the hours wound—only the last one kills." The loving wife who had watched him plan this garden, had long since withered like its roses. And Roxana, his beautiful daughter, alone is left. John Hildreth pauses and studies the men. He was thinking of Roxana, and the many talks with her—sincere, pointed talks. He has talked to her about her future—her marriage. As he thinks of these things, he glances up. Roxana is coming—carrying an armful of autumn leaves, and her hair tosses in her face—hair gloriously red. The men in the car see her. "An American Beauty," murmurs Kirkman; "A Tiger Lily," cries Gordon; "A Scarlet Poppy," breathes Hastings. Barry Channing says naught audibly. But a mad tumult is in his heart, and to himself he breathes, "My wife!"

till it looked like a large spider! It was so interesting. "But—" she broke off with a merry little laugh, "I don't wonder they make people sick. They're awful!" "Well, I never saw them," he laughed, "but I've felt 'em and that's enough. Are you—staying in the mountains?" he asked somewhat irrelevantly.

"Not staying," she laughed. "I live here."

"Live here!" He could not conceal his astonishment. She did not look like the other mountain folk he had encountered in his daily walks.

"Yes. In the large red brick house down the road. My father is John Hildreth."

"Not—the man who wrote—"

"Yes," she broke in merrily, "the man who wrote—"

He looked at her again thoughtfully. No wonder she was different.

"Well," she said presently. "I must be going. I—I'm glad—you're—not-sick any more."

"So am I," he responded. Then—"I hope I may see you again," he finished lamely.

It wasn't what he had intended saying, but her last words had made him long to spring up and catch her and never let her go from him again. Once more he heard her merry laugh.

But as he approached, Barry saw quite plainly that her thoughts were not on the squirrel



"I've no doubt you will unless you stay out of the woods. These are *my* woods. I love them and I come here every day," she added naively.

Barry promptly registered a vow that all future walks of his should lead directly to the forest. And it was a vow he kept. From that day forth they saw each other daily. By the end of the week they were fathoms deep in love. As soon as they realized it, however, each found himself with a problem to face. Each tried to deny it. Each fought it. Barry's finances were so tied up just then that he could not think of asking any girl to marry him—much less Roxana. And what business has a man telling a girl he loves her when he can't marry her? As for Roxana, she had quite made up her mind that she would not marry at all! But it is so easy to *unmake* one's mind when one is in love with the very dearest fellow in the whole world!

VI

THE SUMMER days went by. The pallor went out of Barry's face. He was well and strong and health-tanned again. They roamed the woods and climbed the mountains and swam in the surf and were at the same time both happy and miserable. Every day Barry cursed himself for a fool that he did not go away. But when it came to going—he could not. Yet in one way he had the advantage. He was able to hide his heaviness of heart—under a cloak of merry banter—a thing she found it difficult to do. When it comes to concealing one's affection woman is less gifted than man. But because he gave no sign Pride rose in fierce rebellion within her. She would show him that she did not care! So whenever his words or manner approached the sentimental she received them coldly.

But one day when he went to join her at their favorite spot in the woods he saw her sitting at the foot of a tree feeding a gray squirrel out of her hand. Roxana was a true child of nature. Every tree and bird and animal in the forest was her friend. But as he approached Barry saw quite plainly that her thoughts were not on the squirrel. There was something so droopy in the usually-erect figure that it was little short of pathetic. He tried to steal upon her unaware but a crackle of the leaves warned her. She sprang to her feet and something in her attitude drove him quite mad. Like a flash his arms held her as in a vise. Hot, passionate kisses rained upon her hair, her eyes, her lips. He had taken her completely by surprise. For a moment, ah, just one exquisite moment! she lay passive in his arms. Then she stiffened, her hands pushed against him desperately. She struggled. She fought.

"How dare you?" she panted. "Let me go! Do you hear me? Let me go!"

"No!" he cried fiercely. "I will not let you go. You're *mine*!"

The whole veneer of civilization seemed for the moment to have slipped from him. No cave man capturing his mate with stone hammer and reindeer thongs ever made a better job of it. He was holding her with unconsciously cruel strength. He felt a fierce pleasure in the way she was fighting him, but his own greater strength which made that struggle futile filled him with a far fiercer delight. He could see pride, anger, humiliation in her face and it—*pleased* him! He wanted her, wanted her with every fibre of his strong young body, wanted her at all costs.

"Let me go!" she cried again. "You—you're hurting me!"

"You're hurting yourself. Stand still and I won't hurt you. Listen. Why are you so cruel to me? Your eyes get soft for every squirrel in the woods, every lame dog and dirty urchin in the street. But not for me. And I'm hungry—so heart-hungry for you, Roxana. I don't want to hurt you, darling. It's tearing my heart-strings loose. But I *love* you. I can't stand this suspense any longer. All summer I've just loved and loved you and you've *frozen* me so! I never felt this way toward any woman before. Don't—don't be cruel, Roxana! Tell me you love me."

The figure in his arms softened and it had the usual effect. The fierce passion that had swept him suddenly died away. Some virile instinct told him it would be fatal to release her, but to touch her lips again without permission would be an outrage. A wave of the love that is akin to pity swept him. Involuntarily his arms slackened. She hid her face against him.

"If I—tell you, will you—let—me—go?" she panted in a smothered voice.

"Yes, of course—no, wait! I don't mean that, Roxana! If you tell me you love me, I *couldn't* let you go, dear—never!"

He was astonished to find himself trembling from head to foot. His agitation equalled her own.

"Tell me, Roxana!"

"Oh, Barry, you—you dear!" she said brokenly, "I do love you. I've tried so hard not to. I've tried so

hard to be proud and I—I can't. I know now that I've loved you from the very first—even since that day I saw you lying in the woods."

Quietly, now, he drew her back into his arms.

"Forgive me, sweetheart. What a brute I've been," he said remorsefully.

"Oh, Barry," she said nervously, recklessly, "I don't care—at all, now. I thought you were just going to—to kill me, and I loved you for being strong enough to do it. I didn't care. I wouldn't have minded dying one bit then. I just wanted my—my man. Then in a moment you—you were trembling, too—Oh, Barry. I'm saying such awful things," she broke off. "Do stop me!"

"I will—when you've said one thing more."

He swung her lightly into his arms, holding her as one holds a baby.

"Put your arms around my neck. Tight. That's right. Now, look straight at me and say it in plain English. I love you!"

"I love you."

"Kiss me—for always!"

"For always!"

The remaining days of summer flew all too quickly. The knowledge of their love had changed the aspect of the whole world. Like a couple of happy children they passed their time until the day was near at hand when they should have to part. John Hildreth was one of those sensible fathers who held that no matter what a girl's station in life was she ought to have a profession upon which to fall back in case of unforeseen catastrophe. Therefore Roxana was to return to New York for the winter to finish a course in costume designing which she had begun the previous year. Barry, now that he had a new incentive, was more than anxious to get back to work. But the thought of the approaching separation hung over them like a pall and saddened them. Thus far their love was known only to themselves. Vaguely sensing Barry's discomfiture over his present financial condition Roxana had loyally respected it, and although she had always been quite frank with her father, she had kept all this to herself.

The day before Barry was to leave as they were taking a walk they came suddenly upon a village wedding. What is there about a village wedding which always grips one's heart? And why is it that one never feels that same grip amid the pomp and circumstance attending a city wedding? Barry looked at the splendid young fellow, obviously a diamond in the rough, and the pink-cheeked, healthy country girl who beamed upon him with undisguised pride. Then he thought of the flower-bedecked churches, the processionalists, ushers, brides-maids and flower girls galore, of a bride-groom whose face not infrequently revealed the fact that he had already exhausted his emotions, of a pale, frightened, unresponsive bride! He had seen many such weddings. As the young couple left the house of the minister his eyes followed them thoughtfully.

"I wish we were married, Roxana," he said.

It was a thought which had come to him suddenly and it was followed like a flash with another. Why not? Before he knew it he was begging her, pleading with all his heart.

"Let's get him to marry us, Roxana. Please, dear! It's breaking my heart to let you go. You—are so young, Roxana, and so beautiful, and so—dear, and I—I'm afraid—"

"Of what?"

"Of the other fellow."

She laughed and kissed him softly.

"You silly boy! There isn't any other fellow."

"But—there might be. There are thousands of fellows in New York. Please, Roxana! I'll work hard and love you all the time and I won't worry if I know you're mine."

"Isn't it just the same, Barry? Can't you trust me?"

"Oh, it isn't that, dear, I do trust you. But I love you so. Please!"

"But—we'd have to keep it secret, Barry."

"For a little while—yes."

"I—don't like secrets—"

"I do—when they're yours and mine—ours."

How easy it is to listen—when one is young! How hard to refuse—when one is in love! Less than an hour later they themselves stood in the little parlor of the minister's cottage.

"Reverently," they heard the voice of the kindly old man, "discreetly, soberly, advisedly, and in the fear of God."

They said good-bye at the edge of the woods. Barry was to leave that night. He held her long in his arms at parting.

"I'll take good care of you, Roxana—always!" he whispered.

Back in the city Barry had plunged with enthusiasm into his work. Hastings could not but observe and appreciate his energy and be grateful for it. He regarded Barry as pretty much of a boy and entertained for him a sort of fatherly regard. Gordon and Kirkman liked him just as well but looked upon him more in the light of a comrade. Hastings discovered, to his astonishment, that whenever he got in a tight place it was always Barry on whom he found himself depending, and one day he turned to him quickly and said:

"If we win this fight, Channing, and I'm sure we



Unable to restrain his mirth longer he stole a peep at her to see what the effect of his teasing had been. What he saw froze the blood in his veins

shall, I'm going to set you square on your feet. You're still young, of course, and a few years of struggle never hurt a young man. But you're too capable for this sort of thing. And I'm not unmindful of all you've done for me. A man on a salary is a long time getting anywhere. Besides—"

Barry looked at him inquiringly.

"You ought to get married—now, while you're young."

Barry almost gave himself away. But he managed to hold his tongue in check. All day long his heart had been pounding like a hammer because of a little square envelope which had come to him that morning. Roxana had returned!

With Hastings' words ringing in his ears he rode out that evening to see her. It was late in April. The day had been beautiful. The night seemed filled with magic. All the wild freshness of the Spring was in the air. The earth had awakened from her long Winter's sleep. The birds cooed sleepily in their nests. The moonlight lay over all the land as soft as snow. In the little summer house at the back of the rose garden, over which the vines clambered and writhed and twisted in the moonlight like the serpents of Laveöan, Barry held the woman he loved close to his heart. The air was soft. The breeze was lazy. It was a night when all the quivering tides of life run high. They loved. They were young and—it was Spring!

VII

TWILIGHT was falling over the mountains. On the heights the crimson and yellow of the afterglow still lingered, but below the shades of amethyst deepened to purple and were fast losing themselves in darkness. Barry was right. The lateness of the season had left the little hotel almost bereft of guests and when the four men gathered on the porch that evening they had the place to themselves.

The crisp October air was stimulating. Gordon and Kirkman lolled lazily in their chairs and smoked. Barry sat easily on the railing swinging his feet

boyishly. Hastings paced up and down the porch. Presently he stopped by Barry, laid a hand on his shoulder and looked out over the valley. The latter watched him for a moment silently.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said.

"I was thinking of Grace," he replied briefly.

"That's nothing unusual," Barry answered.

Hastings smiled.

"I guess you're right about that. I always think of her—"

He broke off suddenly and resumed his walk. Grant Hastings' love for his pretty wife was a thing he made no secret of. They had been married young, more than fifteen years ago, and he was still her lover. He took any amount of banter on the subject smilingly and pursued the even tenor of his way. If Grace entered the room where he was sitting he promptly rose. If she dropped anything he picked it up. In fact his attentions were so charmingly lover-like as to cause Gordon to say to him once grimly:

"Hastings, I am convinced that I shall one day forget myself and kill you. Life has become one invidious comparison between your perfections as a husband and my own individual short-comings in that capacity."

But even these men who knew their best did not know the real secret which underlay the oneness of their lives. After their marriage they had gone abroad, for Grace was artistic. She had never seen the galleries of Florence, of Rome, of Vienna, Paris and London. What a pleasure it had been to him to take her there, and how she had revelled in them! But afterward— Their memories of Europe were not of galleries, of traditions, of beauty and art but of a common sorrow, the loss of the child which should have been theirs, a loss which had been accompanied by the death of the hope which lies deepest in every woman's heart. The touch of baby fingers, of her own flesh and blood, Grace was never to know, and Hastings' very deepest memories were of those days when his had been the task of comforting, of consoling her. He thanked God for the strength

which had been given him to do it. He knew that to this day, although he had sounded the woman-heart within her to the depths, there still lay underneath it the bruised heart of a child. If only he could have taken her hurt wholly unto himself! But he could not. It was the memory of those hours which had knit them closely together in the beginning that still kept them close.

"Can't you look at it the other way, dear?" he asked her once. "Can't you believe that we haven't really lost it? That it came from our love in the first place and has just gone back into that love? That it is with us still? That we've only taken it back to ourselves? Try to think that, dear—won't you? And I'm going to make you happy, Grace. Life isn't going to be sorrowful. We won't let it be so."

She had seemed less sore when he had put this view before her and gradually their daily life had swung back into the normal. But sometimes when he looked at her suddenly he caught in her eyes a look he had long since come to know—a brooding, far-away, wistful look which reminded him that it was still his to assume the role of comforter. Grace had developed into one of those rare women whose view of life is broad and sane. She had encouraged him to his best efforts, sympathized passionately with his disappointments. No wonder he loved her.

The sudden breaking off of Hastings' sentence seemed to have put a stop to natural conversation. As usual it was Barry who fired the shot which roused them. He had once or twice looked at his watch already. Then he swung his feet over the railing and dropped lightly down on the other side.

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet!" he murmured in mock despair. "This is no place for me!"

Although he couldn't help joining in the shout of laughter, Gordon shook his fist at him threateningly. "Meaning *me* the lunatic, I suppose," he growled.

Barry laughed and took himself off, whistling. The eyes of the three men followed him for a moment. Then they looked at each other and laughed again.

When their laughter had subsided, however, they fell naturally into conversation regarding the thing which lay heavily on their minds. They knew that the coming legal struggle would either make or break them and they chose to believe that the former would be the case. Hastings was one of those enthusiasts who believe that Motion Pictures have a mission, that there is not on earth a more powerful influence than they exert, if rightly handled.

He deplored beyond measure the flood of crude, in-artistic, unreal, suggestive things which every day were being turned out for the youth of the land to see when it was just as possible to substitute for them beautiful, artistic, real, instructive and moral things. More than all else he despised the idea of catering to a low order of intelligence—in fact he held that a low order of intelligence did not exist. America has no longer an ignorant public! Even the school children know a good thing when they see it. It seemed to him that the producers forgot the most potent fact of our present day civilization—that the average boy and girl who finish the public schools of today know more than their grandfathers and grandmothers did at fifty. Firm in this belief he had decided to stand for good things only. Gordon, seeing the matter from his own peculiar angle, which was a commercial one, held that if there were money in a poor picture (which had been demonstrated) there was more money in a good one. Consequently Hastings had in him a

staunch supporter. As for Kirkman, as has been said, he was a poet, perhaps a dreamer—but he put his poetry and dreams to good use. His was a theatrical ancestry. He knew the play, the stage and the actor as not one man in a thousand could know it, because he was to the manner born. He had never known any other life. He was one of those creatures born gentleman, charming, affable, but always sincere and dependable. If they won out it was the intention of these three to go to the coast where there are mountains and sea, sunshine and clear air and to make pictures that were worth while. In fact, although neither of them had as yet admitted it, they intended to do so anyway, even if they had to go back to the beginning and start over.

Hastings had a theory. It was a theory which was fast becoming a hobby with him. The idea that any young woman who had "looks" and would photograph well could be made into a *star* was one with which he had no patience. He foresaw the friction which was bound to develop between the legitimate stage and the picture industry. And even were this not to prove formidable, there was still the fact that stage acting was different from acting before the camera. The stage actress must be polished, finished, trained, qualities which come only with years of experience. The camera actress must be youthful, natural, adaptable, responsive, *willing*. Hastings' theory, his hobby, so to speak, was that such a star as he sought could be found only in a home of refinement, of intelligence—that she must have the same educational ground work to be a clever actress that she would have were she ambitious to be an artist in any other line, or if she wished to go to college. He had often expressed this

(Continued on page 33)

MAY ALLISON—THE AMERICAN BEAUTY

By RICHARD WILLIS

I was born in Virginia,
That's the state that will win yer,
If you've got a soul in yer;
Ain't no southern frown
In the city of Norfolk,
Home of beauties and war talk.
Reckon you'll like it,
If you should strike it,
That dog-garn town!

—Ethel Levey's *Virginia Song*
from George Washington, Jr.

title role of "The Quaker Girl." And later than that, she was in the leading feminine roles with De Wolf Hopper—who has himself since been found in pictures.

If you had seen Miss Allison in "Apartment 12-K" at the Maxine Elliott theatre in New York, and in "Everywoman," you would understand the whither and why of her acting grace. Her symmetry did not come accidentally. It was trained into her; it became part of her.

But the gay thrill of the footlights lost its lure. The sweetest words in all the world were "Mother and Home," and when the idea of the pictures came to her, it grew upon her. She wanted to be in a little bungalow, with her mother and her friends. And her wish came true.

Accordingly, the way opened, and it was in "David Harum," produced by the Famous Players, that she made her screen bow to the movie world. And who was it, do you suppose, who played opposite her? None other than Harold Lockwood, who is with her now. What a splendid couple they make! What a name they have made for themselves these past few months! They are a winning combination—and real winning combinations are rare. But California was calling—with its wilderness of flowers, its forests of flowers, its tempest of sunshine, its welcoming sea.

She found the Gold Coast with the Lasky company, but a little later she went with the American, up at Santa Barbara. And there she found the sunshine, the happiness, the out-of-door life that she so longed for. The blue of the water, the blue of the skies, and the blue of May Allison's laughing blue eyes, became friends. And—they made friends, as all beauty must do when it works in harmony.

And then Harold Lockwood came, and in each other's company, these two artists found that there were no limitations to their acting art. It is that way at times. It is possible for players of harmonious temperaments to divine one another's thoughts, all of which makes for smooth-running scenes, without balky spots or awkward pauses. Every scene in which these two young stars appear, is as easy as a Spring day—as natural as art can make it.



BENEATH a wealth of the silkiest blonde hair, there nestles a nose that might be a pink rosebud—and a mouth that never forgot to smile, and a pair of blue eyes that would win any heart, in any clime, in any period of history. She is genuine stellar brightness at the American studios in Santa Barbara—down where the mountains say, "Good Morrow" to the rolling sea. And her name has become more and more prominent, and more and more adored—May Allison.

We have our own little conceptions of beauty—and we know that the beauty subject is broad enough to admit of many types. But here and there we find a girl who is beautiful in any costume, under any condition; whose beauty we concede gladly no matter what our type may demand. Such are the qualifications of Miss Allison, whose appealing goodness smiles upon you from the cover of this magazine.

Did you see her in "The House of Scandals," when she danced on the green-sward, with that marvelous California scenic background as a setting? Then you appreciated her loveliness. You understood her genuine beauty—a beauty that begins down deep in her soul and radiates outward. Her dancing ability may have astounded you, but not if you had seen her in musical comedy in New York and other cities, in the days when she was famed for her skill. And she has a voice—although, alas, the screen can not convey its sweetness to you. It is a rich, trained, lyric soprano, and at one time she alternated with Ina Claire in the



From Virginia she came, and the spirit of the Old Dominion is with her still. She has that delightfully mellow southern accent—and she is a true daughter of Dixie. She came of good family, did Miss Allison. Her mother was a Wise of Virginia—and in Virginia that means much. The family produced Governor Wise, and Brigadier General Henry A. Wise. And the Allisons are also noted in the sunny reaches of the Southland. No other Virginia Allison went on the stage—and there were objections. But, then, when God has given one talent, why should one refuse to use it? We can not help having or lacking natal gifts. It is not for us to say—but when they come, they are ours to make the best of. And Miss Allison saw this, and believed in it—and won the family consent.

You have appreciated her beauty on the screen, but in real life she is far more beautiful. She is the sort of girl you would love to know personally—for herself as much as for her beauty. And it is her delight to entertain you. Every time she works in a picture, she thinks of the millions of eager eyes that will soon watch her on the screen. It is a profession with love in it, for her. She gives you her best—and her best has already placed her high among the great favorites. But watch her attain greater heights—through the medium of your heart and the many other hearts that throb in unison for a beautiful girl with marvelous talents, and a nature as sweet as a sunny afternoon in May—a sunny May afternoon in Virginia!

ON THE EDITORIAL SCREEN

"They copied all they could follow, but they
 Couldn't copy my mind,
 And I left 'em sweating and stealing
 A year and a half behind."
 —Rudyard Kipling.

To Our Reader-Friends Personally

THE FILM PLAYERS HERALD is a consolidation of the publication that bore this name, and MOVIE PICTORIAL.

In its new form, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD contains 40 pages, in addition to the cover, which is a gain of 16 pages over MOVIE PICTORIAL, and of 8 pages over the former HERALD. Each page contains 20 per cent. more reading matter than the pages of MOVIE PICTORIAL; therefore, 40 pages, containing 20 per cent. more matter to the page, would be equivalent to 48 pages, or exactly twice the amount of material given in MOVIE PICTORIAL.

The most popular departments of both publications have been preserved, and many new features have been introduced. In point of quality, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD solicits comparison with any publication devoted to the screen. In point of quantity, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD also merits comparison. If the material contained in this magazine were embodied in the standard magazine size, and printed in the size of type used in those magazines, then every page of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD would be equivalent to four pages of the standard magazine size—so that the FILM PLAYERS HERALD of 40 pages is equivalent to 160 pages of reading matter, magazine size. Count out the matter of advertising pages in smaller sized publications, and you will find that this magazine is giving you the greatest diversity and the highest quality of material for ten cents, and just as much of it in quantity, as the other magazines are giving you for fifteen cents.

Recently, Frank A. Munsey issued a circular to the subscribers of his several magazines, announcing that the price would be reduced from fifteen cents to ten cents. It was on the basis of ten cents that Mr. Munsey achieved his greatest success. His argument, in returning to the price of ten cents, is that there is no such coin as fifteen cents. In other words, when you spend fifteen cents, you shatter a quarter. The dime is the magazine price just as the penny is the newspaper price. Convenience and custom make ten cents the ideal price for a copy of a magazine, and a dollar the ideal yearly subscription figure.

But it is not simply in the matter of quantity that the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is serving you at two-thirds the customary price. Consider the diversity of our material, and also consider the fact that we have originated a great variety of features. We have not simply borrowed them from other publications. We have not raided *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Pictorial Review*, *The Ladies' World*, and other magazines, to supply our own departments and features.

The FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you the biggest dime's worth by the copy, and the biggest dollar's worth by the year. And yet this is simply the beginning. More pages will be added, until the FILM PLAYERS HERALD will supply all of your picture literature and convince you that money spent in duplication is money wasted.

The selection of the name is a matter that occasioned considerable debate and prolonged analysis. Many more beautiful and more classical names suggested themselves. But the fact that the greatest interest is in the players, persisted in forcing itself upon us. The first interest is in the players, and the next is in the plays. Consult your own likes and dislikes and you will find that you have certain favorites, and that when these favorites are advertised at your picture theatre, you go to see them without respect to the plays in which they appear. The film player, therefore, is your prime consideration—and the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is precisely what its name implies. It heralds the messages of the players to the great public. It is the vehicle by means of which the player is enabled to reach the fan in the fan's own home, and chat in a manner that is not possible through the medium of the screen.

The FILM PLAYERS HERALD is THE AMERICAN FAMILY FILM MONTHLY. It is for the grown-ups and for the children. It is a human interest magazine that every member of the family may enjoy. Parents need not worry as to the necessity of censoring anything that appears in these pages. If the material is not fit for the children of the family, it should not be fit for the parents. If a magazine is of value only in the office, and if the office man hesitates about taking it home, then it is not a wholesome magazine for him. The FILM PLAYERS HERALD is for your family reading table, and for every member of your family, and for your friends. This is its underlying policy, and upon this policy you may depend month in and month out, year after year.

Those who are concerned with the making of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD have been engaged in this

same line of work for many years and have been students of the screen ever since there was a screen. Their idea is to view filmdom just as you would view it, and to entertain you and instruct you in the most absorbing and most far-reaching form of amusement the world has ever known.

Compliments and criticism will receive equal welcome. Any suggestion you may make at any time will be granted our personal sincere consideration.

The Masked Contest

FULL PARTICULARS of the outcome of The Masked Contest will appear in the March issue of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD.

Letters are still being received, and the majority of them have not named the masked actor and the masked actress correctly. A great many of the others that did name them properly, used in excess of the maximum number of twenty-five words. This has narrowed down the matter of choice to very few.

In view of the fact that MOVIE PICTORIAL had its sales over a very wide area, many of the readers are still availing themselves of the opportunity.

Watch for the March Number for the winners.

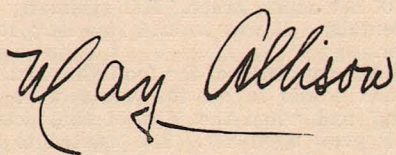
May Allison's Greeting to You

I ask you, readers of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, to regard my picture on the cover of this issue as a genuine personal greeting.

Day after day, I am busy in the great studio of the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, as well as out on locations two or three times weekly, doing my best to entertain you and to help you forget the sordid worries of the day. I never enact a scene without thinking of you and hoping that my acting will please you.

While you may know me only in the animated photographs, I am still a real American girl—with the same kind of hopes and aspirations and doubts and fears that you possess. My greatest happiness is to know that I have made you happy. Therefore, just consider—as you look upon my likeness on the cover—that I am personally trying to tell you these things, so that you will understand me and I may understand you better.

Sincerely yours,



Notice to Former Herald Subscribers

IN THE consolidation of MOVIE PICTORIAL and the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, preserving the best features of each publication, it was obviously essential to eliminate that part of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD devoted to the features on film acting by the Ten Stars. In other words, the great majority who received this publication did not subscribe in order to secure these 220 Lessons. Manifestly, therefore, they are not entitled to this feature.

The entire 220 Lessons are being printed and will be sent out complete to all those entitled to them. They would have been printed and delivered before this time except for the fact that a considerable number of charts and drawings, all of which had to be mathematically correct, were required, and the delay has been occasioned by making them.

Instead of waiting during the entire period of six months, all of this instruction will be delivered complete at one time. It will constitute a book the present size of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, and of about 64 pages. It will be complete—giving what has already been printed in the HERALD, and all of the balance, and will include all of the supplementary material necessary.

At the same time, in the FILM PLAYERS HERALD (as you will notice by this issue) there will be a

department in which questions regarding filmplying and the technique of film production will be answered by experts. This is an additional feature that was not promised, but that makes the HERALD that much more valuable. Any delay that has occurred will be made up for in more than liberal measure by the delivery of the supplementary instructions at an early date. This notice, therefore, will answer all questions that might otherwise require personally dictated letters.

The Passing of Arthur Johnson

THE FILMS are so new—they have progressed such a short distance from their beginning—we do not feel that we can afford to lose any of those whom we have learned to love in the darkened houses, at the twinkling terminal of the electric rays.

It will be with genuine regret that the film lovers of the world learn of the passing of Arthur V. Johnson, whose splendid work with Miss Briscoe, so delighted film patrons from the earliest days.

Mr. Johnson was never in robust health. He was a refined, retiring character—but talented to the point of genius. He was one of the pioneers, back in the old Biograph days, when Griffith directed and Johnson and little Mary Pickford played opposite. Mack Sennett was there, and Billy Quirk, and Florence Lawrence, and Marion Leonard, and so many others who won their way into the hearts of the populace.

After leaving the Biograph, Mr. Johnson went to the Reliance for a year, and then he became one of the Lubin players.

Arthur V. Johnson was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1876, making him forty years of age this year. He was the son of a pastor, and his education was secured in Kemper Hall, Davenport, Iowa. For a time, the family resided in Chicago.

At the age of eighteen, young Arthur went on the stage, and in his time played with many great artists, including Robert Mantell, Sol Smith Russell and Marie Wainwright.

And then, one summer, when work was not plentiful, somebody suggested the films. And the balance of the story you know. A splendid fellow has gone to rest—and a big favorite has been removed from the silent stage.

Features—and the Future of Pictures

THE RAPID transition of moving pictures has constituted the most speedy evolution any branch of industry has ever experienced. The crudity of the photo-drama was overcome so speedily that we are likely to notice those plays that fall short of the artistic. But even the advances in the art have been no more remarkable than the changes in the classes of plays.

A trifle over two years ago, the serial made its appearance through the medium of "Kathlyn." In the months that followed numerous serial plays were produced, but their number is diminishing and the importance of the serial has retreated.

The feature appears to have become an institution. It preceded the serial and it has gained in favor since the serial's decline. The feature is any play consuming three or more reels of film. The four and five-reel feature is apparently the standard. The feature play was developed as the proper vehicle for the picturization of the speaking drama and the novel. But scarcely had the adaptations started, than originality stepped in, and a considerable part of the features of the day are original plays. The adaptations continue, and will continue so long as there is good material. But when that material has been utilized, then originality must supply the substance of the features.

But the feature presents a problem to distributors and exhibitors. Its tendency is clearly to diminish the number of picture-play theatres; however, with the understanding that this diminution relates to the increased popularity of the photo-drama. It does not mean that the present number of theatres will decrease; but it does signify that the additions in numbers will be proportionately less. It means, also, that the seating capacity of those new theatres must be far in excess of the seating capacity of the old theatres; and it means an upward tendency in prices—all of which are equalizing influences that tend to offset the decrease in film distribution.

Most picture-play theatres today depend on features. The two-reeler and the three-reeler are still in vogue, but largely to complete the programme. The animated cartoon and the photo-news features are rapidly supplanting the shorter plays in the programmes. The old five-cent house is becoming a curiosity. It was constructed on the principle of giving many shows of short duration. It exhibited about three or four reels, emptied the house, and repeated the performance. The nickel movie theatre was not operated on principles that permitted the exhibition of features. But the ten-cent and fifteen-cent houses, with their greater seating capacities accommodating 800 to 1200 persons, are ideal for feature exhibition.

As in every phase of this most remarkable business, the picture producing companies plunged headlong into

the features. The idea back of the film enterprise has been to try anything that appeared reasonable, and permit it to work out its own solution. So long as the features maintain a high standard, they are safe. Fortunately, their standard is improving. This is their salvation, because if a feature does not arouse public appeal, its effect on patronage is negative; whereas, in the mixed programme, the audience would willingly suffer one or two indifferent pictures for the sake of seeing two or three others that were good.

The mixed programme sent the crowd scurrying from one playhouse to another, because the one and two-reelers were produced in such profusion, the danger of duplication was small; and, if one picture had been seen in the previous theatre, the fans did not mind it at all. The feature, on the other hand, tends to cement patronage to a single theatre in a neighborhood. During the week seven big features will be shown, and while this seven may be only a portion of the features actually being exhibited, the patrons are content. If they learn by the programme that a certain feature, that is being exhibited at another theatre, will arrive at their theatre in a few days, they wait for it. Besides, the feature shows last a longer time and the tendency to scatter patronage diminishes accordingly.

Only through the greater number of persons becoming interested in the films, does this large patronage appear to continue unabated. In the small town with the single theatre, where features occupy the programmes, the inhabitants of that town see perhaps only five or six per cent. of the plays that are produced. There will be a broad expansion up to the point where the maximum number of persons become interested in the films. This may include the entire population, beyond which patronage would be impossible. But if the features removed the incentive to patronize more than one picture theatre, then the number of dimes paid by any individual would also decrease.

In the days of the mixed programmes, a family thought nothing of attending two shows in the evening. The same family is now satisfied with one show, and therefore is spending only fifty per cent. of what was spent before. We must base our calculations on the amount of money under maximum patronage as compared with the amount of money under earlier patronage. The features unquestionably argue for minimum patronage.

The life of a feature is not perceptibly longer than the life of a one or two-reeler. While it commands a higher price from the exhibitors, it also demands a greater outlay in production.

No theatre can operate on the basis of more than one feature a day, unless it be a fifty-cent or one-dollar theatre, and these are very few in number. If the average feature consumes five reels, then it is patent that only a fifth as many features can be shown as there would be of one-reelers. The ten-cent and fifteen-

cent house gives a show that lasts an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half. Figuring the time consumed in going and coming and waiting, the feature means a demand of two hours on the time of the patron. One show a night, so far as any individual is concerned, is the result of feature exhibition.

In the long run, what is going to be the effect on the number of producing and distributing companies, on the number of theatres, and on the number of actors and actresses employed? If this has consumed the thought of those most likely concerned, it has not affected them perceptibly.

The fact that the feature play has endured in popularity the greatest length of time of any type of play, is undoubtedly the governing influence in all considerations of programmes. The individual exhibitor knows that he profits as much, provided he is located advantageously. But—when the maximum number of possible patrons has been reached, unless the building and equipping of new theatres diminishes remarkably, then the feature may work a hardship on the exhibitor and may bring about as keen competition as the grocers and butchers experience.

Being a matter entirely of the future (even though it be of the immediate future), it does not seem to concern the industry—because the film business has pursued the policy of regarding its problems when it meets them, and it will undoubtedly do the same thing in the case of the feature play.

The Flickering Pedagogue

THE maturing generation has at its command means and facilities that we, in our struggling days, never even imagined, with all our mythology and other stimulants of imagination. This is the privileged era, when no normal boy or girl need face life uneducated. Even in relatively small towns, the high schools teach commercial branches—typewriting, shorthand, book-keeping, commercial law, and so on. And in the larger cities, there are manual training schools, where trades form the curriculum.

But beyond all these modern methods of dispensing knowledge, and instilling in the young the proper procedure of thought, there is the new pedagogue—the flicking professor—the films.

From out the fundamental idea of entertainment, a new feature of instruction is appearing. It is the force that is making boys and girls (not to mention grown-ups) actually do independent thinking. Besides its dramatic value, the film possesses that great basic essential of correct thought—contrast. There is contrast of characters, of situation, of motives.

We know of a little boy of eight years in Oak Park, Ill. (and probably there are many others in this great country) who delivers himself of remarkably reasonable opinions on the plays. Some he thinks are not adapted to the players—and some of the players, he

believes, could do better in other parts. This boy is a normal child—but he has been learning how to observe. He remembers what he has seen, and compares it with what he is seeing.

Little by little, he is learning human nature, by watching the plays on the screens: the great mirror of human nature—the looking glass of the world.

The minds of children absorb ideas very readily, when the little folk are interested. It is not alone the geography the screen teaches them, or the sciences, or the other more technical things; it is the schooling in human nature that counts most of all.

How important it is, then, that the plays deliver themselves as rapidly as possible from sex subjects, that are always interpreted incorrectly by children. And how important, too, that clean, wholesome plays, constructed around home life, come into their own.

No lessons in school make deeper impressions than the lessons of the screen. No "talking to" can carry the weight that an example on the screen carries.

The new teacher has within his grasp a mighty power—a force that must imprint itself on impressionable minds—for good or for ill. And the solution does not lie with the censors a tenth part as much as it rests with the scenario writers and the producing companies. They have in their hands a force for good that may be made to help millions of boys and girls.

Waldo C. Walker Promoted

WALDO C. WALKER, who has been connected with the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company for some months, being part of the publicity department, has been promoted to be assistant director to Frank Lloyd.

Mr. Walker long ago made a reputation for himself in literature, many of his stories appearing in the Century, Associated Sunday Magazines, and similar periodicals. He also did a popular series for the Green Book based on Sammy's Green Room Cafe on Randolph street, Chicago.

When "A Stubborn Cinderella" was given to the world, Waldo was in the cast. He has taken his fling at life from the viewpoints of actor and writer—and was a class-mate of Will Hough, the popular playwright, during their days at the Chicago University.

Walker is a high-type fellow, with a broad-gauge view of life, and he took to the pictures exactly as many others have done; the pictures proved the lodestone of his career.

The more of Walker's type the pictures enlist, the better the picture business will be. His art, his heart, his spirit are all centered in the kingdom of the films, and it was natural that the Morosco company should recognize his gifts and reward him with this early promotion. This is Waldo's beginning. He will continue to climb the ladder, because unquestionably he has found his genuine sphere.

THE FIFTH ESTATE

Man Has Not Added Merely a New Estate, But a

New Sense as Well

ONE HUNDRED and thirty-six years ago, in the House of Commons, Edmund Burke stated that in the Reporters' Gallery there was an estate beyond the three recognized estates—the lords, clergy and commons. This fourth estate was the press. If Mr. Burke were living today, he would discover the fifth estate—the moving pictures. He would find, moreover, that in many respects the fifth estate has become more far-reaching, more potent than the fourth estate.

If we read steadily during an entire day and evening, we may complete a novel. That same novel, visualized by the animated photographs, may be shown in far more realistic manner in one hour.

As a nation, our demand for printed fiction and for newspaper features is becoming less. If the great fiction publishers would take the public into their confidence, they would confess a tremendous falling off in the sales of their magazines and books. But the pictures have not stopped at taking the place of the speaking drama and the written drama—they have gone farther. They have supplanted the books and stories of travel, because they have shown us what words, individual photographs and drawings have only partially described. They have taken us into their confidence in the dissemination of news.

It was the proud boast of the Associated Press that it served 12,000,000 intelligent Americans. This was after an upbuilding of news-gathering systems as old as the art of printing. But within a period of six years from the time the films found themselves, they are serving 50,000,000 intelligent Americans—and in six years they have become four times as powerful in their sphere as the Associated Press became in its sphere during its long period of upbuilding.

The moving pictures not only have given us something new in the way of distributing entertainment and information, but they have combined many of the arts that mankind has been perfecting for generations. They have taken photography, fiction, travel, news, drama, in its various forms, and have presented all

of them better they were ever presented before, and have found new uses and new interpretations that none of the others ever discovered. The moving pictures have done even more than all of these things: They have found the universal language. They have stepped out of the boundary of words and have perfected, through a new form of dramatic expression, a means of communicating thought. The speaking stage never accomplished these wonders because it depended upon words; and our books and periodicals have depended entirely upon words, even to describe their illustrations.

It is said that through the Levant and the Orient, there is a wordless language that has never been imparted to a Caucasian. The communicants, by grasping each other's wrists, are able to converse—though they may not understand a common verbal language. These same folk of the near East and the far East would be surprised to learn how readily they could grasp the meaning of the photo-drama, though they may not have the slightest idea of the wording of the titles.

Through the tinting of the films, we are shown which is night and which is day. We can see the season and we can even determine the period by the costuming. The picture-drama has accomplished even greater wonders than those we have named. It has taught history, science, ethics, arts and trades quicker and better than the best text-books ever printed.

Not long since, a close-up was taken of crown and bridge work in dental surgery. The developed film was exhibited to dental students and many of them expressed the belief that they had learned more in fifteen minutes than they could learn in the older methods of instruction in several weeks.

The purpose of education is to impress the right idea on the mind. Words are not always interpreted the same by all persons. Even the most careful use of

language very frequently fails to convey the idea intended. The pictures convey the idea accurately and in the same manner to every interested mind. And better than that, they can keep on repeating the instruction indefinitely, and repetition is supposed to be one of the requisites of education. Visualizing arts, sciences, and we might say thought processes, to millions of persons at practically the same time, make the pictures more forceful in their scope than any other means or method of communicating knowledge.

The picture theatres have kept step with the requirements. In the larger cities, and in most of the smaller towns, the remodeled stores are things of the past. The exhibitors learned how to look after the comfort of their patrons. The picture theatre is the new social center. It may surprise many of the Prohibitionists to know that the moving pictures have done more for their cause than all of their orations and press agency work. The pictures have made inroads on the saloons to such an extent that saloon men have been driven to distraction. Their patronage has fallen off because the picture theatres have offered the entertainment that men sought vainly in the saloons.

Another important element that merits thought is that the public soon familiarizes itself with the face and mannerisms of a player. Therefore, even though a player may take villainous roles, his individuality is still recognized. And even the most susceptible child knows that a player is teaching a lesson in morality through his portrayal of infamy. The suggestion that the films idealize crime is refuted through this broad individual acquaintance that the public has with the players. More and more the pictures are showing the futility of crime and all wrong-doing. But the newspapers still continue to feature crime in "extras" and "double extras," and to dwell upon the sordid details without respect to the effect on young, imaginative and defective minds.

Of the five estates, the fifth estate is the greatest. It is the most powerful of all influences on our social and economic lives.

THE FILM PLAYERS' ART

QUESTIONS ABOUT FILM ACTING ANSWERED

YOU ARE interested in the art of the players. Through the development of their art they are able to entertain you. The more you know about the rules that govern the players and the plays, the more you will appreciate both of them.

Naturally, the actresses and actors who appear at perfect ease on the screen have learned certain things that you may not understand. If you were to go into a studio and attempt to do those things, you would not know what to do—you would be at a loss; you would be bewildered. The constant grinding of the camera would remind you that every flaw in your work would be seen and criticised by millions. This fact, of itself, would make you more nervous. You can not fully appreciate the work of the players until you know more about the limitations under which they labor.

Many questions that you may wish to ask regarding the art of playing, will be answered by an expert. The kinds of questions and the nature of the replies coming within the scope of this department will be understood best by reading the questions and the answers contained in these pages. You will note that all of these questions must pertain to the acting.

This is not a contest; but a means of disseminating knowledge of the playing art for the purpose of increasing the understanding and appreciation of the players and the plays. Address your inquiry to the Film Play Department, FILM PLAYERS HERALD, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The player who has mastered technique is one who started out with talent and learned the rules. There are rules in every profession, every trade, every art, and photoplaying is a combination of the three.

Even those players who had speaking stage training found that there were new rules to learn. They had the dramatic part of it, but even the dramatic had to be made over in certain particulars. The photographic part was entirely new. The limitations of space in many scenes offered other problems. Consequently, dramatic expression often had to be remodeled and re-created.

Beyond that were the tricks. In all the history of dramatic art, there were no illusions like those of the screen. These tricks demanded new rules. What we see on the screen is not what the players see in their work. A trick in the making is unlike the illusion that is shown on the screen. Some of these illusory scenes call only for accuracy; others for dexterity.

Every art finds its leaders. Many players who were mediocre on the speaking stage "found themselves" in the pictures. Their fame became many times as great as that of the fame of the older drama. In one week, some of these screen stars greet as many persons from the screen as speaking stage stars greeted from behind the footlights in a year.

To the contrary, many speaking stage successes became screen successes and not a few dramatic stars were screen failures.

Partly, photography has solved the riddle. Many an admirable footlight presence is a miserable screen presence. The relentless eye of the camera selects its favorites.

It is not curiosity entirely that prompts one to know how a thing is done. Appreciation of art follows knowledge of art. If people knew nothing about music, there could be no musical classics.



WHAT ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE FILM PLAYERS?

By GRACE DARMOND

WILL you please explain about the types of persons required by the films? Also, what experience is necessary? I am very anxious to learn why some players are chosen and others do not get a chance.

St. Louis, Mo.

E. M.

SOME persons are undoubtedly naturally qualified for film work just as some other persons are naturally qualified for other callings.

The first real requisite is acting art, although the films have welcomed many novices whose art was but little developed. But even the possession of talent does not always insure screen success. There is another quality that is sometimes referred to in the

studios as the "film face" or "film features." If you go to a photographer to have a picture taken, he finds a pose for you in which your features will show to the greatest advantage. But if you were in a film play, you would not be in any particular pose, but you would be moving. The camera would see your features from every angle.

Many persons who might be handsome or beautiful on the street, would look actually homely in the pictures. Many of the women of the screen who take beautiful photographs might not be called beautiful if they were seen on the street. But no matter how they might stand or what they may do, or what expressions their features may assume, the photographic effect is always pleasing. There are some experienced players, and many experienced directors, who have the special knack of selecting persons who take the best photographs.

Sometimes a pleasing face that is suitable for filming will cover a woeful lack of actual acting talent. The art of playing may be developed—but nothing will ever compensate for the lack of film features. But the features do not constitute the only photographic requirement.

Some persons have a natural film presence. They never look awkward or ungainly in the pictures. Their bodily movements are rhythmic. When you see a person walking down the street, you pay no particular attention to the swing of that person's body; but the screen would exaggerate that swing into an awkward waddle. Therefore, apart from any artistic requirements, meaning in the dramatic sense, there are real physical requirements that can not be detected by the untrained eye. But when you see a picture, you at once recognize all those who are graceful and those who are ungainly.

Perhaps you have never guessed that your idea of screen beauty may not harmonize at all with your every-day idea of beauty. It is not so much the height or the weight or the coloring, because the films represent all types. There are big people and there are little people. There are people who are obese and others who are slender. But no matter what the size or weight may be, you will find that they have the necessary screen presence and the proper photographic features.

These are not all of the requirements, by any means; but what I have told you will give you a fair idea of how the types are selected for the films. But the actual acting art is also necessary; because, without that, the screen presence and the photographic face would be of small value. The player succeeds not because of any one thing, but because of the proper harmony of many attributes. Everybody is not suited to the pictures or there would be no distinction; there would be no film favorites or film successes. Every art finds its own particular leaders, and this has been proved amply by the screen.



WHY DO WE REMEMBER AND ADMIRE CERTAIN PLAYERS?

By J. WARREN KERRIGAN

Baltimore, Md.

THE other evening, a friend and I were figuring out the number of players whom we admire. There were six that were our special favorites, and about forty others that we always like to see. Can you explain why we make these selections? We have tried to figure it out, but must admit that we have failed.

YOU admire one player and another person admires another player. We all select some special types; but for reasons that we can perhaps never explain. Some special kind of person may have been very good to us in our childhood and whenever we see that kind of person, we feel kindly disposed toward him or her. Sometimes we simply admire people because they are of a special type; and again, we go outside of that type and admire them because of some peculiar expression of talent that they may have. The dramatic critic attempts to set aside these personal likes and dislikes, but very few of these dramatic critics succeed.

The player whom I may praise may not appeal to you at all. If we all liked the same kind of person

and the same kind of art in the same degree, then there would not be much variety in the world. You must not select a player according to likes and dislikes too much, or you will miss a lot of very clever work on the part of others.

And, again, remember that a player is often ably supported and stands out in your mind more clearly through this carefully arranged contrast. When you like a player in any kind of part, then you like the type itself rather than the individual. But if you like a player in certain kinds of plays, and don't care to see him or her in other kinds of plays, then you admire the player more for his or her special talents. A capable director seeks to fit the players to the parts to which they are naturally adapted. That is why the large studios have "cast directors," whose business it is to know the qualifications of the actors and actresses in the studio, and to choose those who are best fitted to the special work required.

Perhaps, if you think back a few years, you will recall the names of players whom you have forgotten, but whom you admired very much at the time. Many a player has gone out of vogue because he has been cast in the wrong part. Some players you admire as heroes and heroines, others as vampires and villains, others in character roles or juvenile parts. If you will study your selections, you will find that there is really some particular reason, even besides your liking for special types.

If you simply admire a person because that person is big or because he is little, then you are a victim of types entirely. I think you will find that your classification of likes and dislikes goes deeper than the type itself. Just as every man would not be a capable engineer, so is every actor only capable in certain directions.

Again, you may find that the reason you like a player is because the first picture you saw that artist in was the kind of play you like. Romances are undoubtedly the most popular—but some persons like business plays, and others like mystery plays, and they think of their favorite stars in conjunction with certain characters. In order to meet this great variety of likes and dislikes, the various studios have an equally great variety of players and plays. That is why no other form of entertainment has appealed to so many millions of persons. For the sake of your favorite plays and players, you watch all eagerly.



HOW IS THE FILM PLAYING TALENT REALLY DEVELOPED?

By LOTTIE BRISCOE

San Francisco.

I BELIEVE that I have talent for film acting. How may I develop that talent? Is development really necessary if I am gifted? Why not start right in playing? I should like to have your opinion.

L. C.

THE greatest statesman who ever lived was at one time a baby just learning to build with blocks or to shake a rattle. That infant grew to childhood and laboriously learned the letters of the alphabet and simple words. There is a beginning to everything human.

The capacity to learn is usually referred to as talent. It is often signified by a certain leaning or tendency to learn or do a particular thing. But talent must be developed, and the development of talent calls for just as much work and care and thought as learning anything else. A young man wishes to be a physician but merely wishing to be a physician does not make him one. A young girl wishes to play the piano; but she must learn how to play the piano before she is a musician. She might "play by ear," which would demonstrate her natural ability; and yet "playing by ear" would simply be imitating certain musical sounds she has heard. Not understanding the principles governing music, her imitation would not be entirely correct.

The person with talent, who enters a studio, can use that talent only when he knows how it is to be used. And, as he learns how, and studies and thinks by his own best means of living up to the rules, he becomes more proficient. The genius who is young, and who lacks experience, can not compete success-

THE FILM PLAYERS' ART

HOW THE ACTOR-FOLK PRODUCE SCREEN RESULTS

fully with the talented person of experience; even though the genius may have more actual talent than the older person. The mere talented individual does things in a crude, amateurish way, although there may be indications of the latent ability. The experienced or developed artist not only has the talent, but has learned how to use it.

Anything that is worth gaining is worth working for. The reason some people succeed and some other people fail is because the successes have put forth the effort to earn success, and the failures have been averse to the necessary effort. Development always implies a well-ordered effort aimed at the accomplishment of a certain thing. The cashier of a bank may have once been the office-boy who swept the floors and dusted the furniture. That boy may have had a great aptitude for figures. He learned one rudiment at a time until he understood all about the laws governing money and business, and the things a bank may do safely and the things it should not do. The film artist, in the same manner, learns what should be done and what should not be done; and how to do each necessary thing.

If a business or a profession did not demand a certain standard of efficiency, then nothing would ever be efficient. If we could simply wish to possess this ability, then development would be unnecessary. Even the players, whom you may not especially admire, have gone through this hard training of development, and do so infinitely better than the amateur, there is really no comparison.

Until a person with talent has learned how to use that talent, the art itself slumbers. To attempt to enter a studio and start right in acting, is equivalent to entering the studio of a portrait painter and starting right in painting portraits, with no previous knowledge or practice. Do not belittle the art of photoplaying in your own estimation by thinking that anybody can succeed in it, or that talent alone is sufficient.



SOME MYSTERIOUS FILM ILLUSIONS EXPLAINED CLEARLY AND FULLY

By SIDNEY BRACY

I WISH you would explain how it is possible for a screen actor to jump on a high wall. I know there is a trick about it somewhere, T. M. L.

Will you kindly explain the trick that makes people, automobiles and carriages fairly fly along the streets? I know it is not possible for them to go at such speed, but I don't understand it. E. C. H.

THE first question is answered by what is known as "back-crinking."

The player who seems to jump on a wall eight or ten feet high, really jumps from the wall. The film is run through the camera backwards, and when the director is ready for the scene, the player comes along the wall backwards, and with his back to the camera, jumps to the ground and runs past the camera backwards. When the film is developed and the print is run through the projecting machine, the effect is directly opposite: The actor runs upon the scene, gets ready for a spring and jumps to the top of the wall, and runs along the wall out of view or disappears on the opposite side.

The second question pertains to "slow cranking." The ordinary rate of speed at which a camera is turned exposes sixteen frames, or film segments, each second. There are sixteen of these frames to one foot of film. Now, if the camera is turned slowly so that only eight frames are exposed in a second, then, when the print is shown on the screen, running through the projecting machine that is operated at the rate of sixteen pictures a second, the movements of the figures and vehicles seem to be twice as fast as they really were. If, in filming, the camera exposes only five segments to a second, then, when the picture is projected, the objects seem to move three times as fast as they really did move. This is one of the frequently used tricks of the screen.

Many persons think that, in the case of the actor jumping on the wall, the films are run through backwards. This would require a mass of rearrangement of segments. It is far simpler to resort to back crank-

ing. Other persons think that when figures move rapidly along the street, the operator of the projecting machine speeds the machine. The operator always projects at the steady rate of sixteen frames a second.

The illusions made possible by photography have enabled the creators of films to produce the effects that in no manner could be duplicated on the stage. Other various illusions include those where we are shown what a certain character is thinking or dreaming. Indeed, the films, with their trick photography, show us the operation of the mind; they make our visions, dreams and thoughts real. They show us ghosts, and other effects, that are puzzling. At the same time, these illusions are enjoyed by the public.

I had one film taken, with the camera operating backwards, in which I backed into a room, pulled off my coat and threw it in a corner, took off my vest and threw it in another corner, took off my collar and tie and threw them on the dresser, and took off my shoes and tossed them in different parts of the room; and then, still walking backwards, went to a chair and sat down, opened a book and started to read. The effect on the screen was just opposite. My clothing flew on me. And yet, when the trick is explained, it does not look nearly as difficult as the screen suggests. But in producing any screen illusion great care and accuracy are required by the players.



PLANS BACK OF THE PRODUCTION OF HARMONIOUS SCREEN EFFECTS

By GERDA HOLMES

I HAVE often wondered, in watching the screen, just how the players decided on their different relations so that the work of one would not interfere with that of another. Do any rules govern this part of acting? R. T. M.

Will you explain through an example what is really meant by supporting a star? I have an idea of the definition, but it is not clear to me. E. G. H.

WHATEVER is done in a film play is governed by well defined rules. The scenes that you think are perfectly natural are really very artistic. The reception that is actually held in a home is not like the reception you see on the screen. In the real reception, many groups of ladies and gentlemen are babbling away at the same time. There is no special central figure to absorb one's attention. But, in acting, whatever is done must be nicely "timed" and must bear a certain definite relationship to the idea of the scene and to the importance of some character in that scene at that moment. Suppose I have the most important part in a scene; and yet there are others in the scene with me. My acting is perhaps of a very tense and dramatic nature at that moment. If two or three of the others were to go through some comedy play, that would divert attention from what I was doing and would weaken my dramatic effort. But if they are all looking toward me, startled and interested, then they are helping focus attention upon me. You—seated out in the theatre—say that the work was perfectly natural.

Let us just compare the art with the natural circumstance. Perhaps, in this scene, the idea I wish to convey is that my feelings have been wounded. The entire force of the scene may depend upon my facial expression and upon my standing motionless for three or four seconds. I might go through these same actions in real life; the others would be absorbed with their conversations and would pay no attention to me. The actual circumstance is not artistic, simply because it is natural; it is not planned. It is merely a step in a great many sequential happenings, while the scene on the screen is perhaps one of thirty in the play. And even if it is one of the least important, it has direct and definite bearing on the story itself.

A star is supported only when the other players in the cast work in absolute harmony with that star. You have perhaps seen plays in which the actors and actresses taking the minor parts have diverted a great deal of attention to themselves. Their purpose should be to center the interest and attention on the one

who has the most important part, meaning particularly in each individual scene. Even the star should not always have the most important part in every scene; nor does the star necessarily appear in every scene, but maybe only in a third or fourth of them. The other members of the cast, however, through their capable work, are actually supporting the star, even when the star does not appear. They may be building up toward some big scene in which all the skill and talent of the star will be required. Their plot and intrigue are simply preparing the ground so that the work of the star may be unimpeded, and the purpose of the big scene may be clearly understood.

How important this harmonious action and support really are, is best explained by the re-takes that are so often necessary. Some scenes are taken over and over, until just the proper effect has been produced. You are permitted to see only the finished product; but if you could see the others, you would appreciate the nicety and the many rules that govern the art of photoplaying. The most infinite care is required to produce truly artistic screen effects.



THE ART OF MAKE-UP DEFINED BY EXPLANATIONS AND EXAMPLES

By WALLACE BEERY

ARE there certain materials used in making up the features for the film play? If there are, would you name them and explain how and when they are used? J. S. W.

THERE are numerous materials employed in make-up. The most widely used of these are the grease-paints, which consist of the flesh foundation, coming in different tints from very light to dark and swarthy; the liners, usually black or maroon in color; the high-lights, to accentuate the lights and the shadows; and the powder, usually flesh-tinted, in addition to the cold cream required in removing the grease-paints.

The make-up materials used by the film players are different, so far as tints are concerned, from the colors used by players on the speaking stage. This is because the camera sees colors differently from the eye. The speaking stage actor has to make your eyes believe that you are really looking at the genuine character represented by the actor or actress; but the camera can record only in light and shadows. For example, the actors on the speaking stage use a blue tint in their liners beneath their eyes and to represent lines or hollows in the face and throat. If the blue happened to be light, the camera would see it white, and if it were dark, the camera would see it black. Therefore, a maroon tint will usually produce better photographic effects. To see the film actresses and actors in their make-up is not to see them as you know them on the screen, because the colors used look peculiar on the face.

Other materials are used, such as crepe hair for building beards and moustaches; spirit gum with which the crepe hair is stuck on the face; putty, used for building high cheekbones or changing the contour of the nose; as well as wigs and other appurtenances used in special ways.

A great deal of art is required in the use of these make-up materials, because very often they must so disguise the original actor's features as to make him look entirely different from the person he really is.

The use of make-up also depends in a great many ways upon the costuming effects; that is, the costuming carries out a certain part of the idea and the make-up carries out the balance of the idea. The make-up and the costuming, therefore, have to harmonize. If I wish to make my features look like the features of an old man, wrinkled and lined and with many hollows, I must employ my liners and my high-lights according to the natural lines in my face. Just as the portrait painter can make his picture look like a person, through following out certain rules of anatomy and the contrasts of lights and shadows, so does the make-up artist, by adhering to the same rules, make himself look like the character he is going to play.

In some plays, no make-up is used. But, the make-up—besides changing the appearance of one's

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features—really serves in covering the pores so that the magnified image on the screen will not show the actual texture of the skin. The figure on the screen is like the figure you would see through a magnifying glass. Film actresses very often use only cold cream and powder, which will serve the same purpose as make-up so far as photographic effects are concerned. This is especially true where they play "straight" parts; meaning where they look just as they really are. The art of make-up demands judgment in its use. It also calls for considerable practice, and no end of accuracy. Day after day, I may be called upon to appear in the same make-up. I can not go to bed with my make-up on. I must produce the identical effects day after day, because the various scenes taken on these different days are shown on the screen in a few minutes, and any discrepancy would be noticed immediately, or perhaps I may be in a play demanding a change of make-up. I may play two parts or represent the same character under different conditions. I make up many times, but I must always make up properly.



PHOTOPLAYING IS GOVERNED BY CERTAIN CLEARLY DEFINED RULES

By MIRIAM NESBITT

Kansas City, Mo.
Is it proper for an actor or actress to walk directly away from the audience or does that depend upon the nature of the scene? My friend and I have discussed this subject frequently. I contend that a player should never turn his back to the audience. My friend contends that it is quite proper to do so. Will you please inform us?
V. A.

THE rules of film-playing are numerous, but they must always take into consideration the nature of a scene. Ordinarily, a player should not turn his or her back to the audience. This is not a law, but simply a rule; and, like all rules, it has its exceptions. One of the fundamental rules of photoplaying is what we usually call "working toward the camera."

It may not be quite clear to you that, while I am actually walking away from the camera, I can still be "working" toward it. What I really mean is that I should give the camera a view of my features in profile, if in no other manner. It also means that if I turn around, I must turn so that I keep my features in the direction of the camera instead of having my back toward the camera. If you were to reach for an article, you might grasp that article with either your left hand or your right hand. But—if, by using your left hand, you would keep your features in view of the camera, then that would be the proper way to reach for that article.

However, there are certain reasonable excuses for walking directly away from the camera. One of these would be the character that the player would represent. Let us say that character is of an Indian who is supposed to be crude and untutored. Or let us say that the character is that of a villain; and that, from both sides of the scene, people have entered; and that, in order not to expose his features, the villain walks directly away. Or let us say again that the scene is a comedy scene and the slouching or peculiar gait of the character discloses the humor of the situation. In these, and similar, circumstances, it would be perfectly proper for the actor to walk directly away from the camera, which would be the same as walking from the audience.

Ordinarily, the artist works toward the camera, making all of his turns so that his features will be in view and avoiding turning his back directly on the audience. A good illustration of working toward the camera is found in making an exit through a door. The door is directly upstage, meaning at the opposite end of the scene. If the actor made a direct exit, he would turn his back on the audience and walk to the door. The door-knob is to the left of the audience. In order to make an artistic exit, that would at the same time seem perfectly natural, the actor manages to get over to one side of the room, perhaps while he is talking or perhaps under the pretense of looking out of the window. He may then approach the door at an angle so that his profile will be in view the entire distance. He reaches out and grasps the knob and opens the door; and yet he is in view

and his features would be seen all of the time. Just as he makes his exit he turns, so that his features are more plainly visible, perhaps under the pretense of saying something to someone in the scene or merely looking back in the room. He then pulls the door to after him, and thus avoids going out with his back toward the camera. But all this demands smooth-running art, or the effect might be awkward and jerky.



THE ART OF CHARACTER ACTING AND ITS RELATION TO OTHER ACTING

By RAPLEY HOLMES

Providence, R. I.
Will you please explain the meaning of character acting? Is not any acting, character acting? What is the distinction between this type and other kinds of acting?
G. W. L.

CHARACTER acting is that branch of acting wherein the artist portrays some type of character. It is distinguished from "straight" acting, in which the artist appears as he really is, as though he personally were undergoing certain adventures. The character player is one who represents the miser or the professional man or the banker or the senator, or the old hag or the woman weighted down with poverty or the adventuress, or any other type of this nature. Character playing, therefore, often calls for considerable art in make-up and costuming.

But character playing may also be historical in nature. An actor may represent Napoleon or Grant or Lincoln, and that would be character acting. Again, the character actor may represent some nationality, such as the German or the Frenchman or the Italian. This character playing might be related to some avocation, such as the banker, the mechanic, the engineer. His art must bring out certain characteristic qualifications and peculiarities. While he looks like the individual, he really plays the type—and this calls for a great deal of art and practice.

The divisions of dramatic art, or the different kinds of parts that may be taken, may convey a still clearer impression. A juvenile part means a youthful part, and it is properly played by younger actors and actresses. A character part means the sort of acting I have just explained. A straight part is one in which the actor or actress appears as he or she really is, as though he or she were personally experiencing the adventure, no matter what name may be given to the player in the cast of characters. A heavy part is more probably a villainous part. There can be a heavy straight part or a heavy character part. The most important player is known as a lead. The most important character player would be the character lead; and then there would be the juvenile lead and the straight lead and the heavy lead, because, in the cast, there may be a number of players under these various classifications.

The character actor usually stays in character parts practically all of his life. His reputation is made through his character playing. No matter how gifted he might be in other kinds of acting, he would be looked upon in accordance with the reputation he had created. On the other hand, when a player who has been in juvenile parts is cast for a character part, that player's admirers usually object.

Players are employed according to their special talents. They are engaged as character players and remain as character players; or they are engaged as heavies and play heavy parts. The character player is still a character actor even though he may be dressed in the most modish style. He does not have to be in rags or use a crutch or be roughly dressed in order to qualify as a character actor. He simply portrays some type of character; consequently he is a student of character and especially of types. He is a specialist who does a certain thing and his entire versatility must lie along the line of character playing. The directors observe this specialization and select their players accordingly. The character player is employed for character parts—usually contracts with that understanding. The character player must be a close student of his art—must never forget the character he portrays. The "straight" player is not thus bound down.



AN EXPLANATION OF SOME OF THE NUMEROUS STUDIO TERMS

By WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

Aurora, Ill.
Will you please explain what is meant by a set and a location? What is the difference between a set and a scene?
A. W. T.

St. Joseph, Mo.
A friend of mine told me that scenes are never taken in actual interiors but that the interior scenes are all built up in the studio. Will you inform me if this is true?
K. W.

A SET is the studio term for the arrangement of scenery and properties, such as the furniture, bric-a-brac, paintings and draperies representing the interior of a room of any description, such as a dining room, a drawing room, a ball room, a library, a bar room, the inside of a barn, a passageway, a hallway, etc.

Generally a set consists of two walls, and sometimes three walls. There is very rarely any actual ceiling, because the camera does not take in the view clear to the top of the wall. You simply assume that the ceiling is there. In the Western studios, where the stages are out-doors, all of the lighting for these sets is natural light; while in most of the Eastern studios artificial lights are required. The lights are very brilliant, being arc lights, spotlights and mercury lights of various types.

A location is an out-door scene; perhaps in the woods, in the country, in a business street or a residence street, or on a lawn, or on the water, so long as it is out-doors. It is called a location even though it consists of but a few square feet.

A scene is a division in the play. The term scene, as used in the film play, is different from the scene on the speaking stage. In the latter instance we would have Scene 1, which would be a dining room; Scene 2, which would be a veranda or a lawn of a hotel, etc. There would perhaps be only as many scenes as there were acts. But the scene in a film play is whatever is shown on the screen. Thus, one of our sets on the stage represents the interior of a library. This may be used a dozen different times in the play, and each time it is used it is a separate scene. Any change from one interior or exterior to the next interior or exterior, that you see on the screen, is a scene. A one-reel play, that would occupy about fifteen minutes for projection, might contain thirty, forty, or more scenes; and yet all of these scenes might be in only four interiors and on five different locations, because they would be used a number of times.

Scenes are sometimes taken in actual interiors, such as in stores or garages or in Pullman cars or hotel lobbies or even in actual residences. But in filming these scenes in real interiors, it is necessary to take along the lighting paraphernalia, because the natural light in those interiors, and even their best artificial lights, would be insufficient to secure a photographic record. Before the perfection of artificial lighting, real interiors could not be employed. But so many changes are made in every division of motography, the rule that holds good today may be set aside tomorrow. Inventive genius has found ways of doing things better. As each new thing is demonstrated, it supplants whatever was used previously.

Sometimes, scenes that occupy the least number of seconds to show, have actually cost the most to produce. These flashes, as they are called, may be very important; and they may be in the form of visions and would be seen only once in the production, and yet they may have cost hundreds or thousands of dollars.

If you will keep in mind the distinction between set, location and scene—then you will never be confused when you see these terms in print. Often, to secure one or two scenes, a company of players may be obliged to go to some distant place. These scenes may illustrate some story one of the characters is telling. It may relate to incidents in a distant city, or on a desert, but it had to be produced just as carefully as the other scenes of the play.

THE FILM PLAYERS' ART

"A MESSAGE FROM THE STARS"

"HOLD!" the director cried. What did he mean? He talked about hogging film and masking—about up-stage, down-stage, center, right and left.

And the members of the cast knew what he meant, just as the members of any profession always understand the language of their calling.

There's a sort of romantic mystery back of the screen. All you see is what is in the "frame"; but just out of view are innumerable other things—all parts of a real wonderland that has greater glamour than the speaking stage ever held.

When you have traveled much, and later see news films of the places you have visited, you enjoy the pictures more—because beyond the boundaries of the pictures are other views that your memory recalls.

It is the same with the films. Were this not true, the screen stars would never attend the movies. They do attend, and they enjoy the plays much more than you, because they see what you can not see: the life beyond the segments projected on the screen.

Have you ever visited a picture studio? If you have not, its mighty romance has not gripped you. Its riot of color, its action, its intense purpose would get into your blood like red wine.

All the world is mirrored on the screen: All classes, all types, all conditions of life. The magnetic, all-seeing eye of the camera has missed nothing—acknowledges no trivialities. It sees men and women, minds, hearts and souls—and yet it sees only what is before it.

Never before in the history of our wonderful world has such art been attained, because art is greatest when it deals most intimately with life—and the films are life, viewed through the eyes of art.

Out of the Darkness—Into the Light

Just a few years ago, many of the actresses and actors of Film-land whom you love so devotedly now, were unknown. Riches, fame, success became theirs. But has the earth been gleaned of all its favored? Will no others ever be found? History tells us that classes and talents perpetuate themselves. If artists have been found, then other artists must be found—and often the finding is in the silent places, far from the beaten paths.

This tugging lure of the screen is not a question of money purely. The money is a welcome recompense, gratefully received. But fame is something—and happiness is something, and to certain folk there is no happiness without fame. This has been true countless million times. It must be true times without number. It may be true with—you!

Art finds its votaries here and there. The stories of the film stars read like tales of old—legends based on the favors showered by gods upon men. Art finds its favorites in all manner of homes, under all conditions. Art moves like a magnetic finger whither it is attracted—and out of the many, it selects one—maybe you!

But remember this: Until you are guided by knowing what others have learned—until their experience can show you where and how to step—your art is but "the capacity to learn." Lincoln was once an untutored boy—Napoleon was a baby—Raphael had to learn the rudiments before he became the master artist. So it had to be with the film favorites; so it must be with those who are to follow.

Do you aspire to the films? You may not have a chance. And, again, you may. To none of us is delegated the power to say you aye or nay. We are not judges of our fellows or makers of destinies.

This much privilege should be yours—to learn your qualifications. Until you have tested yourself, you may never know. Late in life, mortals have found their work. Until they found their rightful fields, they failed. It is your right to try—to know the answer as you find it in your own response. It is worth the effort, surely.

A Twenty-four Hour Test at Home

No fairy will wave a magic wand above your head and make you an artist. But the veriest incidents have sometimes turned persons aside from the courses they have been pursuing—and accident, or

fortuitous circumstance, has helped them find their winning strides. May it not be the same with you?

If you are truly interested in yourself, then by all means send for this interesting "Twenty-four Hour Test." It will open the way for you—give you a broader and better idea of just what film acting is; what the reasons and the system back of it really are.

We can not describe this Test to you here, except to say that it consists of certain scenes, with the purposes of them explained, that will help you ferret out and locate your talent—if it exists. And suppose it should not exist? Then let your day-dreaming go glimmering and be done with your ideas. And if you have talent—what then?

Bear this in mind: There is no such thing as the "greatest" in any line. The champion of today must meet a better man tomorrow. Life is a kaleidoscope. It changes always, and you may occupy one of its central scenes. You can never know until the right conditions arise. This Twenty-four Hour Test simply promotes those right conditions.

Well, it is for you to say. Shall we mail this Test to you? If your interest sanctions sending us a two-cent stamp, the Test is yours. If you are not curious about your future, don't get it. If your ambition is sleeping, don't wake it—not even while you listen dreamily to the stepping of busy feet marching past you along Life's Great Highway to the Goal of Achievement!

But if your future really does concern you—if you are interested in what tomorrow holds—if you merely wish to know something about the newest, best-paid art of Film Playing, then send a two-cent stamp and this Test will be in your hands without delay—to use in the privacy of your own room, or wherever you may be. And then you may know your talents and take no one into your confidence.

Nobody in all the world should be more interested in your success than you are. If you refuse to help yourself, then blame no one else for neglecting you.

A Message from the Stars

When you write for the Twenty-four Hour Test, we will send you, free of cost, the beautiful "Message from the Stars," profusely illustrated.

What is the Message? What is its secret? It is a glimpse into the fairyland of filmdom. It takes you into the Studio, into the Dressing Rooms—shows you how pictures are "put on." It explains wonders you have never even guessed at, no matter how many times you have attended the movies.

The Message puts you on a more intimate footing with the screen players—tells you the things you have wanted to know. It explains how players get started, how the unknown became famous—what the future holds for the films.

This is not a book—but a collection of facts, figures and pictures. It is a Portfolio of the farther side of the screen, with its real romance that you have longed to understand.

Suppose your favorite player could accompany you through a Studio, and show you the sets, the light arrangements, the "props," the clicking camera, the vast numbers and great variety of actor-folk? Suppose you went out on locations, and actually took part in a play? It would be like a frolic with the gods and goddesses—away from the haunts of mortal men.

Really, how do they accomplish such remarkable results? How are the tricks of the films worked out? What are the mysteries of the dissolve, the vision, the fade-in and fade-out? How does an actor appear in two different roles in the same scene at the same time?

How are scenes filmed—in the order in which you see them, or in some different manner? What do the actors and actresses say? How do they produce harmonious dramatic results when they act in a section at a time?

If you were to visit a studio and view the filming of a scene, you would not know its purpose. It would seem to be disjointed—purposeless. Do those in the scene know as little about it, or is there some plan that they follow?

Even if you had one of the scenarios in your hands, that would be no indication of what the actors and actresses must do—what the studio carpenters, electricians, scenic artists, property men and others must do, before the photoplay scenario becomes a reality—before the play appears upon the screen.

One Each While the Edition Lasts

The new edition of "A Message from the Stars," is for those who are alert enough to send for it at once. While the edition lasts, just one copy will go to each inquirer who sends for the Twenty-four Hour Test.

Never before has the world known a field of endeavor that paid more for art or more to artists. This message will reveal facts about salaries, the number of persons employed, the sums involved in film production and marketing, that will be revelations to you. And, too, you will be astounded to learn the number of studios and the number of companies of players in those studios.

Better than all else, you will find that Ten Great Stars have actually gone out of their way to help you and guide you, so that you will commit no error. If you attempted to collect this information yourself, the channels would not be open to you to begin with—and the maze of facts would discourage you. If you had to pay for this Message, you would likely be more satisfied—but we want you to have your copy, if you sincerely desire it. That is why we have set aside a copy for you awaiting your prompt response.

If you aspire to act, then you certainly should measure your chances without loss of time. If everybody who ever had aspirations could have learned the facts in time, how much different the history of success would have been!

"A Message from the Stars" gets straight to the point. It answers many questions that you have asked yourself repeatedly. And the opportunity of possessing this Message is in your hands this moment. What is your answer? What should it be?

This is a Message from the Stars, and from many others—a Message to you, about the World's Greatest Marvel, and the opportunities it holds for the many who are sincerely in earnest.

No matter what your age may be, or your nationality or occupation, or your belief, or your height, weight, coloring, beauty or lack of beauty, this Message is for you. No other business has ever employed such a variety of persons as the films. This is true because nothing else has reflected Life in all its phases so truthfully.

You are going to get the "Twenty-four Hour Test" anyway. You are going to send for that immediately, and at the same time ask for a Free copy of "A Message from the Stars." Simply send a two-cent stamp and say, "Your Twenty-four Hour Test and A Message from the Stars." Sign your name and address, and write to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. And write today!

Your Promptness Must Decide

Your interest in the films and in what they may mean to you, must determine you to respond without delay. No judge would attempt to hand down a decision without hearing the facts and considering the law. You can not afford to pass judgment on your own future until you know the conditions affecting it. Be fair to yourself. Investigate! Learn if there is really a place for you in the films. Satisfy your curiosity once and for all time. Know what the films have meant to others—to boys, girls, men, women.

"A Message from the Stars" will prove one of the rarest treats it has ever been your good fortune to experience. It will inspire you and make you think good and hard. And the Test will give you a genuine opportunity of trying yourself out, so that you may set aside speculation and know just how much talent you possess or lack.

And now is the time—not tomorrow or next week—but NOW. Send your request. Enclose two cents in stamps and ask for the Test and "A Message from the Stars." Address your request to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill., and be sure that you write your name and address plainly.

The Film Play Guild

THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF FILM FANS

THE FILM PLAY GUILD is your society. Wherever many persons are interested in the same thing, there also we find an organization. Lawyers, physicians, dentists, ministers of the gospel, teachers, various tradespeople, different classes of laborers, manufacturers, merchants, and all others, have their societies. The Film Play Guild is the big arena in which film enthusiasts may meet and discuss those subjects concerning the screen that are nearest to their hearts.

It doesn't cost any money to belong to the Film Play Guild. There is no initiation fee to pay, nor are there any dues. No matter who you may be or where you may live, you are entitled to belong. But, in order to belong, you must write and signify your desire—and then you will receive a membership card, and you will be entitled to the advantages that we shall explain to you. Don't send any money with your application for membership. And accept our assurance that you will not be called upon to pay any dues of any nature.

This department is for all our readers. But only the Guild members will be entitled to the specific advantages of the Guild. This is an organization of the fans. We don't admit the players to it; and yet the players are invited to talk to the Guild members. We like to know what they have to say. We like to have their views, because those views may assist us in understanding them better and in more fully appreciating their work. If the screen means anything at all, it surely should mean something besides the passing amusement of an afternoon or an evening. The screen is helping us think—it is giving us new ideals—it is bringing all forms of humanity nearer to us. No longer may the philosopher say that one-half the world doesn't understand how the other half lives. The screen has brought the other half to us. It has made folk in all walks of life our intimate acquaintances. The screen has taught us more than anything else, apart from extensive travel and the most painstaking study. Most of us are too busy to travel a great deal, or to study to any considerable degree. We have our little worries and our little affairs. And when we go to the picture theatre, we try to forget those cares and worries.

And yet this amusement is also a liberal educator. Each month some well-known player will talk to you through this department, and will help you in grasping the real message of the films. This month's message is from that widely known and popular player—Mr. J. Warren Kerrigan.

A MESSAGE ON PERSONALITY

By J. Warren Kerrigan

PERSONALITY and individuality are two different things.

Everybody is an individual. Many individuals lack that quality that the world has come to know as personality. There is physical personality and there is mental personality; and of the two, the latter is the more important.

Every business man who succeeds—may succeed better if he is personally magnetic. Some men achieve wonders through the sheer force of their wills. Many of them are entirely lacking in those personal qualities that attract others. Other business men, who have less talent for business and who have been less skilled in thinking and planning, have succeeded to the greatest degree because they could make others believe in them. It is that way on the screen—and it is that way in all walks of life. It is the same among children, among youth, among grown-ups. It is the same in cities and country towns—in America and in foreign lands.

Personality is the greatest individual asset in the world. Others may have stocks and bonds, real estate and gold—but the person who possesses elusive magnetism may win treasures far beyond the assets of the wealthy person. This is true because personality may bring the treasures of friendship and the treasures of happiness that can not be bartered on the basis of gold.

For many centuries, farmers planted any kind of seed and their crops never improved. There finally came a time when some farmers noticed that some of the kernels of grain were well rounded and full and beautiful. They saved these better seeds, and the result was the reward of better crops. Each season they selected their best seed, and each season they had more bountiful crops. They did this with

their grain, their vegetables, their cotton, their fruit trees, with everything in the vegetable kingdom that they cultivated. They secured more bushels or more bales or more tons to the acre, and not only did they have more in bulk, but they had greater quality.

Every vegetable and every grain that you know was once a weed. By selecting the best and perpetuating only the best, humanity secured its many delicious and nourishing edibles. And, in the same way, the best farm animals were mated, and finally, from out of the scraggly, shaggy herds came our full-blooded stock, showing the value of scientific breeding. It is the same in human nature as it is in other kinds of nature. Individuality may run to weed, but personality becomes a matter of selection.

In your mind there are certain beneficial thoughts and there are certain other harmful thoughts. You have certain talents and you have certain disagreeable habits. The better of these classes are like the full, beautiful seed grain, and the lesser of them are like the shrunken kernels and the weeds. What has been done in the scientific propagation of cereals, fruits and live stock, through many generations, can be done in a smaller number of months by the individual in his own life and with the same environments.

Personality simply means the selection of the best that is in you, and the discarding of all the rest. You can not overcome your disagreeable propensities until you have cultivated your more admirable qualities. The little waves of discontent and fear and forebodings and peevishness that exist in your mind, will vanish when you have created greater waves of happiness and satisfaction and determination and cheerfulness. Everybody with whom you come in contact is constituted very much the same as you. Therefore, those persons are susceptible to impulses of good or evil, happiness or sadness, friendliness or enmity.

NOW, I don't want you to confuse personality with talent. Many persons with great talents have small personality or very disagreeable personality. The greatest actor, the greatest painter, the greatest sculptor, the greatest orator, the greatest poet, the greatest musician, might be altogether too disagreeable for even the most tolerant. On the other hand, the person who can not act or paint, or work in clay or marble, or declaim, or write a poem, or play a musical instrument or sing, may have greater personality than the most talented of the earth.

Now, when you see an actor upon the screen, he presents to you two distinct studies in personality. First of all, and at the foundation of his work, must be himself. But the actor is always capable of being somebody else; namely, the character he plays. The actor can so forget himself that he is no longer himself, but the character he represents. But through it all, we detect the rays of his own personality. He may appeal to us—and we may remember him. Or he may be merely technically correct and impress us very little, or not at all.

Personality is not beauty, nor is it size, or weight, or coloring. Physical personality may be all of these things; and yet it never appeals beyond the bounds of the physical. Napoleon was a man short of stature, he was nervous, he had an affliction that kept one of his limbs trembling and jerking. And yet Napoleon seemed to be able to project the force that was in his mind into the minds of others and compel them to do his will. The one thing he thought about was conquest. All of his thoughts, all of his energy, all of his aspirations—found the channel of conquest. If he had devoted the same energy to making friends, then every man and woman and child in Europe would have been his friend. He felt no personal discomfort—no task was too great for him to undertake, because the big waves of his thought were waves of success that overcame all of the little, complaining waves and all the waves that suggested fatigue or sickness or failure.

The screen is the greatest teacher of personality the world has ever known. You don't have to study it or analyze it or think about it, because its lessons will impress themselves upon you any time. The screen is not only teaching you valor and virtue, but it is teaching you courage, determination, character. The screen is teaching you these many qualities, because it is reflecting everything that pertains to life. It is giving you examples, day after day and night after night, of personality—personality that you feel and that has brought to your heart many favorites among the actors and actresses of the

screen. We feel their own personalities and we feel the personalities of the characters they play. What they pretend to be on the screen, you may be in life.

The screen is artificial only because it pretends to portray real events and real people. But even the pretenses are based on fact, and its lessons are the lessons of age old experience. The good and the bad that you learn by watching the pictures are the good and the bad of the world. The films do not invent. They are merely mirrors that reflect. Their invention is only a collection of incidents put together in a certain artistic manner. But every one of these incidents harks back to life itself. The films are teaching you the lessons of human nature by accentuating human characteristics. The good and the evil are idealized, and in that manner you can understand them better. Everybody in the picture-play is not a hero or a heroine; and yet, even the characters that you think are least important, are really very important. They are necessary in the play. And so are all characters necessary in life: the important and the unimportant, the big and the little, the successes and the failures.

Every actor and actress of the screen who has your admiration, had to go through this careful process of creating the better qualities at the expense of the poorer qualities. Each has husbanded his or her mental attributes. You can do the same thing. You can think the thoughts that will help you most, and you can perform the acts that are most worthy. By doing these simple things, you develop personal magnetism that compels people to listen to what you have to say and to believe in you even though you come unendorsed.

TODAY, there are many big business men who find the waves of opposition meeting them at every turn. They have lived much—and they have experienced a great deal. And because they have lived and experienced much, they are inclined to believe that no one can teach them, because they already understand. They may handle thousands and millions of dollars. They may employ tens, hundreds or thousands of men and women, and yet they may be as crude as cavemen when it comes to the question of their personal magnetism. They may repel instead of attract—they may create enemies instead of friends. What they have done has been done through their wills. What they have won has been won through their fighting. They have gone about everything in the hardest way. They have tackled the mob from the rear and have forced a passage through it. Just contrast them with those other men and women who are cheered and endorsed, encouraged and supported through their entire careers. Which achieves the most? Which has gone through life with the least expenditure of grueling energy? You know the answer—and I know it. And every person who pauses to think, knows it.

Personality is not some rare gift—nor is it a thing you can purchase in the open markets. You have all of the elements of it within you. And if you have permitted the other elements to obtrude themselves and to become masters, then you are manifestly the loser.

Within your mind you have a certain capacity of enlarging your ideas—of increasing your mental attributes. If you live in a cottage, it may seem roomy and ample; and yet you may go into a great building in which that cottage might almost be lost, and the space in the great building is a room, just as the lesser space in the cottage is a room. In the minds of some people there are great thoughts that might be likened to the interiors of this massive building; while in other minds there are the lesser thoughts, the little prejudices, the little hates, envies and jealousies that might be compared with the small rooms of the cottage. But—in the matter of buildings—it was a question of architecture and materials; whereas, in the matter of individuals, it is a question of thought.

You have seen characters on the screen who impressed you as being as broad-minded as the universe itself. And you have seen other characters who have impressed you as being comparable only with dingy, narrow, littered alleys and dark streets. The actor can pretend to be a great person or a very narrow and disagreeable person, because those are requisites of his playing art. But—in actual life—it is not what you pretend to be that counts, but what you actually are. And you can never be any greater than your manner of thought.

The Film Play Guild

THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF FILM FANS

It is as easy to get into the habit of thinking big, generous thoughts as it is to fall into the narrow habit of thinking selfish and harmful thoughts. And when you analyze what I have told you, you will realize that it is not preaching. It is simply common sense. It is not even psychology. It is just plain fact.

Have you ever permitted the screen to teach you these truths? Have you ever felt them down deep in your heart and in your mind when you have left the picture theatre? If you have not felt these things and lived these things, then you have missed the great lesson of the screen. That lesson is there every day, in every type of picture, simply because every picture is merely a reflection of life itself. Every picture is teaching you personality; and, better than that, the value of personality. Every picture is teaching you that other people merit your consideration. It is showing you that your enemies have really been your greatest friends in disguise. Your friends merely cajoled you and overlooked your faults—but your enemies have fought you and have kept you bright and burning. And every enemy you ever had was some other fellow's friend.

The screen has taught you, is teaching you—and will continue to teach you—that breadth of mind brings breadth of success, because it carries with it happiness and satisfaction, and nothing in the world is greater than happiness. The more you set happiness aside, the harder you struggle for the things you believe you want—the less satisfied you become and the more disagreeable you grow.

Of all the solids that you know in the universe, the most unbending solid is thought. Everything you see in the man-fashioned world is the result of thought. And every great character who has lived in history has been a character with a mighty personality. And this merely means that these characters had thought the helpful thoughts until there was no longer room for the other kind. That is why people felt their influence and believed in them. These are the lessons that the films are doing their best to teach you day in and day out.

Your Special Guild Privileges

THERE ARE certain matters that interest you that can not very well be handled through the columns of a publication. You may want to know many personal questions about the players themselves. Thousands of such letters would come to us requesting replies. If we devoted the entire publication to these questions and answers, we would still be unable to take care of some of them. Very often you may wish to know about a player and don't know where to reach him or her. These players change their location so frequently and switch from one company to another so often, you are confused. Sometimes you don't read the trade-mark on the film correctly, or it is flashed so quickly you don't catch it.

Therefore, the first special service we render to Guild members is to get their letters to players into the hands of those players, so that the replies may come without delay. In view of the fact that a player may receive 100 or 200 or 300 letters a day, be sure to make those letters brief. If you write page after page, your chances of receiving a reply diminish. You may not have a question to ask, but may wish to express your admiration for the work of that player in some particular film.

Send these letters to the Film Play Guild, 1017 Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for the player's reply. Address the outside envelope to the Guild, and not to the player in care of the Guild. The letter inside the envelope should be addressed to the player. Each day these letters are sorted out and mailed to the various film actors and actresses, together with a personal request from us that they receive early attention.

Another point of service in which the Guild will help you is through assisting you in securing, at your own film theatre, a picture that you may be especially desirous of seeing. There is always a right way of securing these releases. Through our assistance, your chances of seeing some favorite in a recent release will be greatly enhanced.

If you should wish to have a player appear personally at your theatre, we shall try to get that player to appear, if it is possible, although no actor or actress can leave in the midst of a picture to fill engagements of this nature. Therefore, be sure to name

several choices, and we will advise you as to the best method to pursue.

Another point of service that you will be entitled to as a Guild member, is the purchase of any book relating to any phase of the photoplay business. Where we can secure these books for you at a reduced price, we will give you the advantage of the saving. In asking us about any such book, name the title of it and the author. Or, if you are desirous of getting a book and you are not sure that any such book is published, tell us the kind of volume you would wish, and if there is one of that nature, we should be glad to help you secure it.

Other means of co-operation will be extended to you from time to time. Merely write in and tell us that you would like to be a member of the Film Play

Guild, and we will send you a membership card without cost and without obligation. If you wish any of the special information that we have explained above, you may send your request for it at the time you ask for the card of membership in the Film Play Guild. No charge is made for this personal, special service. Its object is to help you and the players understand one another better.

All letters pertaining to Guild matters should be addressed to the FILM PLAY GUILD, 1017 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. Other letters pertaining to the various departments of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD should be addressed to those departments as indicated in each one of those departments.

Send for your membership card today, simply enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

WHAT IS A LOCAL FILM PLAY GUILD?

To be a member of the Film Play Guild is one thing—but to be a member of a Local Film Play Guild is another thing.

The Film Play Guild, as you have read on the opposite page and part of this one, is an organization offering certain special free service to its members, and the qualification for membership is merely a request for a membership card. But beyond this matter of individual membership, there is still a more advanced stage of the Guild, and this is embodied in the Local Guilds.

You may have a certain number of friends with whom you are mutually interested in the players and the plays. You may have one friend, or two or three, or half a dozen, or a dozen. A Local Film Play Guild is an organization like a society, fraternity or a sorority. There is just as much fun in it, and more real help in it, than could be experienced through the mass of fraternal societies. The Film Play Guild has nothing to do with politics or religion; it has nothing to do with nationality. It does not interfere with your general plan or views of life. This can be said of very few societies. The Film Play Guild merely assumes that you are interested in the players and the plays. Nothing else matters.

But perhaps you would like to know more about

the players and the plays, about the art of the players and the plan of the plays. Perhaps you would like to have a little organization where you could receive special information that would soon make you understand the players and the plays better than anybody else in your community. The reason these things have not been discussed in magazines is because they do not really belong in publications. They depend upon the personal ambition and the aspirations of the individual.

Suppose that every six months you were privileged to visit the studios and become acquainted with a great many players. Suppose, further, that you could be with the companies while they were producing various plays. And let us still further suppose that you knew the scenario writers and they took you into their confidence and told you just how they built their plots, and why these plots were constructed according to a certain pattern. Suppose you knew why the actors and actresses did things in a certain way, and why some acting is artistic and other is amateurish. Pretty soon you would be better posted on the world's greatest amusement than any other person in your community. You could tell them things about the plays and players that they had never guessed, or even thought of, before.

A Regular Organization With Definite Benefits

Once you form a Local Film Play Guild, not only do you learn these various things about the players and the plays, but you are also privileged to participate in certain contests and debates and studies of special plays.

You will be given instructions of very special ways in which to entertain your friends. You will simply live the life of the films just as though you were one of the players and your home were a studio. Special messages will come to you from the players themselves, giving you very valuable hints and suggestions. Indeed, you will be on the inside, and

nobody else in your community can possibly get the fun out of the films, or the profit out of them, that will be yours.

This is true no matter how old you may be, how youthful, or how dignified. All you know about the films today is what you have gathered through observation and through reading magazines and newspapers. In other words, you simply see the surface. And yet, back of that surface, are science and art. The age-old drama, photography, and many other arts and sciences have contributed to the upbuilding of this giant of entertainment—the films.

A Post-Card Will Bring the Facts

Without being obliged to spend money for equipment—without having to meet dues, without any initiation fee—you may start a Local Film Play Guild and experience all of its benefits and its entertainment.

Now, all you have to do is write on a post-card: "Send me full facts about Local Film Play Guilds free of all cost." Sign your name and address plainly and by return mail you will get the information that you covet. This information is not given to you here, simply because we are not going to force anything on you that you may not want. But you don't know the real facts about Local Film Play Guilds. You want to learn these facts, and the sooner you learn them, the better. Then you can decide if you wish to form a Local Guild.

Remember, you can be a Guild member without belonging to a Local organization. But the Local Guild gives you special privileges—for the simple reason that it is less costly to talk to several persons as a single organization, than it is to talk to the same number individually.

You will be shown how you can hold meetings once a week, or twice a month, or once a month.

And you will learn about the various contests in which you may participate if you so desire.

The time to learn the facts about the Guild is TODAY!

It will cost you one penny for a post-card and about one minute in time. In return, you will receive facts that will really startle you. You will wonder why such an organization could be in progress without counting you in it. You will feel that you have missed something by not joining sooner. More than that, you will understand that you are really becoming a factor in the great film business. Instead of simply being one of the millions of patrons, you become one of the real guiding influences of the future of the films.

You cannot be too old or too young to appreciate, enjoy and profit by the Local Guilds. That is why we are going to look for your prompt response.

Send no money at all. Simply say that you want the facts. Then you can decide—and until then it will be impossible for you to decide. Get the information first and arrive at your decision later.

Address: FILM PLAY GUILD
1017 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Split Reel

A QUARTER HOUR IN FILM-PLAYER-LAND

A Loud-Pedal Comedy A FIRST NIGHTER GETS IN ON THE LAUGHS

By I. Sawit

OUR readers have heard so much concerning the remarkable success of Weber and Fields on the legitimate stage, and the importance and pomp of their first-night performances that the editor sent me to the Keystone-Triangle studios to write of a "film first-night."

During their brilliant seasons in New York, I had often been present at these gala functions, when fully half of the audience were composed of people whose names were nationally known, and who had paid astonishing prices for seats.

The "first-night" at Mack Sennett's Joy Emporium at which I had the pleasure of being present was strangely different. It, too, was a notable one, and, of course, a triumph for the genial comedy pair. Yet, it was not announced to an anxious world—not even mentioned. You had to be in the inner circle to even know of it. That inner-circle, though, was once more composed of people nationally famous. In one corner could be seen Chester Conklin, the famous Droppington. Talking with him was Charlie Chaplin, who loaned his funny tricks at this studio. Dozens of other celebrities were scattered around the small barnlike projection-room. Joe Weber and his side-partner, Lew Fields, different from their other performances, were seated to see themselves act. With them was Joe Jackson, who is doing funny stunts with his bicycle for Mack Sennett. Others were Sam Bernard, Roscoe Arbuckle, half-a-dozen directors and the famous staff of script writers. Before the film was run off, Mabel Normand, Mae Busch and others of the fair sex found places for themselves.

Of course, Sennett, the brains of the place, sat in his famous armchair. That chair is well-known, because of the part it has played in the construction of Keystone pictures, and also because it is the only chair in the projection room, and also the only chair that Mack Sennett ever has time to sit in. The rest, including yours truly, sat on barrels, benches, and the floor.

A dim half-hearted electric light half-revealed the audience, and illuminated a score of faces that make folks laugh the world over. While you are looking over this startling array of talent, the light goes out, and on the screen you see the incomparable duo, in their famous make-up. A tremendous cheer and round of applause echoed through the room, and touched the hearts of those two funny men. Instantly the cheer turns into a roar of delight as, without the slightest delay, the fun starts. To tell the truth, it gets so great that the official soft-pedal has to be put in force. This is not because Mack doesn't want his people to enjoy themselves, but because Louis Gottschalk, the musical director, is trying to synchronize his score with the picture, which any musician will tell you is a real hard job.

Nothing can stop the applause, however, and soon we all hear the loud haw-haw of the Big Chief, himself. When Mack laughs at a film, you know it's good. I've sat through excruciatingly funny Keystones, and watched Sennett give the best imitation in the

world of an over-worked undertaker. But tonight, it is different.

Lew Fields speaks, and we all strive to hear what he's saying. "Watcha laughing at, Joe?"

To which his funny partner replies in the familiar dialect, "I ain't laughin', Lew, I'm cryin' for to see you make such a tamm fool of yourself, and laughing yourself at it. I'm surprised!"

Fields grunts, "Maybe you tink it's funny, Joe, but I can't tell, so I play safe."

"If you want to play safe—don't laugh," from Weber. "Anyway, you know, it ain't modest!"

Chester Conklin adds a loud laugh, May Busch whispers something funny to Mabel Normand, and before you know it, the Weber and Fields first-night has come to a smashing climax. Out into the enchanting California night we all come, and pat the genial duo on the back—or shall I say backs? "Fine—great!" we all tell them.

"I hope so," remarks Weber, and Fields adds, "Anyway, it was some first-night!"

Then they all gather together, and hie their way to the club, but I, alas, poor scribe, must wend my way to a trusty typewriter and, for your benefit, set this down for publication. Not saying, though, that I didn't meet the crowd later!

Red Blooded Drama BOBBY HARRON CLIMBS FAME'S LADDER

By the Gossip

YOUNG Bobby Harron is certainly making some name for himself. Only a kid—Bob is twenty—he is considered by many second only to Henry Walthall in emotional acting.

We remember well the day young Bob got his first chance to play in a picture. It was some six years ago at the old time Biograph studios on 14th Street, New York. Mr. Griffith was directing and wanted a messenger boy for a scene. Bobby was an office boy around the building, drawing wages of probably \$5.00 a week. Griffith spied him, and after much pleading got Harron to play the "bit." That was the end of Bobby Harron, office boy, and the beginning of Mr. Robert Harron, actor. He was signed up immediately at a salary of something like \$25.00 a week, maybe a little more, maybe a little less. We don't remember exactly, but in those days players getting much more than that considered themselves lucky.

Griffith observed the natural dramatic powers possessed by the ex-office boy, and immediately began training the youth to make the most of his talents. Under the able instruction of the Master Mind, Robert made marvelous strides in the silent drama, and very shortly became known as one of the best juvenile players in the country. His first big hit was made playing the part of an abused son in a Griffith heart-interest drama.

When Griffith severed his connections with Biograph, and signed up with Mutual at a phenomenal salary, Bobby was the first player he took with him. Since then he has been starred in countless features, and at the present moment is doing the best work of his career in a number of pic-

tures to be released by the Triangle, and to be shown throughout the country at \$2.00 prices.

Young Harron is a firm believer in athletics, and constantly practises boxing to the sorrow of his various studio mates. He belongs to all the really exclusive clubs in Los Angeles, and is a great favorite among every one on the Coast. Bobby has a record to be proud of, and is adding to it every day.

Blood-Tingling Tragedy TAKING CHANCES ON GETTING AWAY WITH IT

By Helen Ware

DURING my entire stage career, and it's been a long one, I have always spoken as a real live person, but now I am a film star it's different—yes, entirely different. Whispering when working before the camera strikes me as about the hardest thing to get used to. Besides that, it's the most amusing thing. I'm always forgetting and when they whisper to me a scene, I generally say, "For Heaven sake, if you have a voice, let me hear it!" Just fancy whispering to the villain, "Have at thee, brute! S'Death, fellow, I'll have your heart's blood for this night's foul work!" How, in the name of sense, can I give a response when half the time I haven't the slightest idea what my opposite is trying to say?

Some days ago in a scene, someone asked in a whisper, "Will you have a piece of pie?" "But why be so confidential about it?" I asked, "Is there anything to be kept dark about an innocent pie? Where did you steal it, anyway?"

My methods of acting, however, fit in well with Mr. Griffith's ideas, as I am used to expressing things through thought and facial expression, rather than through extreme use of gesture, or a superabundance of flowing language. And let me go on record now as saying that if I were deaf, dumb and blind, I could still work for Mr. Griffith, he is so inspiring.

The things that impress me the most about the western moving picture world are the way in which whole villages rise as though they were responding to the wave of a wand; the wonderful efficiency of the whole mechanical department, and the reckless bravery of the actors. While I am not timid, I'd be afraid to do a lot of things I have seen done in films by actors and actresses who never give their brave deeds a second thought. And it isn't any "prop" bravery, either. Picture players seem to bear charmed lives. There is not a feat of dare-devilry too difficult for them to undertake. The other day, while at Mr. Ince's studio in Inceville, I saw an actor shot at with real bullets—claimed the effect wouldn't be the same with blanks—and besides he said he had enough confidence in the man who was firing to know that he would be sure to hit his watch, as the script called for!

Another time I saw an actor nonchalantly allow himself to be securely tied and be thrown into the ocean, where beneath the water he untied his bonds himself. If someone told me this I wouldn't believe it, but I saw it with my own eyes, and "seeing is believing." The same day a young girl was to play her first picture with the "cats," which is the moving picture name for lions, tigers and leopards.

Without the sign of fear on her pretty face, she coolly walked into the cage, and went through her part! These are only a few of the really dangerous stunts that your favorite screen player has to perform daily to insure the pay-slip coming to hand regularly!

Oh, yes, Mr. Griffith put me through some similar parts in "Cross Currents." I played the part of an emotional lady of society, but stopped "emoting" long enough to leap into the sea from a burning yacht far out from shore. A few days before that, I was in a mine explosion—and a realistic one, at that. I'm getting used to it. I'm still alive, and expect to be so for a long time to come.

Rough-House Tragedy THE LAMB IS MADE THE GOAT

By Douglas Fairbanks

THIS is the life! I've been in pictures for only a few months, and yet I've already done harder work than in all my years on the stage. But I like it—it's great, there's no getting away from that. My first few days at the Triangle Studios I'll never forget. I thought I was in a pugilistic school. The picture was the "Lamb" and Billy Cabanne was directing under the supervision of Griffith. One of the first scenes we shot (oh, you see I have that studio lingo down pat) was a combination of a wrestling match, a prize fight and the German trenches. Ed. Kennedy, the famous pug, had just wiped up the floor with me, and I was anxiously looking forward to a moment of rest. But "Nix!" said Cabanne and Cabanne is boss.

"We'll retake that scene, people," came from his lips and I had to put myself in readiness. Again I was flung about the studio until a score or two feet of film had passed through the camera, and then came the welcome word, "Cut!" At first I thought Billy meant I was, but it was Bill Fildue, the camera-man, he was talking to. I begged my director for a little rest, and reluctantly he gave it to me. Rushing to my dressing room, I sought the comforts of a downy couch, but alas and alack, I didn't enjoy it long. A prop boy knocked at the door, and announced that Mr. Cabanne was waiting. "Doug," he said to me, "in this scene you are to get a black eye. Now, Ed, don't be afraid to hit hard in this close-up, because it'll look bad otherwise. Right-o? We'll rehearse it."

Well, Ed and I certainly battled back and forth, and then a gush of wind informed me that something was going to happen. It did. Ed's glove connected with my eye with such a beaut of a punch that he forced me out of the lines of the camera. I knew what that meant. I could hear Cabanne swearing. A retake it was, and my poor eye is still mourning the fact. People in the studio insist Kennedy hit me, but I'm equally insistent it was the kick of a mule. Every cloud has its silver lining, though, and my black eye gave me a vacation for the rest of the day.

I'm wrong—my body got a vacation, but my hands never. I'm not trying to brag or anything like that, but I swear that during my first week here I signed over a hundred photographs. Every one in the place from the office boy's assistant to the chief mixer of scenery paint has given me the old, old story



The Split Reel

A QUARTER HOUR IN FILM-PLAYER-LAND

of me being their favorite actor and all that tommyrot, and ended it up with the old plea for a picture—signed. Don't think for a minute, though, that I place myself on any sort of pedestal. If you do, you're all wrong. The real complaint I have to make is that I sprained my right hand in the first scene of the "Lamb," and it'll never get well if I don't steer clear of the pen and ink.

A Keystone Comedy SAD, SERIOUS HARD- WORKING SENNETT

By The Gossip

THE busiest man in the world is Mack Sennett, the man for whom the word "laughter" was invented. Maybe you think I'm wrong, but I know I'm right! He is doing the seemingly impossible task of completing two double-reel Keystones for the Triangle program each week. Of course, you all know that a two-reel picture runs about 2,000 feet, but that doesn't mean that only that amount has been taken. I've known Mack to eat up 10,000 feet of good expensive film to get just one reel. Every foot of film that does not contain a laugh, quicken up the action or tell an essential part of the story is cut out. That's what makes it a "Keystone."

But to get back to Sennett: Mack is in hard physical training all the time. Early in the morning, before time for the milk-man even, he's up and across country running half a dozen miles. At the studio, between scenes, you can find him in his humble little dressing-room swinging the Indian clubs, or exercising with the dumb-bells.

One day while at the studio, I heard a visiting newspaper man ask where the Big Chief's office was. Some of the group looked blank and the others grinned.

"He hasn't any," was the answer. "If you can't find him on any of the stages, in the projection rooms, or in the lunch room, you might get him in somebody else's office or the work-shop, or—" But the visitor had thrown up his hands and fled.

Mack Sennett looks the trained athlete he is, but he knows also how to save his vitality. In the projection-room, where he watches the daily progress of each film, he is a good deal like a bored and sleepy lion, as long as everything goes right. But a Keystone is never good enough to suit this exacting man for more than a few seconds at a time, and there are anywhere from three to half-a-dozen capable assistants waiting to catch his volley of rapid-fire orders.

"Ah! There's a dull part. Cut it. Let him get his anger over, then flash back to his wife. . . . Insert subtitle just before Harry enters. . . . Stick in a couple more feet of dancing, set insert back three scenes. . . . Ford doesn't register dismay quick enough. Retake it. . . . Cecile looked at the lens. Retake that too. . . . Put in a close-up—" And so on for hours until the mind of the rare-privileged outsider is in a dizzy whirl.

The effective elimination of six to a dozen feet of film for every foot saved is what makes a master-director of photoplays, for that one foot must be chosen to tell all that originally was in almost a dozen times that length. Sennett's genius for packing a story

into a few feet of film, with the aid of this process of elimination, is stamped all over Keystone work, and picture men recognize it instantly. They would imitate him if they could, but that they have failed is evidenced by the recognized premiership of the Keystone picture, and its inclusion in the distinguished Triangle programme.

But cutting a film is only the final process. Long before that, must come the ideas—dramatic, comic, photographic and mechanical—that together makes a Keystone comedy the fastest fun on earth.

"How do they ever think up such extraordinary stunts to do?" is a universal question when Keystones are spoken of.

It is a difficult question to answer, but it is done almost entirely at the Keystone Joy Factory. Mack Sennett, is, of course, an ex-officio member with plenary powers. Then, there are the other members of his staff, the directors and an occasional actor who has originality. But that is not all. Here are the names of four others: Harry Williams, Vincent Bryan, William Jerome and Jean Havez. If you don't happen to remember their names, you know their work. They're all song-writers, strange as it may seem.

Among other hits, Williams wrote, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," Bryan wrote "Tammany," Jerome, "Bedelia," and Havez put out one of the greatest song hits ever written, "Everybody Works but Father."

However, you'll never see these men's names on the screen as author. Each play is the production of many minds working together—a true collaboration—and it does not stop until the last scene has been photographed. Sennett, of course, provides the largest share of ideas, finds ways to carry out seemingly wild and impossible things, and toiling with the dogged persistence and the inexhaustible energy that his physical preparedness provides, creates more hearty and wholesome laughter than any other human being. Which is saying something.

A Marine Thriller

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

By Margaret (Fatty) Burke

PLAYING in slap-stick comedies has sort of made dangers a matter of every-day work, but once I really and truly nearly did die. I was working in a comedy for Mr. Ray of the Federal Company that required a great amount of what we call "water stuff." The other principals were Mabel Spade, our ingenue, and Wil Rex, who is now a director, but was then playing comedy leads for us.

The four of us (Mr. Ray played also) were in a canoe off the Atlantic Highlands filming a scene in "A Watery Romance." The camera was in a motor boat. Suddenly without the slightest warning, the motor boat started off full force and cut the canoe in two. Mabel gave one scream, and promptly fainted. I don't know yet what I did, but spectators tell me I followed Miss Spade's example. Neither one of us could swim, and the water was rough, and deep, and oh, so far from shore! Mr. Ray and Mr. Rex did their best to save us as I learned later, but they were handicapped by heavy clothing and shoes. The camera man didn't

even try to help us, but true to tradition righted the boat, and filmed our accident.

Struggling and working manfully with our burdensome and heavy bodies the two young men finally managed to keep us afloat, till a rescue was finally achieved. Mr. Rex then collapsed (no wonder, I weigh over 200 lbs.) and sank. Ray, who had the presence of mind to pick out a pretty young girl to save, decided to follow his example. To make a long story short, the youthful lifesavers were finally dragged from the bottom of the ocean, but it took two hours to revive them. The cameraman took a couple hundred feet of film of what he thought was their dead bodies, and then rushed to a telegraph office and sent the cheerful news to New York that his employers had been drowned. The next day all the Metropolitan papers carried the story with big captions. It was only after visiting the paper offices in person that the story was contradicted.

Another time I was almost drowned when I went overboard in an automobile with the same men, but that can wait—I've written enough now. Really, I think that when it comes my time to leave this earth, that I'll fall asleep in a bath-tub, and just dream myself into another world. I should have been alive in the time of the flood. Noah would have hired me as pilot!

Heart-Interest Drama

"MOTHER" BENSON AND "DADDY" MANLEY IN "LIFE"

By Wil Rex

THERE is nothing new or strange in the fact of old age stepping aside that youth may take up the burdens of life and carry them on. This has continued throughout the countless centuries. The sun must rise that it may set—but there is the interim of the night of rest.

In the long life of "Mother" Benson and "Daddy" Manley, who play with the Universal Film Company, and are the oldest couple in pictures, there seems to have been no rest. No vacations and no settling down to await, in peace, the final setting of their suns. It has been work with them—work, hustle and bustle, from the early days of their childhood to the evening of old age. But never do they complain. Quite the contrary—their happiest hours are when working. And the queerest part of it all is that this old couple work for the youngest director in filmdom, "Bobby" Leonard.

As life is much a matter of cause and effect, this is perhaps one of the whims that "Daddy" at eighty-seven, and "Mother" at eighty-three, get along so famously with "Their Boy," as they affectionately call him, at twenty-three. Remarkable as it is that this couple of aging years should accept the direction of one a quarter their span of life, it is more exceptional that a big corporation should choose from among over a score of capable artists, a man of such youth for so big an undertaking. Suppose we take a little journey with this genial trio, and watch them at their work. Loved, almost worshipped, by their fellow players, this old couple hold a unique place in the world of films.

It is seventy-two years since Charles Manley first "made-up." Smooth then—tanned and wrinkled now by suns

and winds and years, he still loves the smell of the paint. In comparison, "Mother" Benson is a new-comer to pictures. Three years ago, after eighty years of toil and mystery, which she keeps hidden in her heart, she drifted into Universal City. "Mother" was a "type," and was placed in stock at once. Her success since then has been phenomenal. From an unknown seeker after work, she has become the greatest portrayer of character parts in the world. Perhaps at times, when playing an emotional part of great depth, she is living over old snatches of her secret life—who knows?

Often at the noon hour, that breathing spell 'mid the movies, "Mother" and "Daddy" will be found seated on the studio stage, surrounded by a score of fellow-players—just like a group of youngster grandchildren. They bring their troubles and tribulations to this old couple, and accept their decisions without question. It is during these hours that "Daddy" turns backward in the flight of years.

"Yes," he will begin, "I was one of those who played with Booth and Barrett, Kean and Forrest, great in their day and loved by all. Yes, sirree! I am the oldest living actor, and I'm working for the youngest living director, and I'm proud of it. 'Bobby' here," patting the director on the back, "is the keenest youngster I've ever worked for, and he's got what few of us ever attain—a future ahead, and one right close behind." "Daddy" is looking for a day off next week," and "Bobby" winks knowingly.

But "Mother" Benson, sitting quietly, gives no inkling of her past. What can it be she is holding back—grim tragedy, aching sorrow, a lonesome heart? However, the joy of her new-born life is blotting out the memories of the by-gone days, and she, as well as "Daddy" Manley, has found content at last.

A Friendship Scene JUST BEFORE THE FILM FLICKERED

By Wil Rex

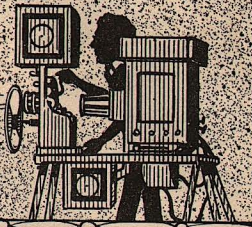
ROY APPLGATE, who played the heavy lead in the Equitable Company's production of "The Bludgeon," cherishes an unusual memory of the late Paul Armstrong, who was the author of the picture. Roy was playing an exceedingly difficult role, one that required a vast amount of gray matter. After completing this big scene, he stepped out of the set exhausted, and sought a chair to rest his wearied bones. A stranger reached out his hand, and remarked, "That was splendid work, old man. That's an unusually hard part to play, but you certainly got away with it in fine style." Mr. Applegate thanked the stranger, who continued to converse with him on various points in the play. At length, Roy turned to the man and said: "You surely know a great deal about this play, don't you?" and the stranger answered: "I ought to—my name's Armstrong—and I wrote it!"

Passed by the
Board of Censors



"The Release I Liked Best"

Conducted By Our Readers



There are all kinds of likes, and many kinds of dislikes, and it is the business of the film manufacturers to learn through experience. It is also helpful to us, in making a magazine, to know just what our readers think. Hence, this department.

If you have seen a play you like especially (a recent release or an older one, it makes no difference), suppose you help the companies and the players by writing to the Film Choice Editor, FILM PLAYERS HERALD, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill., and tell what you have liked and why.

It is not necessary to confine yourself to one play, but give the title, and the company (if you remember it), and tell just why you liked it. Was it because of the plot, or the photography, or because of the work of the stars, or why was it you liked that particular play? What has made it stand out so strongly in your memory? Surely, there is at least one play each month that you ask your friends to see. It may not make the same impression on them, but that does not stop you from giving your views.

This is not a department of criticism. It is just the opposite of "Realism." So get your thinking cap on, and remember that whenever you write, you are helping some favorite that much—and surely you wish to help your favorites by praising their plays. Get your letters in early.

Likes to Sob With Mary

Montclair, N. J.

Film Choice Editor:

Mary Pickford in "Rags" is my idea of a good heart-interest play. Liquor has a great deal to do in this plot and shows its effect on mankind. Her interpretation of a country tom-boy adds humor to the picture and at the same time shows she is willing to lead her father on the right road of life—but to no avail. Her two pets, a dog and a goat, also serve to make one laugh.

Respectfully yours,

E. H.

Likes Jim and Florence and Abhors Horrors!

Film Choice Editor: Mobile, Ala.

Florence La Badie was lovely as Florence Gray in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and as Julie in Bulwer's fine drama, being both stately and girlish in the latter. The "Lord Trevor" series was good, and gave both James Cruze and Florence La Badie a chance for good acting.

I have seen many fine films—can not enumerate them here—and one horror, "The Tragedy at Whispering Creek." I don't think plays of that kind should be given. The allegorical plays are good; so are historical and costume plays. All that elevate or amuse wholesomely are good.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Olive Winston Gage.

Wants More Griffith Plays

Dallas, Tex.

Choice Editor:

Yes, Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" was the one I liked best, though I long for a better word than like.

I am an Irishman, but had I been a Yankee my heart would have answered

just the same and sympathized with the stricken South of Reconstruction Days.

The play exposes the "wonderful Griffith mind." That the stars are his pupils makes the portrayals more vividly realistic.

Let's have more "Griffith Way" film stories. No Company or director be-little themselves by following the Griffith trend. Yours truly,

(Signed) M. M. Mills.

Jack London's Encouragement Worth While

Youngstown, Ohio.

Choice Editor:

I was delighted with one of Jack London's stories known as "Martin Eden." I think it was a fine dream and would appeal to all amateur writers that would sit up and take notice. It portrayed a struggling writer who had failed at first, like all amateur writers, but afterwards achieved success through hard study.

Sincerely,

H. C. K.

Picks Grace Cunard in "The Broken Coin"

Coal City, Ill.

Film Choice Editor:

"The Broken Coin" was the most gripping of all plays I have seen; especially the scenes in which Grace Cunard makes her way out of the mansion and gets away in the car, and just crosses the bridge before it is blown to burning splinters, and finds some one in the back seat of the car.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) Mary Murphy.

"The Black Box" Was Her Favorite

Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Film Choice Editor:

In "The Black Box," Frank MacQuarrie surely showed true love and faithfulness for his master. He had such a knack of acting the criminal and tangling the threads of the narrative in such a way, I could not rest until I had seen the last episode, and have everything straightened out to my satisfaction.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) Mrs. Earl Snow.

Again "The Broken Coin" and "Lola"

Cleveland, Ohio.

Film Choice Editor:

Francis Ford should get a compliment on his fine acting in the play called "The Broken Coin," for he certainly did fine with his leading lady, Grace Cunard. To see this play I think everybody would be glad to give more than it cost them. The beautiful scenery and the fine talent in this play are worth while to see. I advise others to see it if possible.

"Lola," in which Clara Kimball Young played, is another very interesting play to see, from the beginning to the end.

Yours truly,

L. A. S.

Little Mary as "Mistress Nell"

Montgomery, Ala.

Film Choice Editor:

I think that Mary Pickford as "Mistress Nell" was one of the finest plays I ever saw. There was something so captivating about her, we all felt like getting up and fighting for her. It was historical, too, and I always like historical plays. It seems as though I remember living a long time ago.

Respectfully,

W. G. Y.

Give Him Keystone Comedies

Camden, N. J.

Film Choice Editor:

If I am to say which release I like best, I must say it is any Keystone comedy. Now, some of my friends say it is all slap-stick nonsense, but I notice that, between criticisms, they are able to laugh just as heartily as I. And, besides, it is not so easy having film comedy without slap-stick—and every one thinks it is funny even if we don't admit it.

Mabel Normand is always good—and Syd Chaplin is playing a close favorite to his brother, Charles. But the Keystones for me every time. Life would be sad without them—and let the sour-eyed just take a closer look and then they will catch the spirit of the fun, and they will vote with me.

Yours respectfully,

J. De W. M.

"The Lamb" Was a Scream!

Fargo, N. D.

Film Choice Editor:

In St. Paul recently, I saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Lamb," and I think it was the funniest play ever. It had plenty of serious business in it, but that is what made the foolish part stand out stronger. I think that the photography was splendid—and the thrillers really thrilled. I can not remember a better picture and would be glad to see it again and again.

Yours for the Lamb,

Emma B.

Delighted With Cartoons

Jeanette, Pa.

Film Choice Editor:

While I understand that you want opinions on the releases themselves, I am going to tell you what class of films I like best. I am thinking of the animated cartoons—the Bray cartoons and the Essanay cartoons. They are surely tonics. There is something so very funny about them, to see those drawings doing things, they lift the burdens of the day from one's shoulders and make life more worth the living.

Carlson of Essanay must be very funny. He puts humor into his little dog and into "Dreamy Dud" the policeman. He makes everything so expressive. It is just like living a very funny dream, it is so grotesque. I hope that these cartoons will grow in number. While the children naturally enjoy them immensely, the grown-ups are just as keen for them. Let us do all we can to encourage them. They so relieve the heaviness of the dramas, and especially of the tragedies.

Yours for Fun,

Mabel M.

"Joe Martin Turns 'Em Loose"

Spokane, Wash.

Film Choice Editor:

I always like the animal plays, and I believe the funniest I ever saw (and I have seen it five times!) is, "Joe Martin Turns 'Em Loose," that circus play where the old maid gets a pet ape as a gift. Joe finds a chance to escape and goes to the animal quarters and turns the animals loose. Well, it is one round of excitement from that moment on—and the laughs are so many no one could count them. Besides, it was so wonderful to see how the actors and actresses took liberties with all those beasts. I wonder if anybody was injured in the filming of the picture? At any rate, if I have a chance to see it the sixth time, I am going to go.

Yours sincerely,

R. R.

Chooses "The Battle Cry of Peace"

Boston, Mass.

Film Choice Editor:

Every American, including Henry Ford, should see "The Battle Cry of Peace," the most instructive play that I think has ever been produced. If anything on earth can teach us preparedness, it is this remarkable film production.

This is a serious question, too, and it is one that should not be answered lightly. We are agitating the question of arming against the possible invasion of a foe, and it is not material that we know just what foe it will be. So long as we are likely to encounter anything approaching the disaster shown in "The Battle Cry of Peace," we would better be up and doing, or it will be too late.

So many plays are good—but now and then we find one that strikes home. Maybe many of your western readers, who feel secure enough away from the ocean, will not feel about it the same as we do here on the Atlantic seaboard, but I ask them to remember, as this film pointed out, that ninety per cent of the mills and factories producing materials we need for war, are in New England. Go see "The Battle Cry of Peace" by all means.

Yours for America,

J. D.

Thinks "Carmen" Wonderful

Racine, Wis.

Film Choice Editor:

I think Miss Geraldine Farrar, in "Carmen," was one of the most remarkable plays I have ever seen. The dramatic work was truly wonderful, and the photography was flawless. The play certainly held its grip on one. There were so many breathless moments—like the fight in the cigarette factory. I do hope they did not have to do that scene over. It was very strenuous work.

I think this play should be seen by every girl and every young man, and by some of the older ones, too, who have fallen from grace, or are so planning to fall. It shows that wrongdoing only brings suffering and death. There are many who, like poor Carmen, find that when they think they have set aside their evil ways and have happiness in view, they can attain it, only to meet with some disaster. This play teaches a moral, and it is better than most sermons that are preached. It is a play that makes one think that the films have just started to find themselves—a true masterpiece of the silent drama.

M. V. L.

"Chimmie Fadden" a Sure-Enough Scream

Kansas City, Mo.

Choice Editor:

Give me "Chimmie Fadden" every time. You have to go some to beat the wholesome comedy of Victor Moore. The last time I saw Moore on the stage, I thought he had gone a little stale—seemed a trifle bored. But since seeing him in his "Chimmie Fadden" pictures, I can find all the old Moore snap and vim and art. There is fun and good, clean human nature, and lots of genuine comedy without throwing pies at somebody.

The plays are well produced, too. And Moore is ably supported and I guess that helps us do some of the deciding.

Yours truly,

L. J. F.

USE YOUR MIND

By Bessie Barriscale



have felt the sting of adversity and the spur of ambition. Miss Barriscale is a commendable example of the ideas she advocates. Whenever you see her in the films, remember that she has won her high position through force of intellect—the master of talent, and the monitor of achievement.

THE CONQUESTS of mind, and the achievements of mankind, are synonymous. You can't think of one without thinking of the other. The world's struggle has been a battle between, "I don't believe," and "I do believe"; between, "I fear" and "I am unafraid"; between "I can't" and "I will."

Admitting these truths, the strangest thing on earth is that most folk doubt everything that is just a trifle out of the beaten paths. Every article we use—every system we possess—everything that serves us in our progress, is the product of—thought. Not only of thought, but of trained thinking—of systematized thought, classified, intensified. Eliminate thought and the thinker from life, and where is life? Remove the products of thought, such as confidence, belief in oneself, determination and the many other thought-elements, and where is progress?

Admitting these facts, why pause? Why admit them as generalities, and fail to apply them to yourself? If thought has worked wonders for a few, why can it not work proportionate wonders for the many—for the individual—for you?

The picture-play is an example of systematized thinking that has captivated the world. The photography, the screen, the cinematograph, the projecting machine, the film are but vehicles of thought—and the acting talent is but another medium of thought. Analyze the play thoroughly, and it resolves itself into thought—and, indeed, into communicative thought. It is—language. And language is but a means of transmitting thought from mind to mind. When the film play was developed, mind found a new channel for the expression of thought—a new language just as real as the words you speak. Even while Esperanto was struggling for recognition, the pictures came into being—and, behold, they are the new universal language. So long as they deal with familiar things, they are understood by the peoples of all countries without respect to language.

Only in one manner have the pictures still remained anchored to a language, and that is the titling—the wording explaining the passing of time or other details that could as well be explained in the pictures, were the proper footage devoted.

Every human being, barring the totally deficient, understands the basic emotions—love, hate, fear, hope, trust, belief, suspicion, jealousy, disappointment, etc. And this is what the pictures deal with, giving them artistic dress and continuity. But the sum-total of all is—thought. The action,

the facial expressions, the entire art of the photoplayer, are but means of thought interpretation.

Years ago, pantomime came into being. In a way, it expressed thought through action, but only in a crude, primal manner. The man who wanted a drink of water, went through the motion of drinking. The clown who wished to escort the maiden through the garden, pointed to her, at himself, to the garden, and imitated walking. But the pictures are not pantomime. They are genuine thought interpretation that awakens in your mind not simply an understanding of what the pictures mean, but similar emotions, as though you felt what the players feel. And it is not strange that only as they do feel their parts, can you feel them, because only through their feelings can their actions become dependable interpreters of emotions.

I have read many articles, written by sages, purporting to explain why the pictures are a success. But the real reason is—thought. The pictures are a silent language. Even though one could not read the titles, one would catch the spirit—would feel the passions, and even the finer mental processes, expressed by the players.

You may complain that thought without words is impossible. To think, we screen our thoughts through the sieve of words, to be sure. But the word, "boy" in English conveys identically the same mental picture as the word "knabe" in German or "garçon" in French. Back of the word is the thought—the true mental picture—the understanding. And just as many words in many languages, and even in the same language, may convey the same impression, so does dramatic action convey like impressions, as it is founded on the bed-rock of thought.

I have referred to the pictures merely for one purpose: I wish to impress upon you the truth that thought is a power—your power and mine. It is the greatest possession we have. But let us make no mystery of it, or screen it with a cloak of the occult. Thought, trained on nature, discerns nature—sees her forces—understands her messages. The man skilled in woodcraft, knows what animal has recently passed through the bowered reaches—and when. But you or I, seeing what he sees, would not understand what he understands. The painter, gazing at a landscape, sees colors that we see, but do not understand. The horticulturist, watching his fruit trees, sees signs that we see but do not read correctly. He produces wondrous fruit, where we might permit the trees to die.

And so may each of us learn to read the signs that fall within the power of our own capacity to grasp. One of us may learn how to read the thoughts of dramatic action; another may read the thoughts of literature—another of painting, another of mechanics, another of astronomy, another of merchandising. For the mind is as many-sided as the universe, or else it would forever be the slave of the universe, and we must admit no such bondage.

Only as thought itself has decreed, have the films progressed from their crude beginning of a few years ago, to the masterpieces you view today. Thought has been responsible, and having had their birth in thought, the films became the real helpmeets of thought. They are paying back all they have borrowed, with compound interest. They are telling you every day—every evening—to USE YOUR MIND.

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

(Continued from page 10.)

came to ask you if I can persuade him to give it all back, Paul—so that every one will get what he is entitled to and no one will lose anything—if I can get him to do this, could you pardon him, then, Paul? Could you, dear?"

The Governor was human. Hollister's attitude and scornful words, although he knew them to be false, had stuck in his throat. But he could afford to forget them for Ruth's sake. And the latter, as she stood looking up at him, was very sweet and appealing.

"Yes. I'll do that, Ruth. I'll be glad to. I'll do more than that. I'll sign this pardon. You may take it with you. If he consents, you may give it to him yourself. If he does not—I'm going to trust you, Ruth. I want you to know that my confidence in you is unlimited. If he refuses—you will not let him know you have it?"

"No, Paul."

"I'm sure of it. You know what it would mean to me, dear. An unquiet conscience as long as I live and, what is worse, loss of faith in you. But—I believe in you, Ruth!"

He turned to his desk and wrote his name. Then he folded the paper and gave it to her.

"I may not be able to do it, Paul," she said. "But he has never denied me anything. When he sees that it is breaking my heart perhaps he will consent."

"You'll let me know, Ruth?"

"Yes."

"To-night?"

"Yes. If I succeed I'll come home, Paul. If I am not there when you come you will know that I have—failed."

She let him hold her in his arms a moment. "I can not get home very early myself to-night," he said. "I have promised to speak at the University Club. But I hope you will succeed, dearest. I pray God that you may."

He held open the door for her and looked after her as she went down the corridor. Then—as he turned back he was conscious of one of those astounding changes which sometimes come to one in a flash and which no man has ever yet been able to explain. He felt suddenly that everything was going to be all right. The load which had lain so heavily on his heart lifted of its own accord. He unlocked the drawer, took out the ring and put it in his pocket. He went to the "smoker" at the Club and after the informal dinner made the speech of his life. It was eleven o'clock when he got home. The butler let him in and Sterling asked him confidently:

"Is Mrs. Sterling home yet, Banks?"

"Yes, sir. In the library, I think, sir."

He crossed the living room quickly but paused in the doorway and smiled at what he saw. Ruth was curled up like a kitten in the big leather chair and had fallen asleep, her hands clasped over a bundle of papers. In a small black bag on the floor were many more. He crept quietly to her, bent down and kissed her softly.

"Ruth!"

She opened her eyes and sat up sleepily. Then she suddenly remembered and began to talk breathlessly.

"Oh, Paul—here they are! Here are the bonds of the Citizen's Gas Company—they are as good as gold, you know. And here are those of the Central Traction and the Eastern Electric. And here are certificates of deposit in seven Trust Companies, and—there were some I could not get to-night, Paul. Just a few. But they're in the safe, and here is the combination. And here is the list of depositors in the bank that failed. I can get the rest to-morrow, dear, and I thought it

was all right to give it to him, Paul. Was it?" she finished anxiously.

Sterling was overwhelmed by her success. He looked at her for a moment without replying, but he was quickly conscious of her anxiety.

"Yes, Ruth. It was all right to give it to him."

"There is plenty to pay everything, I'm sure, or will be to-morrow when I get the rest. And he wanted to go away—to-night, Paul. I thought you wouldn't mind," and her eyes filled with tears.

"Not a bit. It's all right. You're a little witch, Ruth. And I'm so glad."

"You were so good to do it, Paul."

"I?" he laughed. "Why—you did it yourself. You deserve the credit."

"But—it would not have meant anything without the pardon, dear. You gave me that. And I wanted to feel that you were able to—forgive him, Paul."

"I'm glad to do even that, for you, Ruth."

"It wasn't for me," she whispered against his ear. "It was for some one else—that's coming, dear. When I thought of that—oh, I could not have borne it, Paul. I could not have borne it."

The arms about her tightened, and for the moment words were beyond him.

"Why didn't you tell me, dear?" he asked tenderly.

"I—I couldn't Paul. I was afraid —"

The Governor's heart leaped within him. Courageous little Ruth! The one thing which she feared might be of sufficient potency to cause him to strangle his conscience she had kept locked securely in her heart.

It was nearly two years later that Ruth sat one afternoon on a rug in the nursery building wonderful forts and bridges and towers out of blocks which a ruthless young vandal of some eighteen months immediately and gleefully destroyed. It must be here recorded that Ruth was not an up-to-date mother, at least in one respect, for she shamelessly encouraged his destructive propensities. Every time he wrecked one of her masterpieces she rolled and tumbled, kissed and cuddled him till he shrieked with delight. Neither of them had heard the Governor enter, nor were they aware of his presence until he dropped into a chair beside them. Ruth started to rise, but got only as far as her knees. He put his hands on her shoulders and held her down.

"Just stay there," he laughed. "You look very pretty—on your knees. This makes me think of a confessional. We'll make it one."

"All right," she agreed. "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, s'help me—"

"Hold on!" he broke in. "That's not a confessional. That's a court room."

"Well, what shall I say then? You'll have to ask questions."

"Kiss me first. And there's only one question that I want to ask, Ruth."

"What is it?"

"Would you have loved me and—been happy now if I had done differently two years ago? Tell me, Ruth."

Ruth rose to the occasion. She looked him squarely in the eyes.

"I should have hated you and—been miserable!" she confessed.

What the Governor said in reply need not be here recorded. But Ruth's next remark was wholly irrelevant, utterly foreign to the subject.

"Oh, Paul! Now I'll have to do my hair all over!"

And Ruth pouted charmingly and got kissed for her pains.

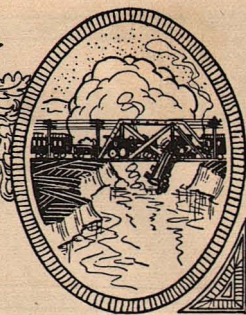
And the baby rolled on the rug and gurgled deliciously.

And the Governor laughed.



REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism



Go Realism Hunting

ALADY wrote to us recently in this pleading strain: "Why encourage people to search for errors in the films, when it is so much better to enjoy them? I shudder to think of seeing mistakes. But perhaps I lack a sense of humour."

Well, it isn't merely a sense of humour that should inspire us, although that goes a long ways. Film errors are funny usually. And they denote lack of care. We know how many handicaps there are in making films, but life itself is one long handicap. If no one pointed out our errors, we might plunge headlong through blissful, purposeless confusion.

To help the films, we slam them gently, but firmly, always reserving the right to publish a counter-complaint of any director, editor or scenario writer who may feel that a criticism is unjust.

Also, to the writer of the letter we consider best, we pay a \$5.00 reward each issue—not much, but a little premium on vigilance.

Just what constitutes "Realisms" may be gathered best by reading those that follow. Hunt some Realisms on your own account, making them brief, mentioning the name of the play and the brand of film—and the characters if possible. Address your letters to: Realism Editor, Film Players Herald, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Never Mind the Others, But—Oh, You Francis X.

Grand Rapids, Mich.
In "The Chalice of Courage," a Vitagraph release, Mr. Newbold pinned a note to a tree at the abandoned camp to let Enid's people know where she was. This was in the winter and in the spring when the searching party reached the camp they picked the note from the tree and read it. Now can anyone believe a note could stay there all winter on the mountain top and still be readable six months afterwards? In Madame Butterfly when Cho-Cho San's husband leaves for the United States he tells her he will come when the robins nest again. And yet, when the time comes we see Cho-Cho San with a baby apparently a year old, as it can sit alone and is of good size. According to the picture, it couldn't have been born for six months after hubby left, and yet it is rather lively. Maybe Japs grow faster than Americans. In a play called "The Prince Party," featuring Francis X. Bushman, the prince poses as a tramp and comes to the house with all his possessions tied in an old bandanna handkerchief, and when, after an accident, his identity as a prince is disclosed, he is shown wearing his favorite purple velvet dressing gown and amethyst ring. He wasn't supposed to have any clothes but what his host furnished, and tramps aren't supposed to have such gorgeous things.

Miss Edith Blume.

Well, Only Leading Ladies Can Afford Two Kimonos!

Spokane, Wash.
In "Madame Butterfly" I noticed but one inconsistency, and this could have been so easily avoided that I am tempted to call attention to it.

In one scene Mary Pickford was discovered, clad in a white or very light kimono, playing with the baby. She announced that she was going into the garden to see if the robins had started building their nests, and left the room by a door supposed to lead to the garden. The next scene showed the garden. Mary entered, but in some strange way the light kimono had given place to a dark, much befouled one. To all appearances, the change of attire had taken place while the wearer passed through a doorway.

Edna E. White.

Zounds! An Englishman! Who Else Would Drop an H?

Champaign, Ill.
In "Blackbirds," I noted but one flaw. Otherwise the play was very good. When Hawke is searching Henry Bechel's room he finds a box of cigars. Bechel, who knows the detective Hawke is on his trail, puts a card in the box saying, "Help yourself." Hawke finds this and takes a cigar. When the card is first shown the words "Help yourself" appear. After Hawke writes "Thank you" on it, the letter "H" is not the same as before. Why would he (Hawke the detective) write a new card, just to say "Thank you"?

P. A. W.

This Makes a Porous Plaster Out of "Nedra!"

Pueblo, Colo.
"Nedra, the recent Pathe Gold Rooster release, is a mighty interesting film; so much so that its many inconsistencies grate upon the spectator's artistic sense. One is impelled to ask the following questions, after viewing it: What sort of a police chauffeur was it who could gaze stolidly ahead and drive his car at breakneck speed while his chief, in the seat behind him, was being bound with his own handcuffs, meantime yelling so lustily for help? Was the police chauffeur deaf, or had he been bribed by the eloping couple?

Did Hugh swim through a tropical hurricane all night with a reasonably heavy and unconscious heroine in his arms without the sustaining aid of a plank or piece of wreckage? If so, he is a fool to waste his time in the movies. Why did the other passengers on the "Tempest Queen" find it necessary to wrap themselves to their chins in rugs and cloaks, when Lady Tenny could loll against the rail clad in little save a peek-a-boo gown and a pensive expression? Where did the island savages get those nice white linen breechcloths, being as they never set eyes on a white man before?

Where did Hugh get the wherewithal to keep his whiskers trimmed down to a few scattering hairs, after being on the island for a period of several months? Do cannibals keep razors handy for unexpected civilized visitors? Why was it necessary for Lady Tenny to resort to plaited grass skirts, when the savages could sport winding sheets about their bodies, made of white cloth? And why was it necessary to manufacture Hugh's American flag of grass for the same reason? These are just a few. I have wondered how they succeeded in making that chess-board and the chessmen with which they whiled away their spare time, between wars. Possibly Hurr discovered a set of carving tools, however or a discarded lathe on the island. Anything is possible to a playwright or a novelist.

A. W. Stone.

Helen, Helen, Have a Care!

Terre Haute, Ind.
Last evening I attended a projection of "When Rogues Fall Out," a recent Helen Holmes release. There were several inconsistencies in this photoplay. I shall mention a few. Brown steals a franchise, escapes from the officers, gains his room and photographs the franchise. In a very short time the officers arrest him. The plot of the play shows that not over ten minutes have elapsed—yet he has sewn a perfectly dry copy of the franchise in his coat. Some new invention facilitates the developing, printing and drying, I presume! He receives a telegram addressed to Drake—although he signed the one he sent with the letter "M," also signing a note with that initial. I suppose they thought "Brown" too common.

In another scene the conspirators try to asphyxiate him by blowing a small stream of gas into his room. He senses this—flings the window open—then deliberately comes back to his desk, writes a note, drops it out of the window and collapses. It would have been much more realistic had he groped his way to the window and written the note there. A very illogical scene! Helen jumps from the swiftly moving train to traction car and climbs inside—yet, with all the attending excitement and noise, not a passenger notices her. How easy it would have been to have had some supers in that car.

These are some of the scenes that are not realistic. There are many.

Louis Rue Porter.

Yes, and Beverly Was So Modest!

Chattanooga, Tenn.
Ever since seeing "Pennington's Choice," I have been wondering what sort of weather they were having during the progress of that story. At first I thought it must be the middle of the winter, for the reason that the men were all swathed in furs, blankets, mackinaws, etc., with fur caps over head and ears—but all of a sudden, Miss Beverly Bayne appears, swimming in a mountain stream, clad in a one-piece bathing suit of about the size of a lace handkerchief, with bare limbs and all that sort of thing. Miss Bayne's indifference to the rigors of the climate is marvelous.

I have scores of others covering months past which I have neglected to send in to you, and some of them were beauties. For example, a scene in "Clothes," where a man steps out of the dining-room clad in a sack coat and arrives in the drawing-room in a frock coat. And that scene in "The Days of the Thundering Herd," where one of those pioneers crossing the plains away back in '49 unloads a plainly marked Uneeda Biscuit box from his wagon. But this is enough for one installment.

A. F. Harlow.

The Coca-Cola Episode Redeemed!

Palo Alto, Cal.
It was indeed amusing to me when I read in the Realism Department of the October Pictorial—"C. D. A.'s" realisms or rather "non-realisms" of the Fox film, "The Nigger," or "New Governor," featuring William Farnum. I fear "C. D. A." did not read the leaders in the film, for his "non-realisms" are really not such, but realisms! The prologue in this film was of the time of the Mexican War, 1846. Then the real story begins and a leader says: "Sixty years later. Philip Morrow, grandson of Philip Morrow who appeared in the prologue of 'Morrow Rest,' and sheriff of—etc., etc." Then follow the scenes showing political conspirators, etc., and the country store (not anti-bellum)—1846 plus 60 equals 1906—very much the present! What? By 1906 Coca-Cola certainly existed, with its sign-heralds in almost any, even out-of-the-way, place. And the telephone! Certainly also! How "C. D. A." thought it was anti-bellum times I do not know—but it is worth trying for that \$5.00—and "C. D. A." was lucky!

H. G. Donnel.

Well, well, well! Now see what you want and did, C. D. A.! Here comes Mr. Donnel puncturing your perfectly good joke full of holes! Anyway, it isn't our battle; and, besides, we won't bet any more on that Coca-Cola stuff!

We'll Surely Never Let Him Brand a Prize Guernsey!

Duluth, Minn.
When one sees a thrilling, well acted, artistic production with just one single flaw, that blemish seems truly deplorable. Take, for instance, "The Cheat" (Lasky). In the beginning one sees Tori (Sessue Hayakawa) heating in a brazier the seal with which to stamp the base of some valuable new curio, "to show that it belongs to me." In a close-up one sees the impression of the seal, a peculiar gate-shaped Japanese character, which also appears on Tori's check. Later one sees Mrs. Richard Hardy (Fanny Ward) go to Tori's house to repay him the ten thousand dollars she borrowed (on certain conditions she seeks to evade). One sees Tori refuse her check; the ensuing struggle; Tori forces Mrs. Hardy face downward to the table and stamps her shoulder with his smoking-hot seal. But—in the courtroom close-up, when Mrs. Hardy, confessing, displays her branded shoulder as justification for shooting Tori, that brand is a simple wheel design!

N. H.

Watson, This Looks Suspicious!

Seattle, Wash.
Play: "The Long Chance," a Broadway feature. In desert sand-storm, Dan McGraw loses his sombrero. His name is on the sweatband. Also the hat is black. Bloody Ike, or somebody who is the bad man in the story, finds the hat and wears it, throwing his own away. Later Bloody Ike sees a sign telling of a \$100 reward for the capture of Dan McGraw. He himself has done the holdup. Here's the complication to me: Ike, as soon as he reads the notice, grabs his hat—which, this time, is not black—and looks at the sweatband. Now, if he left Dan McGraw's hat there at the holdup for evidence against McGraw, why does he seem so particular about what is on his sweatband? Maybe the poor gent forgot which hat he was wearing and wanted to make sure.

Albert Valentine.

Come On, Henry! Fess Up!

Washington, D. C.
In witnessing one of Mr. Henry Walthall's masterly efforts in a picture called "The Outer Edge," his downfall began with his taking a drink at a table on a porch with a supposed friend. This was a long drink, and when he was called from it to the bedside of a dying child, he left one-third of the drink in the glass. He found the child dead and returned almost immediately to the same table at which the friend (?) was still sitting, drinking. His drinks, however, had had no effect on him, but had affected Mr. Walthall at once. The glass, which he had left, was empty when he returned. Now, I'd like to know who finished his drink for him?

Ah, the Injine Held Its Breath!

Toronto, Can.
In an episode in "The Hazards of Helen" we see a train coming towards the audience; an automobile is speeding to clear the crossing in front of the train. The next scene shows the auto wrecked. The one flaw in the accident scene is—while the train is seen coming towards audience, the smoke is seen being sucked into the smoke stack instead of puffing out. At once the audience reasons; the accident scene was run through backwards. Such tragedies are likely to appear as light and foolish as the most intentional farce.

L. F. Robertson.

Ah, a Boarding House? Well, Well!

Toledo, O.
In "Wilful Peggy," Peggy (Ethel Grandin) combed her hair and arranged it with a band, holding the curls about her head (not down her back). She left her room and went down stairs into the library where her uncle was sitting. But alas, the poor girl must have met with a struggle on the staircase, for the band was gone and her hair hung down her back.

"The Seventh Day" was a comedy, and one might expect some funny things to happen, but I noticed one thing which was a very bad mistake on the part of the director. The man was putting on his shoes and socks and discovered a hole in one of his socks. He flung it down in despair, and just then he heard a noise at the window. He went over to this window, which was above a porch roof, and opened it. He poked his head out and saw a girl at the next window. Then his feet came out, and—marvelous—both shoes and socks were on his feet. This sounds queer, but I forgot to mention it was a boarding house.

Helen S.

All Right, Here's the Five!

Rochester, N. Y.
In "What the River Foretold," Universal release, the action of the forepart of the picture is supposed to take place in the early 'eighties, as is evidenced by date on letter shown in insert, yet an addressed envelope which is shown bears the postmark "Universal City," which as we all know is but a few months old. Also when the girl elopes with Tom, we see him carrying a suitcase, whose particular style of baggage was not placed on the market until the late 'nineties.

Chas. H. Arnold.

We'll bet Carl Laemmle put in that "Universal City" stuff. He will do it—he will! Now, he's gone and cost us five iron men!

Now, What Do You Make of This?

Portland, Ore.
In a recent Lubin release: "The Ghost of the Twisted Oaks," when the heroine and her mother go on board a steamer, the name "New York" on the lifeboats is quite conspicuous and when the steamer leaves in the next scene it is marked "Iroquois."

In a recent Edison release: "Friend Wilson's Daughter," the whole plot is centered about the substitution of some papers in an envelope carried by a messenger of the Revolutionary Army. This was before envelopes were invented, which was in 1844.

Leeser Solis Cohen.

Some Mighty Close Attention—Eh?

Austin, Texas.
At the Majestic Theatre in Austin a few days ago I saw Keenan playing "The Coward"—a Triangle film. I believe. There is a very dramatic scene in this play, in which the father draws a gun across the table and points it at his son, whom he wishes to intimidate into enlisting in the army. However, when the gun is pulled across the table, it makes a distinct mark, and upon closer inspection you can see many similar scratches on the table. It thus destroyed the illusion and marred my enjoyment of the play.

R. B.

And Anna Pulled That Stuff?

Long Beach, Cal.
Mystery—to solve. In attending the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles the other day I saw the picture, "Crooked to the End," in which Anna Luther stars. In this two-reel comedy the villains get the "girl" and the "money" and off they go. The play is one continual stream of racing, falling out of automobiles and climbing on tops of street cars. The latter was the leading lady's specialty. In doing it one of the villains grabbed her skirt and tore most of it off. The next picture shows her with her skirt in perfect condition. Now, how did she do it?

Ruth Coombs.

We'll Speak to Vivian About This!

Spokane, Wash.
In the last chapter of "The Diamond From the Sky," I think Vivian is in bad again. When the footman brings her the count's card she tells him to show him in, which he does, and she receives him in her dressing room. Now, is that the proper caper in well-regulated households and especially in an Earl's mansion?

Mrs. C. J. S.

It Looks Suspicious—What?

Columbus, O.
In the "Beloved Vagabond," a Pathe release, it is shown where a pocketbook was stolen from Gatan De Nerac; later this thief is killed and in this pocketbook a letter is found addressed to Gatan De Nerac in France. On this letter a two-cent United States stamp is shown, with no other mark. And besides, if it had been sent to France from the United States, it would have a five-cent stamp on.

Edward Schlegel.

THE KINGDOM OF BEAUTY

By Anna Little



touched upon in the many beauty columns of newspapers and magazines. You will fall in love with Miss Little's delightful style of expression.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Anna Little, the noted American star, will conduct a department in the **FILM PLAYERS HERALD** for the ladies. Miss Little will explain beauty truths in a different way. And she will use photographs to impress upon you many of the messages of beauty not

I HAVE before me a letter that interests me greatly. At the close it says, "Now, Miss Little, I want you to explain beauty to me, in a few words. What is it? How am I to be beautiful?"

Explain beauty in a few words! I might be as brief as possible, and yet fill volumes with facts about beauty, and still fail to satisfy every woman and every girl. And this is so, because beauty is a matter of comparison and contrast, and it is a question of opinion. A young man who was engaged to the girl of his choice, took an out-of-town friend to a church entertainment to witness a play in which his fiancé took part. There were several dozen pretty girls, but when the friend asked the lover to point out the lady of his heart, that young man said, "Why, she is the pretty one."

And there you have it. In a garden of beauty, that young man could see but one genuinely pretty girl. The others he even failed to notice properly. They were pretty—yes; in a way. They were worth knowing—but they were not beautiful. Only one possessed all the exquisite charms. She alone was beautiful.

Attractiveness, then, is one measure of beauty. But affection—love—is another measure of beauty. All eyes do not see alike. Just as some are color-blind, others are beauty-blind. Eyes that look for the beauty of one, see beauty nowhere else. Or, seeing the other beauty, it is far away and uninteresting.

Beauty is a sense impression. It depends upon the particular opinion of the one who sees. You may be beautiful in one man's eyes, and you may be beautiful in the eyes of many. In femininity, as in the flowers of field and forest, beauty finds endless ways of expressing itself.

But back of it all, there must be a system. There must be a reason. Surely, there must be some basic beauty that all women, of all types, may possess. And ever since women have lived, they have been hunting for the secret.

The sense impression of beauty admits beauty of figure, beauty of features, and grace. That is much like beauty in a frame—beauty on exhibition, if you will. But the man who falls in love, giving his reasons for loving, offers the lamest logic and the sorriest excuse. Milady has beautiful eyes, or beautiful hair, or pearly teeth, or graceful hands—and her lover says that this explains his adoration. But it really doesn't at all any more than the horseshoe magnet explains magnetism.

Keep this in mind, good friends: There is an artistic standard of beauty, and there is a popular standard, divided into as many classes as there are individuals. Ten thousand pretty women may fail utterly to qualify

from artistic standards and yet every one of the ten thousand will accept those same artistic standards as ideal types, just as all writers must accept certain classical writings as standards of literature. The writer has the advantage. He can form words to suit the demands of the standard, while you can not remodel your features—and can change your figure but little.

Just as the painting may become more attractive through its frame and the light that falls upon it, so may women become more beautiful through their attention to details—in their clothing, in their color selections, in their hair-dressing, and in their mannerisms. And this is the most popular idea of beauty that takes the season's fashions, and a million girls look near enough alike to be sisters—and a million women as much alike as peas from the same pod. So wonderful has become the art of the modiste, that even figures are made to order—but this is not beauty.

Beauty is deeper than all of these. It is something that can not be seen, measured or weighed—because it is really away down in the soul. All these expressions of beauty are its external manifestations—and you know it, and I know it, but knowing it brings us blessed little consolation.

If your struggle is to be beautiful in the eyes of all the world, stop there. Your task is beyond you—beyond any woman. But if your ambition is to be beautiful to those who should admire you, then the problem is more nearly within your control.

But mark this well: There is the beauty of parade, and there is the beauty of intimate acquaintance. The nagging beauty, the pouting beauty, the peevish beauty, will wear love to the warp in short order. Beauty at a distance is pleasing—but beauty near at hand may not be so pleasing. Which is your beauty to be—beauty that passes and is recognized as pleasing, or beauty that wears well with those who are nearest to it?

The costumer, the milliner, the manicurist, the hair-dresser, the boot-maker, and all the other artisans from cosmetic manufacturers to makers of vibrators, dispense beauty of a certain kind. Mostly, their occupations are legitimate, and to patronize them is a matter of choice. This is beauty in the abstract—beauty at retail. So far as it goes, it will help.

And then, there is another kind of beauty. It consists of countless articles and illustrations on exercise and massage—and all of this is very good in its way. And there is the beauty of diet, and that also helps.

But all the while, none can help you change your features, or help you alter your figure very much, except at great expense and labor. But when you are done with those methods, in the end you look much the same as you did in the beginning.

But there is a form of beauty beyond all these—within your grasp, and at your command. Instead of regarding yourself as the canvas, learn to look upon yourself as the artist. All these other methods of beauty paint upon you, with costumes and cosmetics, with baths and deep breathing, little additions—and I grant their value. But they regard you as the canvas upon which this picture or that is to be daubed. Only as the artist, may you acquire these little acquisitions of beauty that have made even many quite plain ladies very beautiful—and have made you envious because you did not understand their art.

The greatest of all beauty teachers is the screen—only, Milady has often attempted to copy some star of the films who was of such a different type, the result was painful. How many angular ladies have you seen affecting the Pickford curls and pout? How many obese ladies have you seen affecting the Minter girlishness? It doesn't work, because such imitations are again regarding you as the canvas, whereas you must be the artist; you must learn your adaptations, your special possibilities, that would never apply to any other woman any more than your special features would suit any other woman. You are an individual, and all beauty is individual. No other thumb-print on earth is identical with yours. No one else is exactly like you—nor has there been an exact counterpart, nor will there ever be.

Just as Delsarte may teach you only the rudiments or principles of grace, leading to your own special interpretation, so must any beauty system teach you only the basic principles, leaving to you your own method of expression, suited to you and to nobody else on earth.

And if, in teaching yourself your own little expressions of beauty, you do so self-consciously, then you become a bungler. Your efforts lack art, and lacking it, they fail to impress others with your expression of art—the art of your own beauty.

The best I can do is to teach you the fundamentals. Whatever is retailed, you are at liberty to buy. I will teach you only as the master-architect may teach his pupils—knowing that those who succeed must originate after they have learned the rules.

THE SCARLET POPPY

(Continued from page 19.)

belief to his friends and to-night he voiced it once more. As had already been the case they agreed with him—theoretically. But practically they assured him it couldn't be done!

"Why can't it?" he demanded.

"You know very well why it can't," Gordon replied. "The stage in this country has a very bad reputation, old boy. It came over with the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower and developed beautifully along with witchcraft—and the other jolly things that followed! With them everything that was pleasant and good to look at was damnably wicked, and it's an idea that still abides with us. The preachers keep it nice and hot for us. In the eyes of the church we are lost—absolutely lost, unless we reform, while if there's anything on earth that needs reforming at the present day worse than that thing we call modern religion, why—lead me to it! Still—that's neither here nor there. The fact remains that the daughters of such families as you have in mind can not be had for the stage. The loose, unmoral (I won't say immoral) life of the stage has become a state of mind with us."

Kirkman had listened silently to Gordon's outburst. Presently he spoke.

"That's a thing that has always hurt me," he said. "When I think of my father and my mother—just the finest little wife and mother in the world—and our life when I was a little fellow, I—sometimes I could weep. I've seen them—my father and mother—under all sorts of trying circumstances—seasons when she, perhaps, would have a fine part, and he a poor one, other seasons when he had a good thing, and she perhaps nothing! And it never seemed to make the slightest difference. My sister and I went to school like the other children. I could never see that our lives were different from those of the others because our father and mother were actors. And when she died—it broke him. He never recovered from the blow. More than all this, I can take you into many homes such as ours was, today. You will find them all the same. Dick is right. It has become a state of mind with us to think the stage unfit for decent people. But let me just tell you one thing," he finished a little hotly. "It is just as it is everywhere else. It all depends on the man—or the woman. There are those you know, who couldn't be decent—anywhere!"

"You're right, Bobby," Hastings replied. "And the tragedy of it is that so many of them have drifted onto the stage. And that's the thing we'll have to stop. I'm not going to have it. I've made up my mind definitely on that point. When we make up our new company there's to be a distinct understanding that we stand for something, something that's different, something worth while. We may not find it easy at first. We'll have to create our own atmosphere, and if a

man or a woman don't want to stay with us badly enough to help us to maintain that atmosphere he, or she, can't stay at all. I don't care if they're the best actors in this hemisphere. I'll fire them! If we make it plain to a girl's parents that they may choose her chaperone themselves, that her home influences will be of the right sort and her work at the studio under our own supervision, we can get her. I am optimistic on that point. I believe it's perfectly possible to get the right kind of people—to have a little community where life is normal and everybody works loyally for the good of the cause. I believe this because I have faith in people."

Barry was in his happiest mood. He felt confident of coming victory and Hastings had promised to put into his hands the means to grasp personal success. By the time he reached the trusting place he was keyed gloriously high.

"Wasn't it luck, sweetheart, to see you again? And oh, Roxana—just another week till we shall know! I—I've been so hungry to see you, darling. Have you missed me?"

"Missed you! Oh, Barry—"

He laughed. He had asked the question confidently. There was no stopping Barry in a gale like this. He rattled on, talking about everything, anything, his mood changing at every moment, sometimes kissing her fiercely, sometimes tenderly, and teasing—always teasing. It was the delight of his life to tease her to the verge of tears for the sole purpose of coaxing her back to smiles again. As a general thing she did not mind it. But to-night it hurt. The thing known only to herself—she must tell him, but in his present mood she could not! She shivered a little. He was instantly contrite.

"Dearest, you're cold! What a selfish beggar I am! You must go in. I'll be here till Sunday and we'll see lots of each other. There'll be sunshine to-morrow and it will be warm. Meet me by the big oak and we'll go for a nice long walk. Will you?"

"Yes."

He walked with her to the other end of the garden and kissed her good-night. Something in the way in which she clung to him for a moment moved him strangely. He stood in the shadows until he saw her enter the house. Then he took his way back to the hotel.

So interested had the three men on the porch become that none of them had observed the lateness of the hour. A moment later, however, someone came sauntering up the path. It was Barry. His hands were in his pockets, his hat tipped back on his head. His eyes were shining and he was softly whistling "Nelly Was a Lady." He took hold of the railing with both hands and swung himself lightly over onto the porch. The men rose. Kirkman looked at his watch. Twelve o'clock!

(Continued on page 35.)

Tradelasts

"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

THIS DEPARTMENT is devoted to an airing of views about the picture theatres—good views, and others not so good. If you wish to compliment your theatre, write in and tell why, and give its name and the name of the manager. If you have adverse things to say, and don't wish to name the theatre, that is perfectly all right.

The object of Tradelasts is not to harm the exhibitors, but to help them. Nor is it the purpose of this department to print merely the names of a few of the twenty-one thousand picture theatres of America. It is to assist the exhibitor—and it is also to help our readers do whatever lies in their power to overcome the errors of exhibitors and to perpetuate the good points of their favorite theatres, through letting others know why these theatres are admired.

As you read the letters that follow, compare your own theatre with what is said about the various houses mentioned in those letters. Write in and tell your views. If you wish only your initials used, please indicate that fact in your letter. Address all communications for this department to Tradelast Editor, FILM PLAYERS HERALD, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Apart from the Exhibitor, Who Likes the Ads?

Long Beach, Cal.
I am very much interested in the "Tradelast" page, and would like to give my opinion of one of our best theatres.

The "Joyland Theatre" is the largest and the best in many ways, having the best films and players obtainable; also, a very good orchestra. The latter is certainly a great requisite as it is so often the hoodoo of many theatres I know.

But one thing I would like to ask a question about: Why do they have such outlandish advertisements on the screen, of every color and design imaginable, and which are so hard on the eyes? If persons get in the show in the middle of a picture, they of course stay to see the first of it—but they must see the uninteresting advertisements which appear at the close of the film, before they can see the beginning of the film. If they are necessary, why don't they make them more pleasing? But better still—do without them is what I would recommend.

Yours sincerely, R. C.

Good for Alias Jimmy Valentine!

Seattle, Wash.
Seattle is noted as one of the best moving picture towns in the United States. We have all kinds of houses, from the very poorest to the very best. We see pictures here for ten cents that in other places, twenty-five cents to a dollar are charged.

But there is one house in particular that I always avoid because of the following points: Poor ventilation. It runs several poor vaudeville sketches, and when you think that the show is ready to start, they will flash Chapter 66 or 90 of some picture, such as "The Diamond From the Sky." There is no connection at all unless you have attended for a year and seen the previous chapters. Every once in a while during the performance the musicians get up and go out—I suppose for a smoke. During their absence they start one of those electric music "murderers." While a serial is being shown the stagehands are working getting the next act ready. They can be heard laughing, joking, and if they get too loud you can hear a "Sh-h!" from one of them trying to silence the others.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Jimmy Valentine.

Greed Killed Babylon and Rome!

Rochester, N. Y.
The programme of our three largest theatres here, regularly consists of at least eight reels. But the managers are getting into the very bad practice of cutting their show; many times by three and four reels, when they are doing capacity business. This, I consider the biggest injustice and breach of confidence an exhibitor can do to his patrons. A movie fan is entitled to "full weight" just as much as the exhibitor would be at the meat market or the grocery, but the law requires the latter to give full measure, and the former should be forced to do likewise. Outside of this one thing, I think "The Flower City" is particularly fortunate in having first-class theatres and the best of the movies.

Yours for success,
(Signed) Chas. H. Arnold.

The Little Things That Count!

Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:
Your "Tradelasts" department fills a long-felt want in regard to movies for it gives that which makes movies possible: the patron a chance to speak.

I enjoy nothing like a good evening's entertainment at a moving picture theatre, but it is quite often that one meets many irritating and annoying "cobblesstones," as you would say, even in the best of the theatres.

For instance, several times I have attended the Boston Theatre lately. I usually get there about seven p. m., before the general crowd hour, and quite naturally I always enter the orchestra entrance at the center door. Now on the last two occasions I have been pointedly refused admission at the center door, "Seats at the left" or "Seats at the right" being all the satisfaction I could get out of the usheress. This is very annoying as on both occasions, after entering at the right or the left, I have noticed at least thirty of the very best seats on the center aisle to be vacant. To be sure, the vacant seats were not "down front" or even half-way down, but were well back where the light from the picture is not over-bright and where the full value of the music can be appreciated.

On other occasions, at this same theatre, during intensely dramatic situations, I have noticed the keen disgust of at least a score of patrons by having to constantly listen to the squeaky and altogether too loudly spoken request of "Rise, please" administered by the girl ushers.

And now just one more "cobblesstone": If by chance one happens to get a seat near the aisle, a very annoying feature is the frequent "flying trips" of what seems to be the head usheress up and down the aisles, taking no pains whatever to walk lightly up and down, but making herself very conspicuous and also creating much disgust among the patrons of the theatre who sit near the aisles. No doubt there are many patrons who appreciate this young lady's service as an usheress and her capability of securing seats in a crowded house; but at the same time a little thought would suggest that she walk lightly. Ushers are a necessity to public service. I suggest a little forethought and a pair of rubber heels. The Boston is one of the most comfortable houses I was ever in. The pictures are all that can be asked, and the famous Fadettes musical program is one of the best in the city. But it's the little things that count as annoyances; let's hope they will be promptly remedied.

(Signed) R. W. Tyler.

A Musical Tip From Dallas

Dallas, Texas.

In your "Tradelasts" department, I notice different articles on the subject of various sensational posters covering the entire front of the picture theatre, and I earnestly endorse the many criticisms offered in this respect. But I question whether or not, this is more degrading to a moving picture show than for the public, in passing, to continually hear the thumping of an automatic piano just behind the front door or curtain. We all like music to accompany the pictures, but let us have real music inside the theatre and not on the street. My practice is not to patronize a theatre that does not provide appropriate music.

In speaking of likes and dislikes of the picture shows, I can not help but recall to mind experiences I have had in two of our leading theatres, recently. In the first instance, the pictures were exceedingly good and a better programme could not have been selected, but the enjoyment of the entire entertainment was forfeited on account of the fact that a key on the pipe organ was out of commission, and during the entire performance this key was being tested. While the tone was low, it was very annoying. In the second case, one or two keys were out of order and were repaired during the show, which no doubt resulted in the loss of more or less patronage. Movies here do not open until 10:00 a. m. and it seems to me these repairs should have been made before the doors were open, or else omitted the use of the pipe organ for the day, using the piano instead.

J. B. R.

The Noisy Nut Is With Us Always!

San Francisco, Cal.

I am a follower of "Neal of the Navy," and it is shown at our theatre every Sunday afternoon. I enjoy "Neal of the Navy" very much, but when there is a scene where a cruiser is shown, as there often is, or when Neal saves some one, which is also a frequent occurrence, the whole theatre is filled with shrill noises which almost makes me deaf. This is absolutely uncalled for, as the orchestra makes enough noise without any added help. I am patriotic myself, but when I hear the audience yelling like a bunch of wild men I think it is time to equip the theatre with Maxim silencers.

Yours sincerely,
A Subscriber.

We Shall Send Miss Farrar a Marked Copy!

Oklahoma City, Okla.

There was recently produced in the best picture house in this city, a film of Geraldine Farrar as "Carmen," for which double prices were charged. The film itself was exceptionally well produced and could in no way be criticized.

This show house has a thirty or forty-thousand-dollar pipe organ which has been abandoned for an elaborate "canned music grinder." During the production of the film mentioned, not a selection from that beautiful, tuneful and most popular grand opera was played, but instead the usual popular trash was ground out by the yard and mile, with occasionally a selection from "Faust" or "Il Trovatore" interpolated.

In elaborate circular advertisements describing the difficulties, expense, etc., in securing Miss Farrar, it was stated that when she saw the initial production of the film in Boston, she wept. Knowing how temperamental Geraldine is (pardon familiarity), I could not help but think if she had seen herself doing the wonderful "Habenera Dance" to "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," she not only would have wept, but gnashed her teeth in righteous rage and indignation and demand more consideration in being shown in such a ridiculous manner to the public. The music of "Carmen" is probably better known to the masses than any other opera, and why, oh why, would a first-class manager permit, at double prices and "standing room only" crowds, such an inexcusable mistake!

I am against "canned music" in first-class houses where famous players are shown. How different was the splendid musical production given in that wonderful film, "The Birth of a Nation," and how easily that film could have been spoiled by giving flippant and popular musical numbers during its serious parts.

Yours truly, C. M. P.

Smiles and Frowns for the Liberty!

Tradelast Editor: Seattle, Wash.

I would like to say that in my estimation, as well as in the estimation of all the people on the Coast, Seattle is the film city. Although most of the films are manufactured in and around Los Angeles, Seattle obtains all of their films, or most of them, first run on the Coast. This is principally because of our beautiful theatres, of which the Liberty is the prettiest. Among the features of this theatre are: Clear screen, comfortably-cushioned seats, prettily-uniformed girl ushers, flowers, ice-cooled air, and colored electrical effects in windows on each side of the screen. The loges are placed in a convenient place about half-way back in the middle of the theatre, instead of an awkward place on the sides, and the operator seems to know his business. Telephones, writing paper, and beautiful, comfortable rooms are also features.

Among the bad points are: a tinny unit orchestra device which supplies the accompaniment for the pictures. It has plenty of quantity, but no quality. Candy machines on the back of chairs not only mar the beauty, but are decidedly nerve-racking when you sit beside a patron of one. Lastly, the pitch of the lower floor is not on the right level with the screen, which is very hard on the eyes, and which I consider a great factor in the movies.

O. T.

Unnecessary Annoyances Should Be Avoided

Cambridge, Ohio.

In our little town we have three movie theatres: the largest, The Colonial, seats fourteen hundred and plays to capacity nearly every night, at fifteen cents admission. For music, they have one of these mechanical boxes that consist of all kinds of instruments, but mostly drums and cymbals. On one occasion, when the hero's mother had died and he was arrested for stealing, this organ persisted in playing "He Comes Up Smiling."

In this same theatre, the last four or five weeks the slide announcing Theda Bara in "The Devil's Daughter," would appear the next week, but it hasn't appeared yet. Maybe they mean next summer.

Yours,
(Signed) Walter B. Rainey.

Oh, Muse! Where Is Thy Fitness?

West Pittston, Pa.

At the end of the first part in the picture, "The Melting Pot," where David comes out of his ruined home, on the evening of the horrible day the Russians call "Black Easter," and creeps along the deserted streets all strewn with dead and wounded, the orchestra played, "The End of a Perfect Day."

Those who have heard this selection know that there are some lines in the verse telling about the "joys that the day hath brought," must realize how perfectly ridiculous it sounded. Many people in the audience noticed it and thought it very laughable. In the saddest part of the picture, the house was in a general uproar.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Miss Dorene Brown.

Good for Otto Lederer!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:
I beg to thank you for the opportunity of being enabled to say a few words in praise of the theatre we attend.

Every owner, manager, in fact every movie fan should praise the Film Players Herald for establishing such a page as "Tradelasts," as it gives the owner a tip and gentle hint on conditions that he may not have observed, and gives him an opportunity to improve such faults as are found. The wise and up-to-date owner and manager must cater to the comfort of his patrons. All other magazines give space to productions, players, etc., only—while the Film Players Herald gives its readers a chance to express their views on the most important and most essential subjects. Drafty theatres cause many colds; poorly ventilated theatres cause unpleasant odors, and so on. All praise is due the Film Players Herald for the "Tradelasts" page.

We attend the Colonial Theatre, Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Otto Lederer is manager. I can not speak too highly of this beautiful pleasure spot. Not alone is it constructed properly and handsomely decorated, but the ventilation, arrangement of the seats, (capacity 800), large and properly placed screen, most excellent music, polite uniformed attendants, splendid illumination, so arranged that one can readily find a seat. I recently visited a large theatre and witnessed "The Birth of a Nation." The ushers used an electric candle to find the seats. I have often seen folk, coming from the light into the darkened theatre, stumble and fall or attempt to sit in a seat already occupied. Not so at the Colonial. They also produce the latest and very best releases.

(Signed) A. H. Unger.

"A Prophet Is Not Without Honor," Etc.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Just a little suggestion from "The Movie Capital" in regard to the treatment of films at our three large vaudeville houses; namely, the Orpheum, the Hippodrome, and the Pantages.

Being a movie fan as well as a theatrical fan, I want to see the movies given fair treatment when shown.

At the Orpheum, the Pathe Weekly (sometimes worth more than the rest of the bill) is run off last, and the enjoyment is interfered with greatly by the departure and shuffling of feet of about one-fifth of the house, who, for some reason, do not remain for the film.

At the Hippodrome, one is similarly annoyed by those leaving and passing in front of you. One can't get the good or the import of the film with things happening on all sides to detract one's attention.

As a remedy for this, I would suggest that the Pathe, Keystone, or whatever reels they show, be put on before the regular bill, as the Pantages does. The proportion that remain to see the film is about five to one to those that leave. The majority should rule or the one will come and the five will stay away.

(Signed) Frank H. Jones.

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg!

Abilene, Kans.

Ours is a town of five thousand inhabitants, and we have two moving picture theatres. The one occupies the only theatre in town—a large, roomy, comfortable place, and the other is in a poorly-lighted, ill-ventilated old store building, with a very limited seating capacity. The former place, up to now, has been my favorite, as it is here the best releases are shown. Two or three nights in the week we are treated to splendid features, starring well-known actors and actresses. I say "treated" to these multiple-reel dramas, for it was a treat when you consider that in a town of this size there is nothing else to offer in the way of entertainment. And the people appreciate it. The best people in town go.

But—the exhibitor saw fit to make a change in the grade of films! He is now showing old releases and only about one recent feature a week. The comedies are the cheapest kind of the slap-stick variety. It is disappointing, indeed, to look forward to a whole season of plays of this kind. As for me, I shall stay at home and read about the stars and the plays in the Film Players Herald.

E. B. K.

The Ticket-Window Point of View!

Oh! It's ten cents today. Let's go down below and see what's there.

Can I leave my umbrella with you until I come out?

Do I have to pay for the children?

Charlie Chaplin? Oh! Good!

What time does the next performance begin?

I didn't get my right change back.

Will you hold "Fido" until the show is over?

Keep the change, kid.

Sit in the back, because the pictures hurt my eyes, and I hate to take my hat off.

Can I see you home, dear?
Good Night.
Mrs. F. T.

THE SCARLET POPPY

(Continued from page 33.)

"Where have you been, son?" Hastings asked.

"Enjoying the scenery!" Barry drawled.

"You're an unsociable young cub," Gordon remarked. "I didn't hear you ask any of us to join you."

"It wouldn't have been safe," Barry answered. "Bobby here would have written poetry by the yard if he had been with me to-night. You would have tried to buy stock and Hastings would have fallen from—Grace! Gee, but I'm sleepy! Me for the feathers!"

They all turned to go in. As they crossed the porch Hastings suddenly laid an arm affectionately around Barry's shoulders. He wished he had a son—like Barry!

VIII

WHENEVER HE had a problem of any kind to work out—it was Hastings' way to study it from all sides and then go about it in a business-like manner. During the days that followed their coming into the mountains the thought of the girl he had seen had not left him for a moment. Inquiry of a cautious nature had obtained for him the information which emphasized his belief that here was the girl he sought. The simple mountain folk and villagers regarded her as a sort of goddess, a creature different from themselves. Yet everywhere he heard tales of her simple kindness, and he judged that their manner was born of the realization of the gulf which lay between her education and culture and their own lack of these qualities. The fact that she had been taught at home, had never been to school, had left her without the airs and graces which nowadays do so much to mar the charm which should accompany young womanhood. Yes—she was the girl he was looking for. Hastings laughed softly to himself. He who had been so confident that it *could* be done was now not a little disquieted to find himself sharing the incredulity of his friends.

It was not Barry's intention to allow his companions to know Roxana if he could prevent it. And this was not due to any unworthy motive, either. But Roxana's love for him was the one beautiful thing that had ever come into Barry Channing's life. She was *his*. He wanted to keep her to himself. After a while, when they could make known their marriage, his friends might see as much of her as they pleased. But not now. During their stay in the mountains Barry, naturally, acted as guide. He made it his business to see that their excursions together lay in directions opposite to those which he made alone.

One afternoon Hastings strolled down to the postoffice in the little village to mail some letters. As he returned, although he had had already one long tramp that day, he found himself following the road which led past the red brick house. One needed not the eye of an artist to feel the beauty of this place. As he walked slowly along his eyes swept over the smooth green lawn toward the house and when he reached the gate he paused unconsciously and looked in. As he did so an object which he had not perceived before came directly in his line of vision. It was the Girl.

She was standing under one of the large trees in the yard. Something in her pose reminded him of the painting of Joan of Arc, listening to the Voices. Her dress—he could not describe it, albeit studying costumes was a part of Hastings' business. He had never seen a dress like this before. It was the work of an artist, yet so simple that one *felt* rather than saw its individuality. He had not a doubt that she had designed, perhaps made it herself. She held in her hand a little bunch of leaves which the breeze had whipped from the tree. But her thoughts seemed miles away. There was as yet nothing in her appearance

to indicate the dawning motherhood within her. But in her dark eyes was a wondrous softness, in her heart the Nameless Fear. Why hadn't she told Barry? Why *couldn't* she?

She raised her eyes suddenly and saw the man at the gate. Instantly her manner and attitude underwent a change. She walked toward him.

"Pardon me if I seem rude," Hastings said as he removed his hat. "I was admiring this beautiful place. Your home?"

"Yes—that is, it belongs to my father, John Hildreth." Then with the simplest grace imaginable, "won't you come in?"

"But—"

She smiled—a wondrously winning smile.

"Oh, it's all right. Many strangers visit my father. He likes to have them do so. You see—our gates are never closed. My father will not permit them to be."

He followed her into the grounds. "You have always lived here?" he asked.

"I was born here. Except for two winters which I spent at the School of Design in New York I have never been away."

John Hildreth was walking on his porch, as was his daily custom. He saw the two approaching and awaited them at the steps.

"A stranger within our gates, Daddy," she said brightly. Then, mischievously, "I took him in!"

John Hildreth smiled.

"That was right, dear."

He offered his hand, "Mr. —?"

"My name is Hastings," his guest replied. "I am one of those modern anomalies known as Producers—in other words, makers of Motion Pictures. I—"

He got no further.

"Oh, are you?"

It was Roxana who spoke. Hastings' eyes turned toward her and the resolution to have her at any cost—was born then and there. He took in the natural grace of her figure, the glow of her dark eyes, the expressive face and above all, the soul, the intelligence behind them. She went on:

"I saw some of them last winter in New York. They are *wonderful*. One was magnificent. I wish everybody in the world could see it. It was called *As In a Dream*, and in it the woman—"

"Spare me!" begged Hastings with a laugh, "I made the picture."

She looked at him almost in awe. Her father laughed quietly.

"The enthusiasm of youth!" he said.

John Hildreth was a judge of men. Instinctively he liked the one who stood before him. Instinctively he felt that he was to be trusted. The two men looked at each other and smiled understandingly.

"Perhaps you would like to see the gardens," the former said. "They will soon be robbed of their beauty, but October is still kind. My daughter will go with you, and afterward, if you would be interested in my library—"

Hastings felt that Dame Fortune must have been in a mood particularly gracious that afternoon. As he walked among the roses he had a fine opportunity to study the girl at his side and her every move and utterance only added to his conviction that here was the "star" for whom, for the last five years, he had sought in vain. But once again he felt his courage oozing out at his fingers' ends. His thoughts went back to the man whom he had left standing on the steps, the man whose name was known the world over, the man of wealth, the man whose large charities were known to none but himself! To go to him and say, "I want to take from you the one daughter you have and make an actress of her!" was enough to tax the courage of a Spartan.

As they walked he listened in amazement to the girl's talk. She knew the name of every flower in the gar-

den. Her knowledge of botany, of biology, of plant and animal life, was astounding. She knew how each one germinated, developed, reproduced itself, and he was clever enough to keep silent and just let her talk naturally. They stopped for a moment and he read the inscription on the sun dial. As he did so his thoughts went back to a day long ago when he had been with Grace in Italy. In one of the old gardens there they had one day come upon a sun dial. What a contrast between its inscription and this! It had read:

Record for me only the sunny hours!

And he had whispered to Grace that *their* life, in spite of the shadow that had fallen across it, should be like that. They would remember only the happiness—not the pain!

Something in his attitude must have made an impression upon the girl beside him, for she said:

"My father was nursing a great grief when he planted our garden. The words in our sun dial have always seemed to me like—like they belonged on a tomb. I think they are a—message—to my mother!" she finished softly.

He turned and read them again and at once caught her meaning.

All the hours wound. Only the last one kills.

When they returned to the house Hastings experienced one of the greatest pleasures of his life. A long, straight, dignified room, a huge mahogany table with clawed legs, in the centre. A magnificent, deep-toned Persian rug on the floor. A large fire place in which a fire was burning. Splendid andirons in the hearth. On the mantel a piece of rare old Satsuma and two large, brass candlesticks, above it, a portrait in a massive gold frame. Deep easy chairs that were inviting, and on all four sides of the room, from the polished floor to the beamed ceiling, books, books, books. The time he spent in that room Grant Hastings never forgot. He went from shelf to shelf as John Hildreth, not with any show of pride but with the manner of a man who cherished an undying love for his comrades, took down one rare old volume after another, volumes many of which bore the autograph of the author. Here Hastings saw the signatures of Mathew Arnold, of Victor Hugo, of Thackeray and Dickens, of Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. As he walked by his side Hastings had a peculiar feeling that Roxana was watching him closely, as indeed she was. Once again she was finding her own thoughts unmanageable. She was thinking of the man she loved, Barry. Why had he not come into her life naturally, wholesomely, as this man had? Why did Fate play such strange, such unaccountable tricks upon her children? She loved Barry. She was his wife. Yet—he had never been in her home! He did not know her father!

She was roused by hearing the latter say with a laugh.

"And here is Her Ladyship's favorite volume. I confess that it is one we often quarrel over."

He handed Hastings a splendid copy of the *Rubaiyat*, autographed by the translator, Edward Fitzgerald.

"Daddy insists that Omar was an old pessimist," Roxana laughed, "But I—I love him," and a voice such as one, once he has heard it, never forgets, she said, as though speaking to herself:

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who

Before us passed the door of Darkness through,

Not one returns to tell us of the Road Which to discover we must travel too!

Both men were silent. Were the words prophetic? Oblivious, it seemed, to their presence she repeated the last words: *The Road—which, to discover, we must travel too!*

Was she not at this very moment trying vainly to discover the Road on which she was traveling? Whither would it lead her? and what would she find at the end?

It was Hastings who finally broke the silence. He glanced at the portrait above the mantel.

"I am curious to know who painted your picture so admirably, Miss Hildreth," he said.

"Oh!" she said a little breathlessly as she recovered herself. "That isn't my portrait. It is my mother."

He looked at it again, then at her. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

"You are very like her," he said. "Yes," briefly.

Hastings never forgot the picture which John Hildreth and his daughter presented as he took leave of them that afternoon. The square-shouldered, gray-haired man who despite his many years spent in bending over books still stood quite straight, the girl who stood a little apart from him, slender, willowy, regal. Again she reminded him of a flower, and of all the flowers that grew she seemed most like the one to which he had compared her first—a Scarlet Poppy. He could actually see her in certain plays which he already had in mind. And what a splendid "opposite" Bobby Kirkman would make! Hastings frankly acknowledged his indebtedness to the latter for much that was beautiful and artistic in their pictures. Bobby never seemed to be *acting*. He was just *himself*.

IX

TWO DAYS LATER Hastings screwed his courage to the sticking point and went to see John Hildreth again. He laid the proposition squarely before him.

"Now, please let me talk first," he laughed as the latter was about to protest. "I am sure you will see my point of view in the end. For five years I have sought for a young woman such as your daughter. I can make her the most famous woman in the world. And I can do it without spoiling the girl or in any way affecting her young womanhood. You may choose her chaperone yourself. I will make myself personally responsible for her healthful, comfortable surroundings. My wife is—one woman in a thousand," he added softly. "She would be a good influence for any young girl. More than this, we are to produce nothing but *clean* plays. In the quiet life you lead here perhaps you do not realize the power of Motion Pictures. They are an education in themselves. They teach history, art, science, literature. They represent progress. They typify life. Of course, there are the wrong kind of pictures. But we're not going to produce that kind. Think it over, won't you? before you make up your mind. I'll promise to take care of your daughter, good care, just as I would of my own. Won't you consider it?"

It was impossible not to believe in the man. His honesty of purpose was not to be questioned. John Hildreth regarded him thoughtfully.

"You have not spoken to my daughter?"

"Not at all. Nor shall I without your consent."

"That is very much in your favor," he replied. "I can not but appreciate your manliness in coming to me first. I will take the matter under advisement. Mind you, this does not mean that I consent. But I will talk it over with Roxana. I need not tell you that her wishes in the matter will, in large measure, govern my own."

"I can ask nothing fairer than that," Hastings replied. "I have an important case in court which I must return immediately to attend to. Suppose I come to see you again, say, in two weeks. That will give you and your daughter plenty of time in which to fully decide the matter."

"That will be satisfactory. And," offering his hand in friendly fashion, "if our decision proves a disappointment to you I hope you will not allow it to affect an acquaintance which we have found enjoyable."

"Not at all. And I'm optimistic. I believe your answer will be favorable."

(To be Continued.)



Photoplay Writing



Edited By B.F. Barrett, Editor of PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO MAGAZINE

Some Popular Misconceptions

PERHAPS because the English language has so many words that possess a variety of meanings, it is easy enough to be confused as to definitions of such terms as plot and crisis. I have received two letters in particular that convey pretty fair impressions of these misconceptions. From one I quote, "What I understand by plot is conspiracy, and yet I see many plays that have no conspiracy in them." The other states, "My understanding of crisis is the turning point in a play. Am I correct in this?" Plot is not conspiracy. There is one definition of the word plot signifying conspiracy or planning, and yet these are not the meanings of the term as it is used in dramatic and fiction work. Nor is the above definition of crisis the correct one.

It is very difficult for many aspiring photoplaywrights to understand that plot is not a single thing, but it is a combination of many elements. It is not simply the plan or the diagram but it is the correct use of many essentials and especially the proper relationship of those essentials to one another.

What is very often called the plot of the play is really the theme of the play from which the plot is evolved. What is often called the crisis of a play is but one of several crises that is perhaps no more important than any of the others. When you speak of a pudding you don't merely mean the eggs or the milk or the sugar or the fruit put into that pudding, but all of those things added in the right proportion and at the right time and cooked the proper number of minutes in a certain degree of heat. When you refer to a suit of clothes you don't mean any one garment, or the cloth or the buttons or the lining or padding or the pattern or the fit, but the result of all of these things. It is the same way with the plot of a photoplay. The plot is not simply the theme nor does it depend upon conspiracy or excitement or murder. But it does depend upon combining certain dramatic elements; the object of the combination being to arouse and hold the interest of those who view the picture and to leave the proper impression upon their minds.

I asked a friend to explain the plot of "Carmen." He said, "Why, the plot of 'Carmen' was where Carmen corrupted Don Jose and permitted the smugglers to go through the pass with their purloined goods."

That, alas, is the popular conception of plot. And yet that was merely one part of the plot—the scheming part. Also, it was a crisis in the play—and it happened to be the turning point.

Let us take "Carmen" as an example of plot construction. Briefly, the story of "Carmen" (I refer to the photoplay in which Geraldine Farrar starred) begins by showing a band of smugglers coming through the surf in a boat that is laden with smuggled goods. These goods are landed on the shore and are then packed on the backs of burros. The train then wends its way up the mountain to the smuggler's camp.

The chief of the smugglers goes to the fortification at the mountain pass, which is the only place possible for the smugglers to make headway because of the precipitous nature of the

surrounding mountains, and he attempts to bribe the new officer, Don Jose. But Jose refuses. The smuggler then goes back to his camp and explains the situation to his band.

Carmen, one of the gypsy girls, volunteers to make love to Don Jose. She has a lover, Escamillo, who naturally becomes very jealous of the attentions paid by Carmen to the officer. Carmen goes to the fortification at the pass and plies her flirtatious art. In order to make her presence there seem natural she takes employment in a cigarette factory located in a little settlement. Each evening she is at the Inn. Her lover, Escamillo, who was a toreador, wishes Carmen to flee with him to Seville where he expects to win fame and fortune.

The officer, Don Jose, is captivated by Carmen, and finally one evening, while he holds her in his arms, she gives the signal and the cavalcade of smugglers passes through the opening in the wall and over the pass. Don Jose is half determined to stop them, but Carmen pleads that they are her people and he shuts his eyes to the incident. That night, Don Jose and a fellow officer get into a dispute in the Inn and fight with swords, Jose finally killing the other officer. The soldiers are outside trying to batter in the door and it is necessary for Don Jose to escape and join the smugglers. In the meantime Escamillo starts on his journey to Seville, sending word back to Carmen by one of the gypsy girls so that Carmen will join him. In attempting to leave the camp, Don Jose seeks to detain Carmen, saying that he has fought for her with honor and everything else he possessed. She informs him, however, that she is free to give her love or withhold it, as she chooses. That night she starts for Seville.

Then comes the scene outside the gates of the bull ring, with the toreador and Carmen driving around in a carriage amid the cheers of the throng. Carmen is seated in one of the boxes of the amphitheatre. And then the bull-fight occurs in the arena. But just before Escamillo comes out victorious, Don Jose appears and Carmen goes out to talk with him. Seeing that it is hopeless, Don Jose, in a rage, slays Carmen and then kills himself, just as the victorious Escamillo comes upon the scene.

Now the plot elements in this story begin with the motive, which is smuggling. But the motive in itself would not be sufficient unless obstacles were placed in the path of the smugglers. The chief obstacle is the new officer, Don Jose. The part that Carmen plays in exercising her charms to win the officer over to her, opens the way to new complications; and, in order to provide those new complications, Carmen has a real sweetheart in Escamillo. Consequently new obstacles present themselves. So far as the smugglers are concerned, the interest in them begins to subside, and a new interest is created in which we are anxious to see whether Escamillo or Don Jose wins Carmen.

In order to keep up our interest the scenes must build toward certain periods of suspense or intensity. The first crisis is where the leader of the smugglers attempts to bribe Don Jose, and this suspense is relieved by the refusal of the young officer to swerve

from his duty. But immediately a new period of suspense is being built in the voluntary offer of Carmen to win Don Jose through love. The height of this new crisis comes with the passing of the cavalcade and the permission of Don Jose to let the smugglers go unmolested. Then the next crisis immediately begins to build itself, running through the fight Carmen has with one of the girls in the cigarette factory and culminating in the duel. This suspense is relieved by the escape of the officer. But immediately a new crisis builds when we know that Carmen has gone to Seville to join Escamillo. From that moment we are building up to the conclusion or the grand climax—and in this play the climax and the denouement and the conclusion are one and the same scene.

The plot of "Carmen" is a very simple elemental plot, and yet it provides a vehicle for splendid dramatic acting and for beautiful scenic effects. But the plot itself is not one thing. It is not where Carmen wins Don Jose any more than it is where Don Jose finally kills Carmen and himself. Everything that occurred is part of the plot. And the cohesion or unity or dovetailing of these different incidents, divided into periods of suspense and the relief of suspense, and accentuated by obstacles and the overcoming of obstacles—is what makes the plot of "Carmen" or the plot of any play.

In this five-reel feature there are about five important crises. But as soon as any crisis is relieved, a new one immediately begins to construct itself. There are no unanswered incidents—there is nothing left unexplained—there is nothing to divert the attention from the main issue of the play. Therefore, "Carmen" is perfectly clear and its meaning can be grasped by any spectator. It is not simply a series of incidents, but it is a series of interesting and critical incidents affecting especially the lives of three persons: Carmen, Don Jose and Escamillo. It provides an opportunity for understanding the characters of those who play the leads. We can almost tell what they are thinking about—we can feel their jealousies and their hates, their hopes and their despairs, because our own emotions are like the strings of a piano: A perfect plot plays harmoniously on those strings, just as a poor plot produces a discord. Unless the builder of a plot considers the emotions of human beings he will miss the science of his work, and he will, therefore, fail in his art.

Plot Ideas Are Plentiful

PLOT IDEAS are easy to procure. The refinement of a plot idea is where the work comes in. To simply have the idea of the plot is one thing, but to work it out properly; first, as a perfect plot, and second, in accordance with photoplay demands, is quite a different thing.

But because plot ideas are plentiful, many of them are worn threadbare. The plot theme that comes to mind most readily is the one to avoid the most studiously—because the idea that is easy to get is the idea that thousands of others will have. Whenever we see a plot that has been used over and over and over, its lack of originality causes a cessation of interest on our part. Getting the right plot idea is very necessary, and working it up

perfectly is even more necessary. Thus, in "Carmen," the idea was as elemental as a plot theme could be; but at the same time it provided the means for splendid dramatic work and it gave the actors and actresses in the cast many opportunities of wonderful emotional acting. Consequently, it is plain to see that a plot must consider the dramatic talent.

A plot might be splendid when viewed technically, but it might stunt the opportunities of the players; therefore, it would fail in its purpose. The plot is essentially a dramatic vehicle—a medium for dramatic art to express itself.

Many experienced writers are inclined to "poo-poo" the plot idea. They will have one crisis following another rapidly, and they will permit the play to run along many minutes without a crisis, and they will have it end without a climax. A play of that kind simply seems to ooze away. It leaves no impression because it has produced no music on the nerves and sentiments. It has been like a medley on a piano, that runs along a little while in a beautiful strain and then breaks into an entirely different tune. Even the writers of medleys aim to connect the various tunes with a sort of master air, but the amateur breaks off one strain and goes into another of an entirely different nature. The amateur photoplaywright is inclined to do the same thing. He is given to believe that because he has created something, that something must be good. He will not take the trouble to study plot as a separate and distinct science. He will not permit himself to devote the time, study and thought and revision required to make his plot scientifically correct and at the same time the medium for splendid dramatic work. If he commits these errors through a lack of understanding, then he needs guidance. But if he commits them wilfully, then he requires disappointment. If he is going to do a thing he should do it well or not at all.

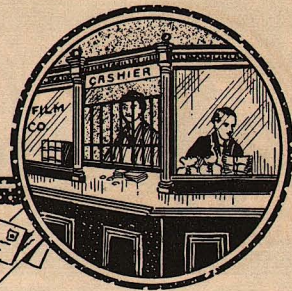
Month after month we see a larger number of better plays on the screen, and these better plays make the poorer ones suffer through contrast. There is another point to take into consideration and that is based on the adaptations of successful dramatic productions and novels. The photoplay author who has spent his time making these adaptations has used the best that the original authors produced and has simply constructed the dramatic play or the novel according to picture demands. The photoplaywright who originates must compete with these high standards. Therefore, he must construct plots that compare favorably with plots that have been used.

Whenever you view a play that runs along smoothly and is very clear and easy to understand, you may be inclined to believe that the author experienced no trouble in writing it. Usually a play of this kind has called for the greatest amount of work and the most frequent revisions.

Unless a photoplaywright is willing to invest the time and effort necessary to revise his plays until he has perfected them, then how does he expect to compete successfully with the accomplished photoplaywrights who have achieved success and who are jealous in their maintenance of the standards they have established?



Photoplay Writing



Edited By B.F. Barrett, Editor of PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO MAGAZINE

In order to be capable in the recognized professions, men and women attend academies and colleges for years. And after they have received their academic training, they devote further years to getting a foothold in their chosen profession. And yet these professions are no more lucrative than that of writing photoplays. Those persons who study for years, and practise and struggle for recognition, are just as capable mentally as those who write photoplays. Does it stand to reason that one branch of professional life should require no effort and no preparation when all other branches require great effort and great preparation?

Success in the writing of photoplays—just the same as in law, medicine, painting, or writing fiction stories—depends upon learning how and continuously practising. At all times we must grant that there is the capacity to learn. This capacity is very often termed talent, or a leaning toward certain things, or a latent ability to do certain things. Even the greatest geniuses have had to learn how. They have had to learn the rules. This is true in every profession in the world. Photoplay writing does not stand any greater as an art than portrait painting or acting or writing poetry or becoming accomplished in music; and yet all of these other things require preparation and demand the learning of the rules of the game.

If you wish to learn about astronomy you don't simply buy a telescope and look at the stars, because in a lifetime of observation you would still fail to learn many of the rudiments that have been learned and chronicled in classified form by the thousands of astronomers who have lived and labored. But by studying the sum total of what they had learned, you would then have the advantage of their experience and their discoveries and their ideas, and you could proceed from that point with the clear understanding of your science.

If all the choice things on earth were to be had for the asking or if they were to be possessed by those who declared they were entitled to them, it follows that there would be not enough to go around. Everybody would then be entitled to anything he wished. That would set aside all our ideas of labor and reward. It would upset the scheme of the world and none of us is great enough to do that.

Your Correspondence is Invited

THERE IS no question that the interest in photoplays and photoplay writing is increasing. This interest is not confined to those who aspire to write photoplays, but it extends also to the many who wish to understand photoplays better. Even men and women who attend the picture theatres purely for the enjoyment of the entertainment like to know just why they like or dislike a picture. This is apart from their admiration of the acting art, although they should understand that the actors and actresses are often restricted in their talents by the plots.

If you wish to ask questions about plots, or plot elements, or the different scene divisions, or the technical construction of photoplays of various kinds—write to B. F. Barrett, Film Players Herald, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill., and as far as possible

your questions will be covered in this department.

It is not always possible to analyze any particular photoplay because it is necessary to give at least a brief synopsis, for the simple reason that many of the readers may not have viewed the particular play being discussed. In this department the various technicalities of photoplay writing will be discussed and explained. The subject of plot alone is one that merits a great deal of space and thought. But within the plot are certain elements that the plot itself depends upon and these elements will be discussed separately as well as in groups.

In this department it will not be possible to give a criticism of your own ideas or your own plots. Therefore, confine your questions to direct inquiries about plot elements, scene divisions, the uses of titles, inserts, cut-backs, dissolves, fade-ins and fade-outs, close-ups, cast of characters, titles of plays, etc. These are subjects that are interesting to photoplay patrons generally and to those concerned with photoplay writing especially.

As a guidance you might ask such questions as the following:

What are the dramatic unities and how are they used? Is there any basic difference between comedy plots and drama plots? How many characters should be used in one-reel, two-reel, three-reel and feature plays? What are side-plots and how are they used? Explain different classes of complications. What is the denouement? What is the conclusion, and how does it relate to the climax and the denouement? How can I find what photoplay companies are purchasing manuscripts? Where can I secure a glossary of photoplay terms? What is the real meaning of action? About how many scenes will plays average to each reel? What are the different divisions of plays as to the number of reels? What is a split-reel? Does the photoplaywright have anything to do with the costuming? Should I describe the furnishings of rooms that would be used in my play? Do props ever form important parts in plots? What plan should I follow in the relationship of sets and locations?

These are but a few of the many questions that might be asked by those aspiring to learn technical facts regarding photoplay writing. But they are only a few of the innumerable questions that could be asked by those who are interested. The reason I have enumerated those above is to guide you in the selection of the classes of questions you are to ask.

You will understand that you are not to send any manuscripts in for criticism because that is not the sphere of this department. Your own plots can not be discussed in detail, nor can plot themes be given to you because that must depend upon your own originality. But so far as space will permit, you will be assisted in a better understanding of the art of photoplay writing through the medium of this department.

To further assist you, I also direct your attention to the announcement contained in the next two columns. Read every word of it, and then act. Read every word of it, and then act. Also remember that in sending letters you must get them in as early as possible.

Complete Scenario Writing Course Free

FOR THE BENEFIT of our readers who are interested in scenario writing, and who realize that ordinary text books do not always meet one's needs, we have opened a way to help them.

A Complete Course in Scenario Writing has been carefully compiled and written that will prove a treasure to any person who aspires to an understanding of this new and wonderfully interesting profession. This Course contains a wonderfully clear discussion of photoplay plots, illustrating the various elements that are used in plot construction, showing how plots are secured and worked into form; explaining crises, anti-climaxes, the climax, the denouement and the conclusion; the meaning and use of the dramatic unities; the definition and employment of the various plot elements. This Home Course of Instruction also explains scenarioization, the cast of characters, the scene divisions, the use

of sets and locations, titling and subtitling, inserts, cuts, cut-backs, dissolves, the fade-in and fade-out, the close-up, the flash, and the various other technicalities that are essential in the proper working out of a story for the screen.

This Instruction is written in such a clear and concise manner that it can be grasped readily by any person who has learned to read. A great many individuals who aspire to be photoplaywrights do not know whether they are qualified or not. It is their first duty to themselves to ascertain whether they are fit or unfit. This can not be done without a proper test, and this Home Course of Instruction—free of all cost—provides that test. It would be senseless to go along for months or years thinking that you can do a thing when perhaps you would be unable to do it. And, on the other hand, it would be a great waste if you had the talent, to not develop it.

Thousands of Photoplays Produced Yearly

THE various studios of the United States are producing, in the aggregate, thousands of photoplays every year. More and more these studios depend upon original productions.

The majority of talented photoplaywrights were employed without loss of time by the studios so that their talents and efforts might be monopolized and the great demand for plays might be met. A great many of these staff studio writers have since become free lances, selling their productions to various companies. A great many others without previous experience have joined the ranks of the free lances.

More and more the demand is placed upon originality because the novels and the dramatic productions have been combed over and over and the chances of adaptations have become fewer and fewer. During the recent past various grand operas have come in for adaptation. But only a small percentage of the dramatic plays, the novels and the short stories have possessed any picture interest whatever. We should be glad to prove to you, when you write, that a great many men and women without previous experience have succeeded in selling their photoplays. We should be pleased to show you why this was possible and what was necessary before they succeeded.

To simply make up your mind that you are going to write photoplays is not sufficient. To attempt to learn how to write them by watching the productions on the screen is like trying to

learn how to make a machine by seeing that machine operate. And yet every part of that machine was made by another machine, and certain plans of measurements, gauges and scales and certain principles were employed before the machine became a reality. Therefore, you must know how things are done and why they are done if you wish to know how to do them. To see the finished product is not to tell you the processes that were employed in creating that product.

A large number of the film companies at this time are in the market for photoplays that scale up to the necessary standards. Crude, amateurish efforts will not suffice. Competition is going to become more and more keen and only those who have learned how—who have improved their natural talent by grasping the science underlying the art—will be classed among the successful.

But remember that the American photoplay is becoming the standard of the world. With the cessation of hostilities in Europe, the demand for American films will be tremendous. The population of Europe is nearly four times the population of the United States. Before the great conflict, Europe was even forging ahead of the United States in the matter of photoplay output. But now this country has become the world's manufacturer of photoplay entertainment. And the time to prepare for your share in meeting this heavier demand is—at once.

Write Today for Information

IF YOU are ever going to decide to make an effort to write a photoplay, then why tarry? The time to begin is immediately. All of the good intentions in the world will avail you nothing unless you have learned why.

This is the opportunity you have waited for. This Free Home Course of Instruction is ready for you; therefore, if you are sincere, if you are in earnest, if you are ambitious—write and ask us to explain how this Free Course may be secured. Simply tell us that you are desirous of securing it and by return mail we will explain how you may possess it. Bear in mind that years of study and thought and experience in this line are back of this wonderfully concise and clear Course of Instruction that you may study in your spare time.

Only a limited number of these Courses will be distributed. We must retain the right to withdraw our offer without notice. That means that you must come to your decision—to learn about it without any loss of time.

When we write to you we will give you facts about others who have succeeded. One young lady who had never had any previous experience in photoplay construction, succeeded through our guidance in having her first photoplay accepted. And she was delighted beyond measure when she saw Sidney Drew starring in her play. She then realized that she had satisfied one of the most exacting stars and in one of

the most exacting divisions of dramatic production—comedy. She had stepped from among the unknown into the known. She had learned how to do the right thing in the right way.

We can tell you of others who have had similar success—who have seen the work of their minds produced on the screen before millions of spectators—who have felt that blessed thrill that only success and fame can bring. But it was not simply their aspirations that did this for them, nor their native talent. There was something beyond and that something was the proper training that showed them how and why. No longer did they have to depend upon stumbling on the proper methods. They studied in their spare time. They grasped the ideas because the ideas were right—and they profited accordingly.

And now the opportunity is extended to you.

Simply write on a postal or in a letter. "Please tell me how to procure the Free Home Course in Scenario Writing." Send no money. Sign your name and address plainly, and address your request to the PHOTOPLAYWRITERS' DEPARTMENT, Film Players' Herald, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. By return mail the facts will be placed in your hands.

Remember that the earlier you write the sooner you will know. Don't delay, but get your request in the next mail.



GIRLS, LADIES! Single—Married! It makes no difference; you have a perfectly good right and title to love or admire any actor in the films. They're fine fellows, too—as gentle and loving as you imagine. They are just that way in real life! We know them well, and we recommend them highly.

Therefore, if there is any kind thing you can say about your film favorites (actors, of course), just say it. If it is all right for us to send your letters to the players concerned, tell us. If you wish only your initials printed, mention that. We wouldn't wreck a home for anything.

If you write real good poetry, try your hand at that. If you are a trifle uncertain about poetry, make it prose. For the best we'll pay \$5.00, but we'll publish all the other good ones, anyway, just to cheer the film actors along. Their lives are very sad at times—poor fellows. It's so lonely in the studios—especially at nights! Address your contributions to: Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

We Rather Like Crane, Too!

Williamsport, Pa.
Crane Wilbur is my Laddie's name,
My favorite one among the stars,
What joy to me his first glance brought
When first my gaze met his—
I was smitten at that handsome, winsome brow,
It means to me an inner flame is somewhere round a heart
That melts in sympathy some other heart akin,
His ways, his very glance seems to entrance.
O. De P.

We're Fond of Wallace, Also!

Shelbyville, Ind.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Wallace Beery, an Essanay star, playing "Swedie," as a servant girl, certainly has the most comical make-up and perfect acting of any comedian I have had the pleasure to see, and I have seen quite a few. He creates the laugh and does not offend. Dramas are good—but Wallace Beery in a comedy makes one forget the cares and worries of the day.
Sincerely yours, E. V. W.

Yes, William Is Pretty Good!

Marion, Ohio.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Sincerity, aptitude, and a sense of sureness make William Farnum one of the most successful actors. His stare of magnetism holds one spellbound—and his splendid manner of acting make one think of Longfellow's poem:
"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away—"
Sincerely yours, Mrs. C. R.

Well, Mr. Connes!

St. Louis, Mo.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
In "Gladiola," an Edison release, I was attracted to Robert Connes from the moment he appeared on the screen, and held spellbound till the closing scenes. His great love for the country girl, Viola Dana, and his attempts at self-denial, showed a disposition any girl might be proud to win. The love beaming from his countenance as he approached his Lady-Love, after his wife's death, was pathetic and hard for any girl to resist.
Cordially, K. H.

Francis Is All You Say!

Long Island, N. Y.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Francis Ford in "The Broken Coin," a Universal release, plays the part of a gentleman so well that he convinces me that the part is natural and not assumed. He has that dignity and poise which quite a number of people lack. Whenever fighting is necessary he can defend Kitty Grey and himself very well. He is also very considerate of her. One cannot help but wish that most men would take him as an example, for there would be many proud mothers instead of worried ones.
Sincerely yours, Lettie C. D.

We Thought Francis Would Get a Rise!

Rutland, Vt.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Actors are like flowers in our garden. I admire them all, but Francis Bushman is my favorite. Deep in his beautiful, starry eyes, strange unspoken signs, reflecting dreams unseen, makes me live in the long ago and makes me feel a gift the world has yet to know.
I love to watch him when seemingly all the magic of the world is gone, and his rose in a thousand petals lies. He reflects truth so real that, to me, it is unlimited in its appeal. There are others that love him just as much as I do—but I am not going to tell him so—because he would not believe me. But they do!
Now, smile one of your million-dollar smiles and make us happy. We're waiting.
E. B.

One for Allan Hale!

New York.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Let me express in a few words my appreciation of Allan Hale's splendid acting in "East Lynne," a Biograph release. It was splendid. One can spend a most enjoyable evening if they will go to a picture house where Mr. Hale's pictures will be shown.
I am a sincere Movie Fan.
Clara V. B.

Tell Us Where, Sheila, and Get the Five!

1300 No-Such Street,
Never-Never Land.
I LOVE A DADDIE.
Sheila O'Neil.
Not Kerrigan nor Bushman, not Blackwell, Hart or Cruze,
Would I pick for a hero were it my lot to choose,
For when I look for heroes—I'm particular, you see,
But there's a man with *Triangle* who suits me to a T.
He's not so "dweffly" handsome, nor yet so "awful" young!
But he knows how to hold his own the other stars among,
He's just the kind we've all admired since Time itself began,
And I like Richard Stanton because he's just plain man!
If it's a girl he's lovin' he knows how to do it right,
If it's a man he's hatin' he puts up the stiffest fight!
If it's a wife dear that's naughty he can surely quell the storm,
(Look up *The Master of the House* and just watch him perform!)
Oh, if I were a pretty girl with health and wealth to boast,
I'd take the train tomorrow morn for Inceville on the Coast,
I'd look up Richard Stanton without an hour's delay,
And he could just make love to me forever and a day!

J. Warren, We're Proud of This Tribute.

Chicago, Ill.
Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
Mr. J. W. Kerrigan, though a good actor, should be admired more for what he is, than for the characters he portrays. This admiration, with the deepest respect, should extend to the mother who was, and is, responsible for his readily apparent strength of character. Mr. Kerrigan's acting is very realistic, but I consider neither that, nor his good looks, as a main source of esteem. Having no mother, I realize more fully how great a part a mother's patient training takes in making a good man or woman what he or she is.
Sincerely, K.

Guy Will Certainly Be Pleased!

Denver, Colo.
Here's to you, my ideal-idol of the screen,
Whose acting won my heart,
Though we're miles and miles apart—
From patrician to plebeian.
From soldier to civilian;
No greater actor ever graced the screen.
You made me cry,
When on the battlefield you wounded lay,
As immortal "Wolfe" you sighed
"I die happy! while the French onward fly!"
Histories will pass by,
But never my idol—Guy!
Kalem's loss was Metro's gain,
With your honored name;
Upon the programmes to reign,
As eternal fame—
Oh! I wish you success galore!
"Till we meet in the Pathway of Life—
Au revoir!
B. W.

BOYS—MEN! We know that you at least admire some lady of the Films. Maybe you secretly love one or two! No, you needn't confess. We wouldn't blame you at all—unless you were married; and even then—! But can you write a nice letter about the actress you admire most? Make it a poem, if you can really write a poem. If you can't, stick to good, old prose. But say the very finest thing you can. It's worth \$5.00 if you say it right. We must do the judging. All other worthy letters will be published, of course. If you wish, indicate that only the initials are to be used.

The kind of letters suited to this department will be explained best by reading those that follow. We know that the actresses will see your little compliments, because this reaches them. They may be accustomed to flattery, but all the same they like to know that they have a host of boosters. Shall we send your letters to your favorites? Tell us. Don't let the other fellow beat you by boosting the other girl. Address your letters to: Lassie Editor, Film Players' Herald, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Honest, We Won't Tell Owen!

Woburn, Mass.
The way Mary Pickford plays in the films, I think she is the greatest and the most beautiful player in the world that I have ever seen. And every time I go to a city or town where they have pictures of the flower of my heart—Mary Pickford—I can't go home unless I see her dear little cunning face. She is the most beautiful girl for my heart.
Thomas G.
Now, Miss Pickford, don't say they aren't with you. It's all from the heart—every word of it. If Thomas keeps on writing like that, we'll get jealous—and so will a lot more. Anyway, Thomas helped us out. We didn't dare say it. He sort of read the minds of a lot of us—what?

Miss Fuller. This Is the Cullinan—the Kohinoor—of Affection.

New York, N. Y.
I am writing this letter to you because I have silently loved Mary Fuller for the past three years. My heart is throbbing and my cheeks are burning even now, and to me she is more than life itself, not because she is the most beautiful and accomplished actress the American screen has ever seen, but because she is Mary Fuller and that is all.
If she should lose her talent, her beauty—or become afflicted in anyway through an accident—I would still love her; if her name was black with shame and disgrace, and time was to alter her present position and lower her to the dregs, she would still find me steadfast; if she were dying for the want of blood and I knew that transfusion would mean my life, I would gladly make the sacrifice. Perhaps my love is a foolish one, but I cannot and will not help it, and furthermore, I am not ashamed of it.

Last night I saw you in my dreams,
Saw your face so young and fair,
Your roguish eyes and dimpled smiles,
Your wealth of chestnut hair;
You seemed an angel from above
To tempt my heart from me,
I wonder if you will be mine,
As in dreams you seem to be!

When in my dreams you kissed me, dear,
Your eyes with love alight,
Your kiss so loving and so sweet,
Filled me with fond delight;
I long to close my eyes again
Or have my dream come true,
For you I'm longing all the time
My Mary dear, for you!
P. S.

Here, Here, This Is Bigamy!

Dallas, Texas.
Lassie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
My intention was to describe my feelings when watching the portrayals of pretty Marguerite Clark, but as I begin, visions of "Dear Little Mary"—"Sweet Dorothy Gish"—"Vivacious Billie Burke"—"Daring Mary Alden"—"Clever Edith Storey and Leona Hutton," and so many, many others, fade in on my recollection screen. I realize that (while not in the same way) "I love them all"—and wish I had as many selves as a cat has lives,

and naught else to do but never miss a single film they appear in. My heartfelt wishes are for their continued success, prosperity, etc., as well as for that of your very interesting publication, the Film Players' Herald! Sincerely,
M. M.

All Right, Take the Five!

San Francisco, Cal.
Lottie, when the films first started,
When the flick'ring game was young,
While the drama of old stageland
Still did have its praises sung—
Then the screen had wooed and won me,
Won me through your dainty art,
It was Little Lottie Briscoe
Made me feel this joy apart.
Lottie, it was you who taught me
How to lose myself the while
From the turmoil of life's struggle—
In your frown and in your smile;
It was you who first did guide me
To the solace of the screen,
And because of that, dear Lottie,
Now I crown you Movie Queen.
M. K.

Miss Gibson! Page Miss Gibson! Here's a Love Letter!

Turtle Creek, Pa.
Miss Margaret Gibson, in "For Her Brother's Sake" and "The Hidden House," both Vitagraph productions, would cause any man or boy to give a permanent place in his heart. She is so tender and loving in all her plays, she makes you feel as tho' she were a sister to you, loved by all and scorned by none. She has lighted the flame of love within my heart, and it shall be as a guiding beacon till the end of time.
A. J. G.

Score One for Anita!

Thayer, Ill.
This to Dear Anita Stewart.
Oh, Anita, Anita, proud, fair and true,
What other have I seen as sweet as you,
With those lovable eyes and lashes,
Lo when I look upon you my heart almost crashes.

Ah, Anita, so near upon the screen, and yet in body so far—
Oh, how glorious would you not look in our country's stripes and bars,
With such lovable features and such pretty nose,
What would I not forsake to be to you so close.

Great was the day when you were born—
And now you, Anita, are the one great star that we all adorn.
You, Anita, in my heart at all times abide,
While all others from us must hide—
Far over field and mountain, I would fain fly,
Only to be near you, dear Anita, to live and die.
J. A. M.

Miss Cowl, Here's a Regular Compliment!

Princeton, Minn.
After watching the beautiful Jane Cowl through the five-reel Broadway feature, "The Garden of Lies," I vote her my sincere approval. The play in itself is fair, but the acting of Miss Cowl floats it through the thick clouds of mist to the radiant sunshine of the infinite. She plays the part of the Princess as if she were one; with the delicate finesse of the superb artist that she is and carries it to an absorbing and altogether fitting finish. To say that I was enthralled, taken from the monotony of a commonplace existence and carried away to the realms of rosy dreamland, would mildly express my state.

I would not say that I was in love with Miss Cowl, but I will say that she is the most beautiful, the most tenderly passionate and the most loving personality I have seen on the screen—playing her part as if she were undergoing the whole in reality.
E. N. P.

From Harvey to Us to Theda!

New Albany, Ind.
Lassie Editor, Film Players' Herald:
A Tribute to Theda Bara.
Theda Bara, you I'm loving,
For the Vampires that you play;
No one else can do them like you
In the same convincing way!

Yet I feel that, spite your acting,
Villainess you could not be;
Though your eyes be dark with passion,
Something back of this I see!

You're pretending! Now confess it,
Though you reach the highest art
Playing women that are evil,
Yet—you have a gentle heart.

So, here's health to you, Miss Bara,
In the toast I pledge my love;
May you always be a Vampire
That's as gentle as a dove!
Harvey Peake.

Nuggets from the Gold Coast

Dear Film Players' Herald Readers:

Since the holidays it has been a case of up and doing around the studios. There is no end of hard work and no end of excitement.

It is not long since a Los Angeles clergyman became greatly perturbed over the morals of the profession. He flung accusations right and left the way a summer wind will scatter thisle-down, except that his opinions were like the sprouted thistle instead of the down. Well, he got himself into a nice argument, and the only way out was to preach a conciliatory sermon. So Mr. Clergyman said that if all the profession were as upright and as far beyond reproach as Miss Myrtle Stedman, it would be an honored calling. All of the actor-people agree that Miss Stedman is a splendid example of all that is exemplary—but they still resent the imputations against their own characters. They are asking how one may work like blazes every day and have much time for anything at night other than sleeping.

An admirer of one of the little Kalem lasses has penned the following offering in verse just to prove how busy she is:

The Kalem has a little Miss who'll neither fret nor worry,
She's here and there does this and that,
yet never in a hurry—
She's either acting, singing or she's sewing at a work-bee,
She's ALWAYS busy as a bee—is busy Ollie Kirkby.

During the holidays, Henry Otto, the popular and successful Universal director, went to the Hotel Del Coronado at Coronado Beach, to rest mind and body. There he met a widely known millionaire (one of the multi's) who confided to Mr. Otto that his one ambition was to write a photoplay. The idea that the millionaire had worked out was exceptionally good, and he is now spending his moments (worth several dollars a moment) in the development of the plot.

Whenever the exhibitors get to clamoring for a player it is pretty clear evidence that the player is popular with the public. Alan Hale, who was with the Biograph for a very long time, has been receiving telegrams and letters from exhibitors asking him to get back in the pictures. Alan is negotiating with at least one big feature concern by way of obliging his many friends.

Charles Ray has figured out a scheme whereby he may become a millionaire—if not all at once, then a little down and a little a week. Charles lives near Culver City and he expects to play there regularly instead of at Inceville, which recently had its bad fire. The distance to Culver City is so short and to Inceville so long, Charles has prepared a prospectus for himself outlining economies in gasoline, tires and the other little essentials of motoring. In the meantime he has been playing the star part in a big Western military feature.

If you are curious to know how the players keep hale and hearty, then follow the example of Hal Cooley, the rising young juvenile, who believes in hiking. Just prior to starting acting, he did a walk through several states to win a bet—and he won it. He has no use for the violent forms of athletics. He thinks that walking delivers all the pep and good nature anybody could wish for.

While Charles Ray is figuring his gasoline economies, and Hal Cooley is doing his walking—Neva Gerber is having some little troubles of her own. She lives a long distance from the Pasadena studio. As she puts it, she gets up "last night" driving her car from Hollywood to the studio and back again each evening. Consequently she retires between eight and nine so that she may arise while the moon and stars are still on parade.

Richard Stanton has been having all sorts of excitement with his "Graft" serial for the Universal Company. He will not be at all sorry when it is completed. He now has Hobart Henley, Harry Carey and Jane Novak working under him, and while he drives them to their utmost, they are all good-natured and happy and pleased to help Dick do things on the one hundred per cent basis.

At the Vitagraph studios, Mary Anderson is chief gardener. She is giving the Vitagraph garden her special ministering care and in view of the fact that there is plenty of garden space, that means a lot of activity. In the meantime her days are pretty well filled up with acting.

Enid Markey has been doing some exceptionally capital work at the New York Motion Picture studio, and her many admirers will soon see her in some marvelous creations of the modiste.

Photoplaying is not the easiest occupation in the world. First one and then another of the favorites is obliged to take a rest or be interned in a hospital. Miss Grace Cunard is among the latest to turn to the hospital for relief. It is part of the price of making good for the public.

Tom Chatterton is helping enliven the Mutual program through the medium of his "Mustang" films. He plays in most of them himself, as do also Anna Little and Jack Richardson. They are all good, live plays full of ginger, action and interest.

William Garwood almost cornered the hog market recently. He was going to have a hog ranch and knew the quotations on pigs' feet, spareribs, ham and bacon as well as Mr. Armour could have done. And then he experienced a change of heart. He decided to make additions to his onion farm. Oh, yes, he's an onion specialist. William's mother is living with him now and he is contemplating becoming one of the famous bungalow owners of Hollywood. Besides all these activities, he has sold his old car and is waiting for a new one.

In the meantime, Mr. Garwood has been working under Director Ed J. Le Saint, playing opposite Stella Razeto. Miss Razeto has been shy her blonde wig ever since her favorite dog decided to steal it and carry it away for a nest.

William D. Taylor is delighted with his work of directing Dustin Farnum. He and "Dusty" recently made an excursion into the mountains where they could work with plenty of that necessary prop commonly known as snow.

Christmas was a big time in Los Angeles, and the biggest part of the big time was the enormous Examiner Christmas tree, which attracted the notables. Charles Chaplin acted as conductor to a tune of his own, played by the band, and Myrtle Stedman rendered several of her delightful songs. She sang "The Holy City" and "O Dry Your Tears." It was a big night for the players and they all took part in the fete with the greatest enthusiasm.

This is the season of big things, with vacationing out of the question. Several tens of millions of persons of North America and elsewhere will profit by this sincere, unrelenting acting.

Anna Little insists that it is not at all necessary to be cruel in taming a horse. She rides a beautiful mount in her Western pictures and the animal is much attached to his fair rider. She never uses whip, spur or harsh word on him. Miss Little possesses that peculiar talent of inspiring confidence and patience in animals.

I have heard of some actors who would go miles to see themselves on the screen. Don't mistake this always as a mark of egotism, because sometimes it is self-criticism and study. Nona Thomas, one of the young actresses at Inceville, never likes to see herself on the screen because she is satisfied that she has blundered. This ambition to improve in everything she does is manifesting itself in her rapid rise as a player.

Miss Sarah Truax has been receiving the sincere condolence of her many friends over the death of her mother, which occurred shortly after the New Year was ushered in. Mrs. Truax, who was seventy years of age, came from Seattle to live with her daughter, and shortly after she arrived she was taken ill. Although everything possible was done for her at the Good Samaritan Hospital, she failed steadily. The burial occurred January 4 in Pomona Cemetery, the arrangements being cared for by Mrs. Burkhardt Goldsmith, a personal friend of Miss Truax. Mrs. Truax was a native of Indiana. The ties of affection between her and her talented daughter were of the most durable and sincere quality.

William Duncan, Vitagraph leading man, was inspired by a desire to bring his friends some snow from Bear Valley, and so he packed some of it very carefully in flannel. Before he had been enabled to exhibit much of it, the snow had melted, which puzzled William considerably. "Why!" he said in amazement, "they told me in the mountains that snow is eternal and here it is vanishing before my very eyes!"

There is one word that Gretchen Hartman, playing under the direction of J. F. McDonald of the Biograph, has deleted from the dictionary. That word is "holiday." No sooner is she done with one director when another is clamoring for her services. Whenever she can get a day off she is preparing dresses for her next play. Occasionally she does secure a little surcease by reason of her trips between Los Angeles and New York.

One of the most popular of the film actors is William Desmond (not "Desperate Desmond, but William), who is playing opposite delightful Bessie Barriscale. For five and one-half years he was with the Morosco forces playing leads in the Burbank Stock Company. On his departure from the speaking stage, the company presented him with a beautiful gold watch, suitably inscribed. Mr. Desmond is one of the speaking stage actors naturally adapted to the pictures.

Neva Gerber likes to cook and she is very proud of her cooking. Her mother, who is a good judge of cookery, declares that Neva is an expert. A certain young actor also seemed to be very fond of Neva's cooking; at least, she thought that was the inspiration of his frequent calls. So one evening she said to him, "Do you know what I am going to make you tonight?" And what do you suppose the brute answered? "Sick," he replied. And now a great coolness has sprung up between them.

On Christmas day, Helene Rosson, who is seventeen years old, had herself photographed in swimming in the billowy ocean. The idea was not simply to prove that she could swim, but it was to make some of her Eastern friends jealous during the festive period when they were shivering beneath flannels, robes and furs.

Since Tom Chatterton signed a contract with the American Company, he decided to buy a bungalow in Santa Barbara instead of renting one. He needs plenty of room because he raises prize pullets and lots of flowers. The rest of the time Tom and Anna Little are busy in Western pictures.

Letters are flooding Miss Little telling how glad everybody is that she is once more part of the Mutual program.

Maybe photoplaying is easy work, and again maybe it isn't. Think of twenty-seven costume changes in one feature photoplay! That is the number of changes necessary for Miss May Allison in her five-reel American feature, "The Sorry Scheme of Things." The costuming idea ranges all the way from expensive furs to lingerie, and no matter what the costume Miss Allison always looks just as beautiful.

A famous hair-restorer firm in the East has made Ollie Kirkby a flattering offer for the use of her picture showing her with her hair hanging down her back. The idea is to say that the aforementioned remedy did the work. But Miss Kirkby knows it didn't.

Another poor photoplayer who is sadly abused is Charles Giblyn, the Inceville director. He said that he didn't give himself the name of Giblyn—it was wished on the family. In fact he does not object to the name at all. But when he reads his name in print as Giblets, that makes him sad and Charlie doesn't like to be sad.

Edna Maison knows that there is publicity and—publicity. Some well-meaning newspaper men have been telling how kind-hearted she is, which we must admit is a very beautiful sentiment. But the news that has been sent broadcast brought a deluge of letters and telegrams from charitable societies and poor people. A widow wants a new fence around her farm, although the farm is probably worth much more than all Miss Maison owns. A poor family in New Jersey would like to have Miss Maison defray their expenses out to Los Angeles to visit her, although she never heard of them. Several men who claimed that they have patentable ideas are anxious to have Miss Maison back them financially. She has an abundance of offers to buy mining and oil stocks. And one helpful soul wants her to finance a scheme to buy a farm to raise dragon flies so that the mosquito nuisance may be overcome. He stated that there would be millions in it, but failed to say whether there would be millions of dragon flies or millions of mosquitos. He promised Miss Maison, however, that he would have a mosquito census taken so that she would know just where she stood. Now she wants everybody to tell how poor she is.

After completing "The Pool of Flame," starring J. Warren Kerrigan, Otis Turner, the director, took over the Havens for direction. Mr. Kerrigan's director will now be Harry Carter, who will be under Mr. Turner's supervision.

Bessie Barriscale has been one of the busiest persons at Inceville, and in some recent plays in which she has starred her splendid emotional powers have been given full sway. Charles Giblyn has been directing for her.

Bess Powers

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J. VAN CARTMELL

Who Wins May Cover?

Which Film Actress would you like to see on the cover of the Film Players Herald?

Our beautiful covers have attracted the broadest attention. They look like the stars they portray.

Their tints are natural tints; their expressions natural expressions. And it is an honor to any film actress to appear on the cover—and it is a help as well—an advertisement of the highest order.

Besides the cover picture, in natural colors, there is also a story about the actress in that issue of this magazine.

This is a double recognition.

If you sincerely, earnestly admire one lady of the screen more than you admire any other—then CAST YOUR VOTES for your favorite, as we explain below.

You May Win This \$150.00 First Prize!

The person sending in the largest number of votes WILL RECEIVE THE BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL COLOR-DRAWING (without printing or advertising) from which the cover page is produced. It will be mounted on heavy board, suitable for framing. These color-drawings—designed in colors from photographs specially posed by famous photographers—are worked up by

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A beautiful ART REPRODUCTION IN ORIGINAL COLORS exactly the same as the cover (same size) but without any printing or advertising of any kind, printed on heavy super-calendar paper, suitable for framing, WILL BE GIVEN TO EACH of the next 100 VOTERS Casting the HIGHEST Number of Votes.

All Told, 101 Persons Win Prizes!

And everybody has a chance to say which film actress shall occupy the cover. All votes cast are for the cover two months in advance. This month's (February) contest is for the May cover. Next month will be for the June cover. Help your Favorite. Boost your Favorite. Do your utmost to secure this honor for your favorite. Enter heart and soul into the contest.

Each Coupon Good For 1000 Votes

The coupon attached, when properly filled in and received not later than the 10th of March, will register 1000 votes for your Favorite. Each copy of the Film Players Herald contains this coupon. Vote as many times as you wish—but each 1000 votes must be on a separate coupon.

How to Secure Additional Votes

If you send in a year's subscription to the Film Players Herald, remitting one dollar (the price of one year's subscription) you will be entitled to FIFTEEN THOUSAND EXTRA VOTES—which will go that much farther to help your Favorite win and that much farther toward winning the original Federbush color-drawing. Simply write in a letter: "Enclosed find \$1.00 for a year's subscription to the Film Players Herald. Register 15,000 votes for (name of film actress) for the May cover." Sign your name and address plainly and address as below.

If you send 50 cents for a six months' subscription, you will be entitled to SEVEN THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED (7,500) EXTRA VOTES. These votes with subscriptions are in addition to the 1000 votes registered by filling in and mailing the coupon.

Vote for a Film ACTRESS—Not for an Actor Help Your Favorite Win the Cover for May!

Address: COVER CONTEST, FILM PLAYERS HERALD
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This Coupon Good For 1000 Votes

Film Players Herald
Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Register One Thousand (1000) Votes for the May Cover and Story

for (Name of your favorite film actress)

My name and address follow:

Name
Street
City State



The Wampire

I seena wampire lady, an' she hadda wampire eye,
Witha Mary Ootchie movement, anda look like she might cry;
She held her wampire shoulders up to her durned wampire chin,
And to try to dope the shape o' her, was hard for to begin;
She lured a pop-eyed husingb from his lovin', trustin' wife—
I could kill that wampire lady with a two-edged wampire knife!

Teaching the Young Idea

Little Ethel adores society dramas. She has blue-blooded ideals, and adores these screen presentations of the upper-ups. Also, she observes. Hence, when the minister called, Ethel proceeded to elucidate.

"And you learn how society people do things?" the cleric asked in amusement. "Now, tell me something specific."

"Oh!" Ethel responded doubtfully. Then her face brightened. "Supposin' I was givin' a grand, swell talk. Well, I write to you and I say, 'Miss Ethel Smith would be pleased with your presents on the twelfth instinct.' Then I would sign my name below, and in the other corner I would write, 'B. V. D.'"

Attention, Photoplaywrights

Bobbie: "Ma, where do these here fillum people get their pitcher ideas?"

Mother: "All out of their heads, Bobbie."

Bobbie: "All of 'em?"

Mother: "Every blessed one."

Bobbie: "Then I'd hate to be barber to the feller what made up that nachural hist'ry one outter his head—with all them crawlin' things, layin' eggs, and sich!"

Where Words Fail

Come walk with me and talk with me, out in the silent lane,

Out where the silent breezes blow,

Out where the silent people go,

Out in the land that makes no noise, with silent girls and silent boys,

Where falls the silent rain.

Come play with me, I pray, with me, out in the silent life,

Out where all but words are seen,

Out in the kingdom of the screen,

Out in the world where all seems bright, though stiller than the stillest night,

Come be my silent wife!

Close-Ups

Close-up of—

A dogwatch, showing the ticks—

A miser's hand, showing the itching palm—

A lady's lips, showing the grippie germs—

A teacher's eye, showing the pupil—

A hardware man's hand, showing the nails—

An angleworm's face, showing it whistling for dog-fish—

A parrot's beak, reciting profane history—

A sentimental cat, 'tempting the mews—

Charley Chaplin's feet, proving he's well-heeled.

Twinkle, Twinkle!

And now, Lillie Walker is going in for aeroplaning.

Well, here's lookin', Lillie—with a telescope.

Nothing Exempt

Yes, yes, indeed, the little star's face is her fortune, and—

Her board-bill might be likened to her income tax.

The Family Album

When the screen beauty becomes aged, she will not have to talk vainly to her grand-children about her maidenly beauty. The films will back her up; a much better alibi than our grandmothers had in those taken-on-the-bias tintypes!

The 1916 Variety

Aw, hurry up with a seasonable film. Think of all the girls who are waiting for the screen to coach them in the matter of Leap Year proposals!

But, Good Friend, You Escape This!

When moved to criticise the melo-photodrama, remember that you don't have to collect this old line of patter, dished out where they speak lines:

"Ah, ha, me proud beauty. So 'tis the hour of me revawng! Y'u thought y'u could escape muh, huh? Well, I have you in me power at lawst—ah, ha (hysterical laughter) and now——" etc., etc.

And escaping it, you still kick? Well, doggone you!

The Heir Apparent

Billy (aged 3), watching an ostrich farm picture, begins to bawl.

"Oh, ma-ma," he wails, "now they went an' got papa buried in the sand—aw, ma-ma!"

Sub-title: "Close-up of an ostrich egg."

Prosperity's Keystone

First Baker: "There goes Jim. He don't speak to us common dough-mixers no more."

Second Baker: "Think's he's good-lookin', eh?"

First Baker: "'Taint that. He's makin' a fortune, bakin' pies out at Keystone so's Fatty Arbuckle won't lose his occupation."

Another "Stahl"

First Matinee Nail-biter: "Who's that handsome devil tempting all them sweet chorus girls?"

Second nail-biter: "Him? Why, I'll bet a cookie his wife makes him show a trial-balance every night on his income. Say, them handsome devils don't get nowhere. It takes a ball-headed guy with a wad o' kale as big as a Sunday paper to pull them tricks—take it from me!"

Ding! Ding!

"I love to watch the Conductor——"

"Director, you mean."

"No, Conductor. Yesterday, when the doll-faced leading lady was absent, wasn't he on the 'phone continuously, ringing up the fair?"

Secret Sins

You may not guess it, and yet—

Many a man becomes a movie fiend because he gets stuck on a face on the screen—

And the equally interested wife beside him is secretly sighing because of some film idol—

And many an old maid just dotes on the picture scandals—having the dead-wood on 'em, mind you, without hearsay!—

And many a child enjoys a vampire scene because he thinks the lady is hunting for a soft spot to land a custard-pie, when she isn't, really—

And ever so many sedate gentlemen simply know that if one of those doll-visaged beauties knew he was on earth—well! It would make first-page stuff—in red ink!

And a few still persist in going because they like the pictures!

Take a Tip from these 47 Leading Manufacturers

ONE manufacturer or *two* might go wrong on equipment, even so important as spark plugs. But 47—and those the cream of the industry—*never*. The list below is the best reason in the world why you should use

AC Spark Plugs

Guaranteed Gas-Tight

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Chalmers	Knox	Pilot
Chandler	Lambert	Reo
Chevrolet	Lexington-Howard	Saxon
Cole	Maxwell	Scripps-Booth
Davis	McFarlan	Simplex
Dodge Brothers	Moline-Knight	Stearns-Knight
Dort	Monroe	Stutz
Enger	Moon	Velie
Federal	National	Westcott
Glide	Oakland	Wilcox Trux
G. M. C.	Oldsmobile	



This is $\frac{7}{8}$ AC Titan
used on so many of
the leading cars

You'll get a cleaner, sharper explosion with AC plugs. You'll get the maximum of the mixture, with a definite, tangible increase in *power* and a corresponding decrease in operating cost.

Whatever the make of your motor, there's an AC best adapted to it. Your garage-man has a supply of AC Spark Plugs. Choose the one he recommends for *your* motor, but be sure it's an AC.

Champion Ignition Company
Flint, Michigan



This plug is
designed especially
for Ford cars



When you feel
yourself going

WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

But you don't have to suffer that terrible "feeling of utter helplessness". Appreciate now that the only thing to do is to use the dependable preventative—**Anti-Skid Chains** on all four tires.

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

The Only Real Safeguard Against Skidding

"Safety First" means taking precautions rather than depending entirely on skillful driving, and experience teaches that Weed Chains are an absolute necessity for the expert as well as for the novice.

Procrastination is answerable for most of the skidding accidents. When a motorist is afflicted with this disease he usually says: "I'll wait until 'tomorrow' before buying Weed Chains"; or if his car's equipment includes Chains, he doesn't think

of using them until he "feels a skid", and then, as we said before, it's too late to do anything, except pray.

Don't suffer that agonizing anticipation of "feeling a skid" with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences. Enjoy that "safe feeling". Take the necessary "stitch in time"—put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going.



American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Also Manufacturers of Tire Chains especially constructed for Single and Dual Solid Truck Tires—Motorcycle Tire Chains, Dobbins Blow-Out Chains, etc.

Manufactured for Canada by DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

